



MEMORY'S MILESTONES

SEVENTY YEARS *of a*
BUSY LIFE *in*
PITTSBURGH *by*
PERCY F. SMITH
1848-1918

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Percy F. Smith.

A black and white woodcut-style illustration of a large, leafy tree on the left, with a simple rectangular headstone in the foreground. A path or road leads from the headstone towards the tree and into the background.

MEMORY'S MILESTONES

Reminiscences of Seventy Years
of a Busy Life in Pittsburgh

BY

PERCY F. SMITH

*As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new, and near the end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a Friend.*

—LOWELL

DECEMBER 25 1918

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BY
PERCY F. SMITH
PITTSBURGH

The first "to sit with me by the fire" was

SYLVESTER STEPHEN MARVIN

More familiarly known in Pittsburgh as S. S. Marvin;

To the Boy Toll Collector on a Missouri river ferry boat, in the pioneer days of crossing rivers by boats instead of bridges, when his authority was enforced by a brace of revolvers;

To the Soldier of the War of the Rebellion;

To the Manufacturer at the close of the war, whose far-sightedness in regard to the possibilities of Pittsburgh led him to invest his all, and lend his best energies for the development and uplift of the city;

To the Public Spirited Citizen, who assisted liberally in founding many prominent institutions which helped materially in making Pittsburgh famous the world over;

To the Man whose benevolences and philanthropies have quietly kept pace with his varied and large achievements in Commerce, Finance and Industry;

To him, my life-long Friend, yea more, a Brother, may I say,

I affectionately dedicate this volume.

Percy F. Smith.

Come, sit by the Fire

The sixty-fifth birthday greeting of Percy F. Smith,
wrought into verse by his friend, Geo. M. P. Baird.

Come sit with me, My Friend, by my heart's hearth to-night,
At Yuletide shall old joys abide beside us in its light.
Five and three-score years, to-day, I round in Times, despite,
So Friend, Come sit by the Fire.

Many are the Pleasant Folk I've met along the road,
Faring down the Marchant Ways, sharing bread with me;
Trusting in each other, we have journeyed merrily,
And now we'll rest by the fire.

We have wrought and fought, full long for Heaven and the State.
Valiant battles we have lost, but the war is won;
Home we march victorious, beneath the setting sun,
To sit in peace, by the fire.

And evermore upon His Day Who Came in Love of Man,
For Soul-wine and loaves o' love beneath Yule's holly tree,
Here, or out beyond the vale, I'll call you back to me
With, Come Friend, sit by the fire.

The Dreaming Child Went Long Ago

On his seventieth birthday by Geo. M. P. Baird

The dreaming child went long ago,
The eager play-boy had his time,
Youth leaped in lustihood, the man
Fought upward to his prime;
They passed, these earlier selves, but still
Their spirit bides, and Fate
Hath vanquished not the dream or play
Or young man's valor, and today
My ungreyed, youthful heart they fill,
Though I be seventy.

JUST A WORD OR TWO

WHAT is more satisfying, more soulful, than to sit by the fire with a friend, or chum, and have him recall the names of those whom you both knew in the past, maybe the long past, recount incidents in their lives, some of which you had almost forgotten but mighty glad to have revived?

Well, there isn't anything.

Everyone who has lived a score or more years in any city has lost track of many whom he had known, and who were well worth remembering, besides having almost forgotten others who were more or less in the limelight. The mention of their names, or a reference to some peculiar characteristic, brings back pleasant memories, if not tender recollections. You know that when you go back home again you spend most of your time asking about those whom you once knew, even to the boys and girls with whom you went to school.

And what could be more delightful than to meet up with some one who had spent a long and busy life here in Pittsburgh, one with an unusual memory for names and events, besides having a wide acquaintance with the best men and women, and the happy faculty of bringing them to mind, introducing them to the circle gathered around a cozy, wholesome fireplace?

This is just what your good friend, and mine, Percy F. Smith, has done in this book. He doesn't bore you with statistics, nor weary you with family pedigrees, or obituaries,—just calls up from the past folks whom you have known, or at least have heard of, and introduces them for old acquaintance sake.

There is hardly another man in this city who can do this as well as Percy F. Smith, newspaper reporter, correspondent, publicist and business man since 1865, a good mixer and a splendid, wholesome fellow, with a matchless memory for names and faces, incident and event, and withal jovial and knows where a joke belongs.

Sincerely yours
Erasmus Wilson

PERCY F. SMITH.

WHEN one has survived his three-score-and-tenth birthday, and lived during all that time in one community, and been an upright, intelligent, industrious and efficient member thereof, as Mr. Smith has been, he has naturally become the repository, as this book shows, of a vast and varied fund of valuable and interesting information about men with whom and things with which he became directly and indirectly identified—personally, officially, commercially, industrially, religiously, politically and otherwise. Was there ever anything worth while going on in Pittsburgh, or anybody worth knowing, or anything worth doing, in the last half century, that Mr. Smith did not have some connection therewith in some important or useful way? Deponent recalls none. And all this without any self-seeking on his part. The simple fact is that he has been a needful man, a capable, useful, enterprising citizen, always willing to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves and put his shoulder to the wheel of every car designed to carry Pittsburgh forward on the highway of progress and prosperity, and make her what she is today, the Industrial Wonder-City of the World.

When at 16 years of age Mr. Smith really began his business career as office boy in 1865 in the old *Chronicle* office on Fifth avenue, the editor was W. A. Collins, and the business manager Joseph G. Siebeneck. Mr. Collins was one of the conspicuously able editors of his period, noted for his exceptional literary acquirements. Associated with him were Daniel O'Neill, E. M. O'Neill, A. W. Rook, C. E. Locke, C. D. Brigham, William Anderson, David Fickes and David Lowry. Learning in a school where newspaper men such as these were his associates and instructors, it was but natural he should acquire a thorough knowledge of his profession. He is sole survivor of the *Chronicle* staff of 1865. He became a star reporter, especially of interesting trials in the county courts. A very swift, easy, longhand writer, his mind grasping quickly the essential points of testimony, his reports for the *Chronicle*, and in later years for the *Dispatch*, were remarkable for their fullness of important detail and exceptional accuracy. Judges and lawyers placed great reliance upon them in their office reviews of and summaries of proceedings.

The dailies were much more attentive to court news 30 and 40 years ago than they are now, and when there was a trial, especially in the criminal branches, in which the public was deeply interested, it was a usual day's work with Mr. Smith to provide the *Dispatch* with a report that occupied five and six of its long columns. There never was but one reporter in Pittsburgh his equal in capacity for speedy and accurate news writing. This was William B. Horner, of the old *Gazette*. In a celebrated ecclesiastical trial—the Gray case—in the old Liberty Avenue M. E. Church, about 1875, Mr. Horner, in one day's longhand reporting, filled eight columns of the *Gazette*. He wrote from the hour the trial court began its sitting in the forenoon until his paper went to press about 3 o'clock next morning. It was this ambitious industry, long continued, that put young Horner in his premature grave in 1881. His was a

noble character enshrined in a fragile, nervous body. Step by step he had gone up from carrier boy of the *Gazette* until made managing editor, which responsible position he was holding at the time of his death.

Mr. Smith, in connection with the late Hon. Morrison Foster, had the honor of giving the permanence of publication in bound book form to the music and songs of Stephen C. Foster—a treasure of priceless value now in thousands of homes all over this land.

Mr. Smith's friendships have been notably enduring. His character is strongly independent, the usual concomitant of wholesome purpose to follow the dictates of one's own judgment rather than leadership of others. It is curious that a mentality so congenial to humor should also delight to revel in such abstract things as statistics, in which Mr. Smith has found the pleasure and profit of numerous local publications in transient and permanent form.

He knows how to make facts and figures move, talk, walk, preach and prophesy; how to give big things their rightful importance, and illuminate the real value of little things; how even thereby to suggest romances and paint colorful pictures in industry and commerce—all to the glorification of Pittsburgh.

His head is like Keller's magical hat. One can get almost anything out of the inside, albeit there is mighty little on the outside.

Now, when the busy day's troubles are over, and darkness softly drops its encircling curtain; when the serene dream-hour of evening unbidden comes, as it often does to us all, how gratifying it must be to Mr. Smith, sitting by his own fireside, to look back over the long vista of his 70 mile-posts of life, and reflectively note that there runs in unbroken festoons from post to post an endless garland of beautiful flowers, the tributary wealth of thousands of warm personal friendships and cordial good wills. With so sweet a vision to engage him,

“—the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

And mayhap he will also beguile himself for a moment in this hour of retrospection with the tender sentiment that inspired these lines of Prætor's:

“Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.

“Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time.”

JOHN S. RITENOUR.

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Historical Episodes

*"Friend, come sit with me
By the fire."*

Memory's Milestones

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

IN SLAVERY days it was a crime to give a drink of water to a colored man fleeing from his master; but the abolitionists on the route of the "Old Underground Railroad" from Virginia via West Middletown, Eldersville and other places in Washington county, through Allegheny county and Butler to Canada, took many chances in their efforts to aid the flight of escaping slaves.

While on a visit in Washington county nearly 40 years ago the author encountered several persons whose fathers had been directors of the railroad; and one man told of a master who, with bloodhounds and big blacksnake whip, traced his slave to the barn of a citizen in West Middletown, demanding his immediate surrender.

The Justice of the Peace told the master he would release the slave, but would demand \$100 bond that the slave belonged to him. The "Simon Legree" from the South, of course, could not give the bond, but offered the \$100 in money. The Justice refused the money and the master returned "bootless."

That night the slave was speeded away through Allegheny county and Butler to the Canadian shores.

Matthew McKeever, of Eldersville, a blind man, was the person the author wished to see, but a friend told him what was wanted, and his answer is set forth in the appended interesting letter:

"NEAR ELDERSVILLE, PA., Sept. 17, 1880.

"Yours of Sept. 11th came duly to hand wishing me to tell you what I knew of 'old John Brown.' I was intimately acquainted with him. He came to me the winter of 1842 to buy some fine sheep. I sold him 30 fine ewes (I do not remember the price). He said he had rented a large farm and would like to go into the sheep business, but had not the means to buy; would like to have some on the shares for four years. I gave him 200 head of fine ewes for four years, on conditions which I send you written with his own hand; and also a letter after he had taken off the first clip. The wool was sent to Lowell and I received half the money.

"After that a wealthy man named Simon Perkins, who lived near Akron, Summit County, Ohio, who owned a large farm—he and Brown agreed to go in partnership and go into the wool growing largely. My interest being in the way, they wrote to me to know what I would take for my interest in the

200 ewes. I wrote to them that they knew what they were worth better than I; for them to write me what they would give and I would answer whether I would take it or not. They answered by making me an offer of \$2,400, \$1,800 in hand and a note for \$600, to be paid in the Massillon Bank, Massillon, Ohio. When I got the letter I went out, got the money and note and signed my right over to them, and came home.

"Among hands I lost that note and I wrote to the bank if anyone offered it there not to receive it. When the note came due I wrote a receipt against the note and got my brother Thomas to sign it and I went over to get the money. Mr. Perkins said he did not know me or my brother, but if I would get Samuel Patterson to sign it he would pay the money. I told him I could get 50 names to it if he wanted them. I came home, got Patterson's name to it. I sent the receipt back with Campbell McKeever and Perkins paid him the money—all but one dollar—which he kept out to fee a lawyer. Old John Brown followed Campbell out and told him his father had no right to lose that dollar, and gave him one. If ever there was a man honest to a fault, it was this 'old John Brown.' I believe if he owed a man 10 cents he would go 10 miles out of his way to give it to him, if he could not get it to him any other way.

"You wish to know something of my experience with the underground railroad. I was a director of that road for 40 years. The kind of cars we used was a good spring wagon, with a chicken coop in each end and the Darkies in the middle, with a good cover over them.

"The most slaves I ever shipped at once was eight. They came to our house about daybreak one morning before any of us was up, except a colored man, John Jordan; he took them and hid them on the sheep shed loft and kept them there four weeks, and although we had a family of 18 or 20, there was not one of them knew they were there, not even my wife. They were fed all of that time out of our spring house and kitchen by John Jordan.

"There was never anything discovered, only a hired girl told Mrs. McKeever somebody was stealing our bread.

"That was the first time we ever kept any of them, and our reason this time was because we supposed their masters were watching the Canadian shore, which happened to be true; but they got tired waiting.

"The next lot shipped was one which was brought from Wheeling, W. Va., to Bethany, Brooke County, W. Va., to my brother-in-law's, Joseph Bryant, who lived there, who was a great Abolitionist. At that time my son Campbell was going to school there and Bryant sent them up to my house with William Arney and Campbell, and I shipped them to Pittsburgh. This fellow that brought them to Bryant's turned 'state's evidence,' and told their masters of Bryant's feeding them and sending them away; and their masters set the sheriff on Bryant and took him to Wheeling, and Bryant refused to give bail, and they put him in jail in Wheeling, and he was there 15 days before the court came off, and while he was there they offered \$500 to anyone who would bring me into Wheeling dead or alive.

"But I did not venture down about that time.

"They kept the fellow who brought them to Bryant for a witness, and when court came off the Judge decided 'that they could not punish an accom-

plice while the principal was at large,' and Bryant was sent home. Had other cases similar. My brother Tommy shipped a good many. I think as near as I can recollect the number I shipped was about 35 or 40.

"I was acquainted with a great many slaves and their masters, and I never advised a slave to run away from his master, but when they came to me I helped them all I could. When Brown was to be hung his brother came to me and we went to Wheeling. He telegraphed to F. A. Wise to know if he could see his brother if he would come. Wise answered, 'No, he could not see him if he did come,' so we came back to Middletown and Brown delivered two or three Abolition lectures and went back home to Ohio.

"Yours respectfully,

"MATTHEW McKEEVER."

HALF A CENTURY WITH THE NEWSPAPERS.

FIFTY years ago marvelous changes occurred in our newspapers. Daniel O'Neill and Alexander W. Rook, practical printers and trained and sagacious newspaper workers—the character of men who found real first-class newspapers—had just acquired the *Dispatch* property from the heirs of Colonel J. Heron Foster. As reporters of news, Messrs. O'Neill and Rook had been accustomed to prepare their items at the case without the formality of manuscript, reading the proof from the type when the composing stick was full. They were especially gifted with newspaper ability, and had a wide acquaintance, and at once began the task of leading the *Dispatch* into further fields of usefulness, and incidentally the city out of its swaddling clothes into "long pants." And for over 50 years the names of O'Neill and Rook have stood for success in every detail of modern journalism.

Just about this time various other newspapers changed hands, and had new life infused into them, while from time to time, to fill a "long-felt want," new ventures in the way of local competing dailies and spirited weeklies were born. The battle royal for supremacy followed.

Of the staff of two of the leading papers in March, 1865, the *Dispatch* morning, and the old *Chronicle*, evening, there is but one known survivor, who in later years was a member of the reportorial corps of the *Dispatch*, the author of this volume.

In 1865 Andrew Johnson became President of the United States and Col. N. P. Sawyer and some others launched the *Republic* in opposition to the *Post*, the Democratic daily. Later came John W. Pittock's *Sunday Leader*, with Johnny Pittock, the newsboy, Bartley Campbell, James McIver, Charles Edward Locke and afterwards Jim Mills, the able political writer, at the helm. The *Sunday Leader* dealt in politics chiefly, but also struck out for spicy local news. Following came the *Evening Leader*, established by Pittock and the Nevins, then the *Paper*, Democratic, which had a brief but spectacular career of three months; the *Press*, the *Evening News* and the *Times*.

Very many of my readers will recall the fourth page, first column article on local politics which appeared in the *Dispatch* every Saturday morning from

the facile pen of Mr. Daniel O'Neill—rich, rare and racy—and always reliable.

Mr. O'Neil enjoyed the confidence of Bob Mackey, the well-known Republican politician and one of the most popular leaders the party ever had in Allegheny County or Western Pennsylvania—in fact the State. And through the genial Bob he obtained a horoscope of the political situation; and its portrayal every Saturday morning came to be accepted as official, and it came to pass as predicted.

A leading feature of the *Dispatch* was its elaborate, accurate and interesting reports of the various courts of the county. In regard to the latter, judges and lawyers were profuse in their praise of the legal intelligence in the paper daily, and on more than one occasion lawyers, addressing juries in important cases, analyzed the testimony as it appeared in the *Dispatch*, and that, too, from long-hand reports—there were no stenographers in those days. But there was swift longhand—sleight of hand fellows with pencil—particular stars being E. M. O'Neill, George Whitney, Judge Thomas D. Carnahan and one or two others, whose ability to shove copy into the composing room was not measured by lines, but by the columns—and that, too, the old blanket-sheet columns.

Vivid, indeed, is the report of the celebrated railroad riots of Saturday, July 21, 1877, and the fires and mob rule until nearly noon on Sunday, July 22—for which the county paid nearly three millions of dollars.

One may judge of how elaborate was this report when it is mentioned that 22,000 words culled from the *Dispatch* columns on Sunday and Monday formed special dispatches to Chicago and St. Louis papers, whose correspondents were *Dispatch* writers, and affidavits and correspondence adduced by the *Chicago Times*, signed by the correspondent and Western Union Telegraph Company, sustained the claim that the *Times* had accomplished the greatest feat of modern journalism in those specials of 22,000 words. Every line was taken from the *Dispatch* with but one exception, here noted.

About midnight that eventful Saturday the *Dispatch* news hunters were informed that Gen. A. L. Pearson's father had just been killed at the dead line near the Twenty-eighth Street Round House. It was flashed to Chicago, for a bulletin, as there were 25,000 people in front of the newspaper office of that city. Later, when the reporters of the *Dispatch* came to verify the report it transpired that General Pearson's father had died a natural death a few years before.

It was decided that it made an interesting bulletin for Chicago, in view of the fact that General Pearson was in command of the militia.

The *Dispatch* today is a monument of the training of such masterful newspaper makers as Foster, O'Neill, Rook, and the trained lieutenants as workers and business managers, etc., among whom I can mention as personal friends, viz.: N. P. Reed, Frank Case, Ed. Locke, W. C. Smythe, C. N. Shaw, Rev. Dr. John Douglas, H. H. Byram, E. W. Lightner, James F. Hudson, George Wardman, William (Judge) Ramsey, James Vernon, Thomas J. House, Thomas Hewitt, George Madden and Chas. R. Sutphen.

Twelve years after Daniel O'Neill gave the *Chronicle* youth his first lessons in newspaper reporting, Alex Rook employed the youth for the *Dispatch* news staff, and it was his pleasure then and now to know the *Dispatch* only as the product of the genius, sagacity and untiring energy of O'Neill & Rook—since tacked to the masthead over a half century ago.

CAUTIOUS EDITORS OF OTHER DAYS.

EVEN the newspaper bosses of 40 and 50 years ago were at times skeptical, which made them loath to march close behind the band in the development of the arts, sciences and inventions of the time. They took little or no interest in the Westinghouse airbrake proposition. They agreed that the arc lights—brush and other systems—just being tried out, would diffuse a kind of dazzling light, but were certain electricity would never be mellowed from the dazzling arc brightness to a condition to enable one to read by it. And yet, before the echo of that opinion had died away, representatives of the newspapers were preparing matter for publication, in their sleeping car berths, aided by the light of an incandescent electric lamp concealed just back of the mirror, between the car window frames.

Next came the telephone discoveries; but not for your doubting Thomases at the head of some of the leading papers in Pittsburgh. The telephone was a toy—a plaything, and they were willing to let it go at that.

The hour for going to press on one of the afternoon papers was 3 o'clock, and with but two small presses, slow of motion, it was a proposition to get all the packages to the railroad trains for out-of-town subscribers, and allow newsboys and carriers to get to the people with the last edition much before 4:30 o'clock. Therefore, 3 o'clock meant 3 o'clock. The Bell Telephone Company presented the proprietors with one of their "ornaments," together with their compliments, and one share of stock. The phone was hung in the coatroom, and instructions were issued to carry the share of stock in such a way that if assessments were called for there would be "loop holes" for dodging the issue in some way.

It was 10 minutes to 3 o'clock one afternoon when it became noised that a big conflagration was raging in McKeesport. The National Tube Company, McKeesport, about the only people known to have a phone, was rung up. Instantly the doubting Thomas proprietor jumped on the city editor for wasting his time on the toy and warned him if packages of the paper failed to go out on time by reason of holding the forms there would be a vacancy at the desk of the assistant city editor.

Well, the purchasing agent of the National Tube Company responded promptly: "White's Opera House and business block burning; loss \$100,000; insured." This was enough. All hands awaited the copy. It was reeled off at 57 words a minute. Yes, 63 words a minute in long hand, and the paper went to press on time with a good item of the fire.

Well, the day speedily came when the wiseacres were gathering in the Bell Telephone stock, which had been given away to supposedly influential people, and gossip had it that when they took back that one share held by the newspaper in question, as a gift, they paid \$500 for it.

A further incident as to the telephone is appended: "The Board of Directors of the Bank of Pittsburgh, August 14, 1879, agreed to subscribe \$50 per year for the introduction of a speaking telephone conditioned that 20 banks are obtained at the same rate."

And there were editors who deplored the passing of underground cable street car lines, because electricity would do well enough on level streets, but never upon the steep grades in Pennsylvania. And yet the reporters were out scouting for news next week, so to speak, on street cars climbing the steepest of grades to be found in Pennsylvania with electric-driven motors. The reader knows the rest.

THE OLD CHRONICLE.

THE chief dependencies for news in 1865 were Wilkins' Hall (city offices), Court House, old Drury Theater, Monongahela House, Oil Exchange and the rendezvous of the genial Bob Mackey, the prince of political managers. Two local editors to each paper covered the whole of the county. Joseph G. Siebeneck and William A. Collins had acquired the *Chronicle* from Charles McKnight, and from its inception it became distinctively the "home" paper.

Saturday, April 15, 1865, the *Chronicle* from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m. printed 25,000 "half sheets" covering the details of the assassination of President Lincoln. Great feat then, and more than one piece of "brown paper" was put over on the near-sighted circulation agent by improvised newsboys, who were without the real brown "shin plaster."

John J. O'Leary, of 6200 Walnut street, East End, was a "helper" in the circulation department that day, and for "services rendered" was allowed special privileges in handling the paper with the newsboys. His net gain was \$26.00.

In reckoning accounts he found a \$2.50 gold piece among his coins. He at once connected it up with Mr. John W. Chalfant, the great ironmaster, banker and patriot. O'Leary called at his office on Water street and said: "Mr. Chalfant, you bought a *Chronicle* from me on Saturday." "Well," rang out his cheery voice, "I shouldn't be surprised, as I bought every extra issued." "Well, Mr. Chalfant," said the lad, "you gave me a \$2.50 gold piece."

Mr. Chalfant said: "Well, you durned little skeezicks, you can keep it for being honest enough to come down here and tell me about it."

EVERYBODY LOVES A CHEERFUL GIVER.

"TOM" STEVENSON, for many years the confidential financial officer of A. M. Byers & Co., represented that company on the occasion of the formal opening of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad from Connellsville to Cumberland, and everyone will remember him as the genial humorist going to and coming from Baltimore.

It was the days when railroad passes, especially to large shippers, were easily obtainable. "Tom" told of the experience he had with two representatives of a big railroad corporation, both having authority to issue the passes. Mr. A. was out and Mr. B. was asked for the pass. His manner was not the most fascinating, and "Tom" noticed it, whereupon he told him he would call again. "No," said Mr. B., hurrying a little; "I will give it to you." "Well," said "Tom," "it's all right this time; but I would rather have Mr. A. refuse me the pass than you to give it to me."

There wasn't any hitch about a pass after that time.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF "SHORTHAND."

SPEEDY and accurate were the longhand reporters of the Pittsburgh newspapers half a century ago. Elaborate court reports were finished as soon as court adjourned, and were ready for the compositor, too. The most famous cases were covered without the aid of shorthand, and great speakers were followed word for word.

One feat in longhand now recalled was the trial of an important case in the Quarter Sessions Court, in which a prominent Alderman was the defendant. Commenced at 9 or 9:30 a. m. and adjourned at 5:30 p. m., the newspaper representative had his copy ready for the printer at the adjournment of the court. The report made five and a half columns—long columns, too—for the *Dispatch* at that time was of the "blanket" style in form.

Thomas M. Marshall, the well-known criminal lawyer, was the counsel for the defendant and in addressing the jury read the testimony from the report in the *Dispatch*, turning aside once in the open court to compliment the *Dispatch* representative on its accuracy and completeness.

Hon. Judge Chas. Fetterman, on another occasion, told the managing editor that the court reports daily were the best ever published. One of the proprietors of the *Dispatch* suggested to his managing editor, more than 25 years ago, that they return to the custom of reporting the proceedings of public bodies in the first person. He was amazed when told it would require the services of two shorthand men to introduce the service; and it would be a difficult task even then to transcribe an evening meeting much before 2 a. m. When the genial boss ventured to assert that he himself and some competitors, still living, could accomplish this in long hand, he said not a member of the staff answered a word; but he added, "The look on their faces was tantamount to saying, 'I was a colossal fabricator.'"

George Whitney, of the *Post*, whose father at one time edited that paper and who in later years was of the well-known brokerage firm of Whitney & Stephenson, was perhaps the most rapid longhand reporter ever connected with the newspapers of this or any other city; although Mr. E. M. O'Neill, of the *Dispatch*, as a reporter, also had a splendid record for speed.

Whitney would follow a speaker in longhand, skipping words here and there, leaving space a-plenty, and at the conclusion of the speech fill in the blanks, recalling from the context the missing links.

Of course the readers wanted to know what such public men as Oliver P. Morton had to say; likewise as to Hon. Carl Schurz, "Bob" Ingersoll, George R. Wendling, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, R. Stocket Matthews, Mark Twain, Mrs. Cady Stanton, Olive Logan and how many more of the celebrities before the day of shorthand; and the only way to get their addresses was for the reporter to do his level best in longhand.

A test on one occasion as to the actual speed of longhand writing legible for the printer was participated in by the Hon. Thomas D. Carnahan, of the Common Pleas Court, then the legal reporter for the old *Chronicle* and the assistant city editor, afterward the swift court reporter for the *Dispatch*.

The test was made in transcribing a biography of the Hon. James A. Garfield, the dark horse unexpectedly nominated for President of the United

States and the only candidate whose lengthy biography was not already in type. Judge Carnahan and the other scribe averaged 57 to 63 words a minute from dictation, and while the penmanship was not Spencerian, it was legible for the typesetter.

BLAINE-ARTHUR CAMPAIGN.

COL. THOMAS M. BAYNE, for several years Congressman from Western Pennsylvania, at one time District Attorney of Allegheny County, one of the owners of the *Pittsburgh Press* when first organized, shortly prior to the assembling of the national convention in 1884, when James G. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, declared for Blaine.

Mr. Henry W. Oliver, Jr., prominent for many years in local and State politics; Hon. George T. Oliver, United States Senator; William Flinn, C. L. Magee, Mayor William McCallin, Assistant City Controller R. M. Snodgrass and their following were for the Hon. Chester Arthur.

Blaine's friends did not realize how formidable was this combination until about two weeks before the close of the campaign for Senatorial and Legislative delegates to the State convention, to choose the delegates for the national convention. Then it was that a mass convention was called to meet in old Lafayette Hall, on Wood street. Col. Thomas M. Bayne, Alexander M. Byers, Calvin Wells, John S. Slagle, Col. James M. Schoonmaker, Joseph D. Weeks, of the *American Manufacturer*; Walter P. Hansel, George and Harry Letsche, of the Standard Oil Company, and the people of the old Seventh and Eighth wards, especially were enthusiastic for Blaine. They were warm under the collar over this unexpected opposition, as it had been supposed that the Oliver-Magee-Flinn people would be in the final line-up for Blaine.

Lafayette Hall, where 28 years before the Republican party had been organized by 38 citizens of Pittsburgh, was filled to its utmost capacity, on the Saturday evening designated for the mass meeting by the Blaine promoters,

The addresses were fiery, and on the Monday following began the hottest kind of a contest. The newspapers were the only available channels through which to reach the people, and the Blaine men, new in the business, directed the advertising committee, consisting of Joseph D. Weeks and the writer, to work double turn, and they certainly did so. Their first budget of bills for advertising in the daily newspapers, covering a period of three or four days, was over \$7,000.

This brass band style of campaign frightened the Arthur people, and it was heralded everywhere that Blaine's adherents had a fund of \$200,000 for the campaign in Western Pennsylvania alone. It did not do any harm to let the opposition think so, but the truth is, that not more than a fifth of that sum crystallized, and numerous bills would have been unpaid had it not been for the generosity of one or two of the prominent Blaine leaders, who got us young fellows into the fight.

The State convention was held at Harrisburg, where the delegates to the national convention were chosen. The campaign in Allegheny county had

been warmly contested, and the vote at Harrisburg was close. The rancor of the brief days of local warfare was transferred to the State capital. George T. Oliver led the Arthur forces, and Colonel Bayne, the Blaine delegates. Ebenezer M. Byers was adjutant general for Colonel Bayne, and specially looked after the interests of his brother, Alexander M. Byers, who was the real leader for Blaine.

Suffice it to say that the air was hot—vitriolic at times. The Blaine leaders were violent, and Mr. Oliver and his lieutenants so cool and confident that threatened collisions were avoided, and the Arthur forces secured the delegates.

The Blaine people gave notice of a contest at Chicago, which did not materialize. Many of the Blaine followers attended the convention at Chicago as guests, and they will readily recall, among other incidents of that notable gathering, the ovations to Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay and Senator William Mahone, of Virginia, almost every time they entered the convention hall.

Twelve years passed away and in 1896 all or nearly all of the warring factions for Blaine and Arthur were joined in a spirited contest under the William McKinley banner as against Bryan and his 16 to 1 policy.

LOWRY'S WATER WORKS ENGINES.

ON JULY 19, 1876, according to the *Dispatch* files, Highland reservoir "was completed and ready to be turned over to the city."

Which reminds me of an interesting story in connection with its infilling.

Joseph L. Lowry was an expert mechanical and hydraulic engineer, whose patented fire hydrants, or "fire plugs," were at the time exclusively used in Pittsburgh and other cities. "Joe" was old-fashioned—in that he would not permit contractors or grafters of any species to use him in the sale of or privilege to use his patents; and when it was proposed to adopt his patented low pressure engines for the new water system, there was formidable opposition. Thousands of dollars were involved and it would not do to have an honest engine and an honest engineer, whose fidelity, integrity and ability were unquestioned. And the Water Commission resolutely stood by Lowry.

The lowest bidders for the engines were Lowry's enemies from the beginning, because of his refusal to "certify to work as complete," upon which not a hammer had fallen. But Lowry won out and proved that his "pumping twins" not only met all the requirements and specifications, but exceeded his most sanguine hopes.

The plans for the new water system, in brief, provided for two reservoirs; one on Brilliant Hill, 237 feet above the river level, and the second and greater basin on Highland Hill, 369 feet above the river; the first to supply the lower plane of the city, and the second, the higher or East End districts. There was to be an intermediate engine on Brilliant Hill to pump to the higher basin on Highland Hill.

Lowry was compelled to waive all royalties on his engines, and received

the paltry salary of \$4,000 per year. But he accepted every challenge thrown him.

But by the slipping of a "cog" his enemies received new hope that they could put both himself and engines out of business. The contractors for the Brilliant Hill basin failed financially, and that part of the scheme was abandoned. It was supposed that this break would require an entirely new deal and that Lowry would be bowled out. But "Joe" satisfied the commission in charge of the work that he would deliver the goods, and the work went on as if nothing had happened, the foxy old engineer banking on the success of his invention.

Remember, Lowry was building his engines, according to agreement, to lift the water 237 feet, but by the elimination of Brilliant Hill basin he had to face the then highest direct lift of water in the world—369 feet to Highland. Political hucksters, unable to use him, were aided and abetted by people working in the interest of the contractors, who not only pronounced the engines to be a "failure," but by every artifice in their power, sought to evade the plain specifications in construction, to bring about the predicted failure. But Lowry triumphed, completed the engines, and they more than did the required work.

The opposition was continued unabated, however, until finally the engines were thrown aside and a battery of new engines installed at an enormous cost. But it is not the purpose of this story to reflect upon the waste, in view of the magnificent water system of this day, the outgrowth of the work of 40 years ago.

But my purpose is to recall an incident, known to some now living, which vindicated "Joe" Lowry, and enables his friends to this day to stand up for his remarkable work for Pittsburgh.

Mayor "Bill" McCarthy—"Bill" we familiarly called him, because he commenced life as pressman for the *Dispatch*—"Bill" was Lowry's devoted friend, and emphatically and wildly enthusiastically stood pat with him. Incensed at the constant bombardment of Lowry's enemies, McCarthy organized a secret committee—not of night riders, but of night vigilantes, and "accidentally by agreement" met after darkness had settled over the city, at the Highland reservoir. They had with them lunches, for they were to be in the trenches all night. The report of that committee not only surprised but dazed Lowry's enemies and astounded the inventor and engineer until he was moved to tears.

McCarthy's aids reported that without the slightest interruption, all the night through, a perfect deluge of water poured into the influent chamber and thence into the basin. The engines failed not for a moment during the entire night. To use the language of the mayor, the water tumbled into the influent chamber like a section of Niagara. This completely vindicated Lowry, and should have silenced the guns of his enemies. But their inability to move him in his obstinate resistance of everything having the semblance of crookedness, and which might have resulted in thousands of dollars of graft, continued, mostly along submarine lines, until the engines were finally condemned and sent to the junk pile.

It was claimed that the engines were "erratic," unreliable, out of service half the time, etc., yet the fact was incontestable that the reservoirs were overflowing with water and McCarthy's committee attested the reason therefor.

Lowry did not live long after the completion of his work, and those nearest him, and to whom he often unbosomed himself, claim that the strain was so great that he finally broke down, but with the full consciousness that while he died poor, yet was he rich in the thought that the city had not been wronged of a cent by reason of want of fidelity or integrity on his part.

INFLUENTIAL DOWNTOWN CHURCHES.

AN advertisement of a concert by the Allegheny Quartet, composed of William and Walter Slack, Harry Horner and Joel L. Darling, popular in its day, for Thursday evening, March 16, 1868, for the benefit of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Sixth avenue, reminds me of the great day of the downtown churches of Pittsburgh and their wealth and influence. Especially did the Cumberland Presbyterians have a great record about that time. The First Church stood on Sixth avenue, on part of the property now occupied by the Duquesne Club, and was of two stories and of the regular straight lines "barn style." It was commodious and would accommodate immense audiences.

On Wood street, next to Sixth avenue, was the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Paxton; on the opposite side of Sixth avenue from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was Trinity Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Scarborough. Just above, at the corner of Smithfield street, was the German Evangelical Church. On Smithfield street, near the corner of Sixth, the Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. M. W. Jacobus, also of the Western Theological Seminary. On Sixth avenue, above Smithfield street, was the Second United Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. James Prestley, and at the corner of Cherry alley and Sixth avenue, the Third Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Noble. On Seventh avenue, near Cherry alley, was the English Lutheran Church. At Webster avenue and Grant street, Grace Lutheran Church, known for so long a time as Dr. Prugh's church, and at Seventh avenue and Cherry alley, the First United Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. W. J. Reid. Just back of this church came the Oak Alley Reformed Presbyterian Church, Rev. John Douglas. At Smithfield street and Seventh avenue was the well-known Smithfield Street M. E. Church, commonly known as "Brimstone corner." Going from Sixth avenue and Wood street to Penn avenue, was the Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. William D. Howard, on Penn avenue at Seventh street; Christ M. E. Church, Penn avenue and Eighth street, and the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on Eighth street, just below Penn; also the Jewish Synagogue. Liberty Street M. E. Church was at the corner of Fourth street and Liberty avenue.

The most popular minister of the First Cumberland congregation was Rev. Alfred M. Bryan, father of A. M. Bryan, of the County Recorder's office. He was an able and eloquent pastor, and under his ministry the church became wonderfully influential. He was a gentleman of commanding presence,

dignified, and yet so cordial in his manner as to win the respect, admiration and love of all with whom he came in contact.

Among its members were the families of Hailman and Rahm, the bankers; Joseph M. Pennock, whose large and extensive cotton mills were in Allegheny; Samuel Morrow, steamboat engine builder; William E. De Barrene, the hatter; Wilson Carr, wagon builder; J. M. Postley, Postley, Nelson & Co., shovel manufacturers; Samuel Pollock, candy manufacturer; Henry Carter; Amos Lewis, owner of a planing mill on Grant street; Charles Armstrong, coal merchant; Mr. Phelps, of Phelps, Parke & Co., manufacturers of agricultural implements, farm wagons, etc.; John Scott, a prominent stone cutter; John Wallace, merchant, and others too numerous to mention, but who, with their successors, laid the foundation for a Greater Pittsburgh.

Mr. Bryan, from the time he commenced his ministerial work in the city in the little church at Diamond alley and Smithfield street, at once gained the confidence of the people, and the church wielded a great influence. Mr. Bryan was a Southerner, and during the War of the Rebellion the spirit of Northern loyalty was at "fever heat." Some of the leaders thought his peaceful attitude might injure the church, and rather than allow a breath of discord he resigned the church and removed to Memphis, Tenn.

WEALTH IN HAZELWOOD REAL ESTATE.

THE recent transfer of property in Hazelwood to the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company strikingly recalls the increase in real estate values in that section of the city in 50 years.

Two or three instances are recalled. One where Capt. John S. Willock of the Hays Coal Company, operating on the opposite side of the river, was induced to buy 10 acres on Hazelwood avenue, below the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, now the B. & O., a most beautiful piece of property, on part of which was perhaps the finest apple orchard in Peebles township.

The purchase price was \$5,000, or \$500 per acre. Mr. Willock soon after sold one-half the property for \$2,500, and offered the remainder to a friend at the same price and on long payments, so fearful was he that he had made a bad bargain.

Some time before the transaction nearly four acres on the bank of the Monongahela river, at the foot of Tecumseh street, was acquired for \$1,300, or about \$325 per acre, and the property mentioned in one transfer included something over five acres, which the owner secured at less than \$300 per acre and which sold for \$150,000. A great part of it was below the level of the street—almost a ravine—the real value of which was not known until the steel company managers began to scratch their heads for places in which to dump their furnace slag. And so the unsightly ravine is now high ground of inestimable value to the steel company.

Hazelwood in 1865 and thereabouts was one of the most attractive suburbs of Pittsburgh. It was the residence place of Henry W. Oliver, Sr., William J. Lewis, Senator George H. Anderson, Sheriff Harry Woods, James Watson,

James Laughlin, John D. Scully, Thomas Williams, Mrs. Bughman, John McCombs, Hill Burgwin, Joseph Nixon, W. O. Hughart, Thomas Blair, George Barker, James McKibben, George Wilson, A. B. Stevenson, John C. Stevenson, J. J. Speck, M. W. Rankin, Capt. R. B. Robinson and Percy F. Smith's family.

A MONUMENTAL FAKIR.

“**A**S I sat by the fire” my guest was Rev. Samuel Smith Gilson, who said: Within my memory of fifty years I know of no more accomplished fakir who ever struck Pittsburgh than the man who styled himself “Dr. DaSilva, Surgeon General to the Emperor Maximilian.” He came to this city unannounced and secured an engagement to lecture before the Grand Army of the Republic, carrying the old soldiers off their feet with his eloquence and vivid portrayal of Maximilian's career in Mexico. He secured a hearing before the Western Theological Seminary and so delighted the late Rev. Dr. Melancthon W. Jacobus that he asked for a few minutes for DaSilva at the close of a lecture by Wendell Phillips on “Daniel O'Connell,” given by the “Mercantile Library Association.” DaSilva captured the large audience, telling the story of Maximilian's campaigns and how he stood close to the ill-starred emperor when he was shot to death.

DaSilva secured an engagement on the spot to give a lecture the following Monday night before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association.

When Monday night came it was the humiliating duty of the committee to announce to the audience that the lecture was indefinitely postponed because Dr. DaSilva was drunk and confined in the lockup. Other developments came thick and fast. It was soon learned that he had flourished in two large Ohio towns and married a woman in each, deserting them. Subsequently he flourished for a time in Oswego, N. Y., lecturing and making a great stir in society, winding up by marrying another woman in that town. Next he turned up in Portland, Maine, where he again married.

Next he made his appearance in Alton, Illinois, where he ingratiated himself with the people as a teacher of French and German. There he married a French girl and eloped to Chicago. Abandoning her he went to St. Joseph, Mo., where he lectured on Saturday night and on Sunday was engaged to be married. On Tuesday he was arrested for drunkenness and locked up. He was arrested as a deserter from the United States Army and sent to Dry Tortugas for a long term which seems to have ended his career. He was certainly a highly educated man, refined and polished, and very few men ran a career of rascality as long as he did without being caught. His appearance in Pittsburgh was almost fifty years ago, just two years after the close of the Civil War.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

A MAN stole a saw mill, and was emboldened to return and try to steal the dam, but the owner caught him. Served him right.

THE GREELEY CAMPAIGN.

DANIEL J. MORRELL, of the Cambria Iron Co., Johnstown; R. H. Palmer, manufacturer, Pittsburgh; Wm. McCully, glass manufacturer; Gen. Wm. Irwin, of Beaver County, State Treasurer, and others had established the *Commercial*, certainly one of the most enterprising newspapers of its time. Chas. D. Brigham and R. D. Thompson, of New York, were installed as managing editor and business manager, respectively. Edward F. Abel, now deceased, was bookkeeper, and Thomas MacConnell, was connected with the business department shortly after his graduation from Washington and Jefferson College.

The paper cut a wide swath in commercial, manufacturing and railroad circles and rapidly took the lead in all enterprises tending to promote the prosperity of the city.

The *Commercial* was the first paper to regularly employ a shorthand reporter, and Mr. Oliver T. Bennett filled the position. At first there was little for him to do, but he gradually proved himself an exceedingly valuable auxiliary, and elaborate reports of conventions and war assemblies soon attracted general attention to the paper. But in another place further reference will be made to Mr. Bennett, who was considerably more than a stenographer. He was an all around newspaper genius, of a poetic turn of mind.

Mr. Brigham had associated with him in the management of the paper such experienced men as John C. Harper, Dr. Williams, Wm. Anderson, Geo. E. North, Sam'l Colwell and Capts. Wm. Evans and Wm. Wheeler, the three last named giving the most thorough market and river reports, which were unrivaled; also the help of Guyan M. Irwin and Mr. Bennett and the writer, whose special efforts were directed in the line of the most elaborate report of court proceedings.

Mr. Brigham also brought to the front Col. Richard Realf, the poet and writer, whose life was for a time closely woven with that of old John Brown and with whose poetry and prose more than Pittsburghers are quite familiar.

When Horace Greeley was announced for the Presidency Mr. Brigham swung the *Commercial* into line in support of his candidacy. This flop created a profound sensation among the stockholders, and the campaign, although conducted with spirit and vigor by Mr. Brigham, was in Western Pennsylvania absolutely as thin as air. The campaign over, the day of reckoning came. The stockholders were greatly dissatisfied and gossip said some of them presented Mr. Brigham with their holdings. At all events he obtained control of the paper. Not a great while afterward Mr. Robert W. Mackey, then the Republican boss, purchased the paper from Mr. Brigham, common report fixing the price at \$105,000, and of course it was in line again with the principles of the Republican party. Nelson P. Reed had in the meantime obtained the leading interests in the *Gazette* and Major Russell E. Errett and others were writing "fiery Republican editorials" that left little room for the *Commercial*. Hence it was not long until Mr. Mackey, who had no taste for newspaper publishing, disposed of it to Mr. Reed for the sum of \$40,000, according to the then prevailing report.

It thus became the *Commercial-Gazette*, and certainly under the manage-

ment of Mr. Reed and his partners, and influenced by the radical Republicanism of Major Errett and his staunch friends, R. W. Mackey, M. S. Quay, James S. Rutan and Jas. L. Graham, early became the acknowledged leader of ascendant political sentiment in Western Pennsylvania.

And thus it continued until Mr. Reed did not "go along harmoniously" and the new leaders, to use their own expression, "stood him on the curbstone," and the *Times*, published by Robert P. Nevin, was purchased by Mr. Christopher L. Magee and supplanted the *Commercial Gazette* as the local Republican organ.

Here again we find space too limited to refer to Mr. Magee and his associates on the *Times*, but as the *Commercial Gazette* and *Times* are all three now in the consolidated chain of what is known as the Oliver papers, everything of interest to the children will bear rehearsal in the present happy newspaper family, for the *Gazette-Times* now embraces the *Commercial*, the *Gazette*, the *Commercial Gazette* and the *Times*. The leaders and founders of these papers are specially referred to elsewhere.

CHARTIERS VALLEY IN EARLY DAYS.

FIFTY years ago "Bob" Woods, one of the best-posted county and State roads lawyers of his time, and "Billy" Jackson, a past master in horse-flesh and the general livery business, were largely instrumental in developing the charming Chartiers Valley, pronounced by civil engineers, surveyors and landscape men of that time, and landseers of the present, as one of the most beautiful in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The Woods residence was known to every roadster in the county, while the Jackson home, and afterward the Jackson summer hotel and cottages, at Idlewood, were second only to Cresson for beauty of attraction, coolness and healthfulness.

Famed, indeed, was Chartiers Creek, from which the valley received its name, and the picturesque banks of the stream were crowded on Saturdays and Sundays by fishing parties and picnic pleasure seekers, on account of its nearness to the growing city of Pittsburgh.

The Steubenville Railroad was known as the "Panhandle," and was built to connect with the Steubenville & Indiana Railroad. It lessened the rail distance to Steubenville 20 miles, but its designers believed its earnings as a freight road would have to be relied upon for dividends. For a time little attention was given to passenger traffic on account of the splendid line on the north bank of the Ohio, via Beaver, Smith's Ferry, etc., but the Woods and Jacksons, aided by the McMillans, Von Bonnhorsts, Murphys and the Scully family, unceasingly demanded passenger facilities, and gradually the "Panhandle" surmounted all of its difficulties of tunnels, grades, etc., the jokes of the traveling public, notably the commercial salesmen, and today is one of the safest, best-paying passenger lines of the great Pennsylvania system.

In minstrel shows and comedy plays this and other early railroads were staged humorously, and on one occasion an actor wobbled across the stage at the Academy of Music and introduced himself as John Smith, from Leaven-

worth. He said he had just arrived and was seasick. Reminded that he had not come by boat, he said, "No, but I came on the 'Panhandle.'" Rounding so many short curves had reminded him of a trip on the Ocklawaha River in Florida.

The valley proper began at McKees Rocks, the mouth of Chartiers Creek, and at Mansfield, now Carnegie, divided, following two branches of the creek, the one to Bridgeville, Canonsburg and Washington leading in picturesqueness, but the branch followed in reaching Steubenville for a time developed the largest rail traffic.

The present extensive Scully yards of the P., C., C. & St. L. R. R., the "Panhandle," take their name from the honored grandfather of our townsman, C. D. Scully, Esq., Cornelius Scully, whose large stone quarry at Scully's Springs furnished the foundations for hundreds of buildings in the valley. Through these yards and via the Ohio Connecting Railroad a tremendous tonnage of freight daily passes, which enables the main line via Corliss to furnish its present efficient through and local passenger service. The main line leaves the Ohio River at what was known 50 years ago as Corks Run, and reaches Corliss, and there by a tunnel to the beautiful and prosperous boroughs of Ingram, Crafton, Rosslyn Heights, Carnegie, etc., crossing the Ohio River into Steubenville.

There are about 11,000 coal miners employed in the valley, and many of its fertile farms have been converted into bustling manufacturing centers. In addition, it is the location of the Morganza school and Marshalsea and Woodville, county and city places for the care of the wards of the State, city and county.

And if "Bob" Woods and "Billy" Jackson started things in the valley 50 years ago which have blossomed into such wonderful harvests, what may we not reasonably expect when the Big Saw Mill Run is sewered or otherwise rendered incapable of damage, and West Carson street widened to boulevard proportions?

About 30 years ago, when the valley began to rapidly build up, a meeting of the residents of one of the new suburbs was held and 11 resolutions adopted for "promoting the progress of the line." There were boosters in those days. These resolutions asked for additional trains, additional commutation privileges, new station, a freight agent, etc.; also for a reduction in the transient fare. The railroad officers granted 10 of the requests, refusing only the request for a reduction in the transient rate. And from that date on prosperity came to the "Steubenville Railroad," as the progressive and wideawake residents of the valley by the thousands had found more inviting sites for suburban homes, notwithstanding the herculean efforts of "boosters" that the East End was the Mecca of Pittsburghers.

And how about values? A Pittsburgh manufacturer of 50 years ago, who spent many afternoons fishing and strolling along the banks of the Chartiers Creek, talking to a group of men, stated he could have bought land on the one side of the creek from McKees Rocks to Mansfield for about \$1,500. His sons, grandsons, nephews, etc., promptly asked him, "And why didn't you buy? See what a legacy you could have handed to us."

The manufacturer answered that the only obstacle in the way of annexing the territory was the \$1,500. He added that his partners in the business were the workmen. They allowed themselves \$8 per week, part of which was deducted weekly, and credited to payment of stock, and he further remarked that there were no dividends until after the close of the Civil War.

NATIONS TRUST COMPANY.

THE NATIONS TRUST COMPANY existed over 50 years ago. It was located on Penn avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth, then Canal and O'Hara streets. It was established by men of wealth and standing, as the first directors show.

But one day in the early '70s its doors were closed; the cashier disappeared; it was found that it had been looted to the extent of almost \$1,000,000, and to this day the details of where the money went, or actual cause of the failure, are unwritten.

The cashier returned to the city some time afterward, promising, on the guarantee of immunity, to make a "clean breast of affairs," but that disclosure did not materialize.

It was neither a national nor a State bank, but a trust company, in which the stockholders were individually liable.

It attracted a good business and at the time of its closing had deposits of approximately \$1,000,000.

It was the subject of legislative as well as legal investigation and various other inquiries, councilmanic as well, as to where the money went, but about the only outcome was the fact that all of the assets had "gone glimmering."

The legislative inquiry was brought about in this way: The City of Pittsburgh had established a water commission to build a new water works and had issued bonds to pay for the same. It transpired that \$250,000 of those bonds had been loaned to the cashier of the defunct bank, said bonds having been hypothecated in Philadelphia, for loans to tide the trust company temporarily.

When rumors became general that the trust company was in a shaky condition, efforts were made to recover these bonds. The cashier succeeded in convincing the agent of the water commission that if he had \$250,000 more of the bonds for 10 days or thereabouts, he could return the whole sum. The second loan, therefore, was made, all without the knowledge of the commissioners; the bonds were taken in a satchel to Philadelphia and hypothecated, and when the crash came the plight of the funds of the water commission was discovered. From a councilmanic inquiry it soon became a legislative Lexow.

In those early days it developed that it was "a one-man bank," and at the time of the failure many of the first directors had withdrawn, not only from the board, but also had disposed of their holdings. Assessment after assessment was made, but only a few of the remaining stockholders were able to meet the same, and the burden was most strenuous, one stockholder at least having been mulcted for over \$100,000, and others for large sums.

The books of the bank were kept in a way which would put it over on any ordinary board of directors, and the auditors testified that for several years they went over but one sheet of paper, submitted by the cashier, and never saw inside of any of the bank's books.

The general ledger was one of the most attractive specimens of book-keeping ever opened, and at one investigation the custodian of that book testified for a couple of hours that every entry was true and correct.

United States District Attorney H. B. Swoope, who was counsel in the case at this time against the bank, finally interrupted the query long enough privately to tell the witness he was lying, in order to save the face of the cashier, and unless he made decision to tell the truth, batteries would be turned against him for perjury. He would spare him if he would tell the truth. He admitted his statements were untrue, and on resuming the stand said the ledger accounts were falsified from beginning to end; but neither he nor any other witness could or would disclose where the money went.

It was afterwards stated that the city got off reasonably well, in view of the fact that another batch of the water bonds of the city, hypothecated in Philadelphia, had been recovered by a leading and influential railroad magnate, who rode from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh with a prominent city councilman, who at times rested his feet on the package containing the recovered bonds without meanwhile knowing that what he was worrying about would soon be again in the vault of the water commission.

This councilman, an influential and wealthy citizen, knew of the plight of the city and despaired of ever getting back the missing bonds.

A SNAKE STORY.

AS I sit writing this hot August day, I cull from my archives this snake story, which has lain dormant for a half century.

Here is a snake story, located in Brazil, which rather "takes down" anything of home manufacture:—It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake not exempt from this weakness of its fellow reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste. It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nursling slept, and every night his snakeship would creep into the bed, cunningly insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it and prevent its crying, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which it thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on, unconscious of having such a monstrous nursing.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus cheated out of its allowance of food, became so thin that suspicion was excited, and an old negress was set to watch the nurse at night—the delinquent was caught in the act, and expiated its offence with its life, while the poor baby, being no longer kept on "short commons," recovered its strength and grew fine and fat as before.

BRUTAL HOMICIDES.

“**A**S WE sat by the fire” John H. Stewart, Sheriff of Allegheny County in 1866, suggested reference to the execution of Benjamin Bernhardt Marschall and August Frecke, Friday, January 26, 1866, for the brutal murder of John Henry Foerster in August of the previous year. Foerster was an emigrant; the men met him on a train arriving in Pittsburgh along about midnight. They offered to get him a boarding house, and took him to an old dismantled brick yard on Boyd’s Hill. He was supposed to have money. Frecke hit him from behind with an iron bar and Marschall stabbed him as he fell almost in his arms.

They had his trunk and belongings, which they appropriated, and left the body where it was found at daybreak by a workman.

During the night they walked to the middle of the old Hand street bridge and dropped into the Allegheny river a weighted bundle containing the blood-stained clothing, knife, iron bar, etc.

The murder was shrouded in mystery and it seemed as if the assassins would never be discovered; but numerous robberies led to the arrest of Marschall, and among the booty discovered was a pair of hobnailed shoes, with blood stains thereon and a thoroughly German pipe, which had not been unloaded of its ashes.

These and other clues were followed up, and Frecke was apprehended in McKeesport.

He was taken past the cell in which Marschall was confined and as soon as Marschall saw him he sent for Mayor James Lowry, and on that eventful Sunday morning confessed to the brutal crime, implicating Frecke, who he believed had already given away the secret.

It transpired that the motive was greed; that they had never seen the stranger until they met him on the train; being of fine presence, well dressed, etc., they thought he had money. If he had they did not disclose it. Frecke was walking behind Foerster, Marschall in front, and at a given signal Frecke struck him on the back of the head, and Marschall finished him with the knife. It was at the most lonely spot in the dismantled brick yard.

It also transpired that the wretches visited the old Central Police Station, where the body of the murdered man lay for identification, and gazed with thousands into store windows at photographs of the dead man without wincing.

Marschall, after his confession, spent all of his time preparing for death, and assured his spiritual adviser, Father Amandus, his punishment was merited. He arranged for the disposition of his body and the care of his family. He was a giant in size and strength. Frecke was small, frail, and one of the most cowardly wretches ever brought face to face with crime. His last night on earth was most miserable.

When on the gallows together, Frecke, who had denied his guilt, said to Marschall: “Now, you have one more chance to say I’m innocent. Will you?”

Marschall made no reply, the trap fell and the end came to one of the most brutal crimes in history.

One week after the hanging of Marschall and Frecke still another name was added to the list—Martha Grinder, and the gallows used for Jacoby, Evans and Marschall and Frecke remained intact for the execution of Mrs. Grinder.

And who was Martha Grinder? The Lucretia Borgia of that day—a woman who, under the guise of helping her sick neighbors, without apparent motive, poisoned them. The victim for which she paid the penalty on the scaffold was Mrs. James Carothers, to whom she secretly administered arsenic while feigning to be in sympathy with and wanting to help the family, and slowly saw her victim dying by reason of her devilish conduct. She fainted when she started up the steps to the scaffold and had to be supported while the noose was being adjusted.

And, reader, did you notice that with Mrs. Grinder's execution the total hangings in Allegheny County to that date were but 10, in a period of 78 years? And who were the others? As I am writing wholly from my records or memory, I cannot recall the victims of Tiernan and Gallego; but Dave Jewel was a prominent fireman of the city, a great favorite. On a fourth of July he quarreled with a young man, without any serious results, but in the afternoon of the same day trailed the young man and cruelly murdered him.

Jacoby killed his wife; Evans—I cannot recall his victim; Charlotte Jones, Fife and a man named Stewart conspired and murdered the rich old uncle of the woman. Stewart died of smallpox, while awaiting the day of execution.

Jacoby murdered his wife and fled the city. Two months afterward he was captured in the West, and his return to Pittsburgh, August 31, 1858, occasioned intense excitement. Almost the whole official force of the city went to Beaver Falls to meet Marshal Rehm, in charge of the prisoner.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT.

THE Nashville *Dispatch* learns that a government team was run over a few evenings ago, while crossing the track of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, back of the depot. The mules got frightened, and stood on the track until the locomotive approached and struck the wagon, crushing it to atoms. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that the driver was thrown under a train of cars on the opposite track, uninjured, while the mules were turned heels over head off the track and six of their shoes jerked off their feet. Beyond a few slight scratches and a big scare the "animules" were not hurt. We have often heard of men being "jerked out of their boots," but this is the first instance we have ever known of mules being "jerked out of their shoes."

THE OLD ALLEGHENY COMMONS.

HERE is the story of how the "old Allegheny Commons" was transformed into the Allegheny Parks, at a small expenditure of money, spread out over a series of years.

Reference to the acquiring of Schenley Park reminds me of the transformation of the "old Allegheny Commons" into the beautiful parks that the citizens of the Northside have so long enjoyed. Possibly along about 1880 James Brown, Controller of Allegheny City, held in his hand a bond for \$1,000, issued to provide funds to establish the Allegheny park system. It was the last of \$250,000 bonds issued for that purpose, and its redemption and cancellation that day gave to the citizens the parks free, forever, only a small appropriation for maintenance and upkeep annually being required.

The commons had its pasture fields, cinder piles, ball grounds, where the old Enterprise baseball club attracted crowds, and a little stream of clear water, which ran through that part of the old commons next to North avenue. It was the playgrounds of barefooted children, the rendezvous of wandering chickens, and ever and anon a stray pig, having escaped from its moorings, rooted among the rubbish that accumulated from Irwin and North avenues to Cedar avenue.

Archibald Marshall, Esq., of the Marshall-Kennedy Milling Company, and other influential citizens, started the movement for the system of parks, to take the place of the neglected "commons," and the enterprise was everywhere warmly endorsed.

It was quite a delight in after years to hear Mr. Marshall relate how, aided by well-known citizens, he had superintended and even himself planted many of the trees then affording shelter, comfort and pleasure to the thousands of people of both cities, whose only pleasure resorts at this time were the Allegheny parks.

THE SUGGESTED REMEDY.

TRANSPORTATION men in convention had discussed for several hours the question, which is the most dangerous place on a train in case of a collision, the front or rear coach. Every officer had spoken several times, but a holding of hands indicated that a majority believed the most dangerous place in the collision is the rear car.

Fitzgerald, the wreck master, was called on for an opinion, as he had maintained the utmost silence.

"It seems to be agreed," said he, "that the rear car is the most dangerous—why not lave it off, thin?"

PITTSBURGH AND BIG CONVENTIONS.

YEARS ago the foundation was laid for big conventions in Pittsburgh. Its aspirations in this line reached top notch when it sought to handle a great national political gathering in 1896, and the superb effort at that time is responsible for its high ranking as an ideal city for the big meetings of today. We are just beginning to reap plenteously from the sowing of nearly a quarter of a century.

Twelve hundred delegates to the International Sabbath School Convention were entertained along in the '80s. The convention lasted one week. The delegates were housed in hotels until filled, when private residences hospitably entertained the visitors. Dinner was served in the Exposition Building, different churches having charge daily, and the meals were in the nature of real banquets, owing to the rivalry among the various denominations. Music preceded every meal thus served, and the noon recess of the convention was a great social event. Guests not in hotels were cared for in private residences and given supper and breakfast. The delegates and officers declared that never before in the history of the Association had such a reception been accorded them anywhere.

And in 1894, what more can be said of the twenty-eighth national encampment of the G. A. R. than to recall what the old veterans themselves are pleased to repeat: That never before or since has the G. A. R. been honored as at the twenty-eighth encampment.

Over a year was occupied in preparing for the convention. There were 18 committees, the chairmen of which formed the executive committee, and there was a chairman and an executive director. There were 1,200 delegates in attendance, and they were entertained without a cent of cost.

There was contributed by our patriotic citizens to the expense fund between \$101,000 and \$102,000. It cost about \$90,000 to entertain the visitors, and \$12,000 were returned to the donors, who voted it to various public institutions.

A brass cannon in the arsenal grounds at Lawrenceville, which was among the pieces ordered to be shipped south in 1860, about the time the Rock Island arsenal had been scuttled, was obtained by the committee by an act of Congress, and the committee on badges had it melted, and with certain alloy, historic badges of a beautiful design—the G. A. R. emblems—were manufactured. These were enclosed in a case forming a section of a **T** rail, beautifully polished. Souvenirs of all kinds were made from the cannon, and thousands of visitors purchased them. So that the committee on badges, of which Percy F. Smith was chairman, not only paid for the emblems given the delegates, but had a profit of about \$3,000.

The work of the committee on badges and a facsimile of the cannon as it came from the arsenal grounds is now among the archives in the Soldiers Memorial Hall, having been transferred from the Carnegie Institute about a year ago.

Following came the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar of the United States in 1898, conceded to have been one of the largest and most successful in its history.

The Chamber of Commerce sent Percy F. Smith, chairman, and Gen. A. J. Logan and W. A. Zahn a committee of three to Boston in 1895 to secure the conclave for 1898. It was a spirited contest, and the hardest obstacle to overcome was lack of hotel accommodations. But after three speeches by the chairman of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce Pittsburgh won.

And in 1896 it was the lack of hotel accommodations which caused Pittsburgh to lose out in its effort to obtain the consent of the National Republican Executive Committee to hold in Pittsburgh the national convention, where William McKinley was to be the nominee. Happily, now that cry can no longer be raised, and if the reapers continue to harvest the sowing of a quarter of a century ago, by the founders of Pittsburgh, nothing will be found lacking in the way of generous treatment.

For it is a fact that when United States Senator Quay said it would require an expense fund of \$100,000, and a certified check at that, to secure consideration before the national committee, the boosters of 20 years ago went to work. James McKean, of the Union Trust Company, headed the committee, on finance, and one citizen who subscribed \$5,000 said he would make it \$5,000 more. He subsequently stated that sum could be increased to \$50,000. Senator Quay subscribed \$1,000 and scores of others a like amount.

The Arlington Hotel at Washington was headquarters. A special train over the Baltimore & Ohio conveyed the boosters to the capital, and a special over the Pennsylvania Railroad returned them.

Checks made out by Mr. McKean and certified by C. L. Magee were laid on the table when the committee met. Speeches in behalf of Pittsburgh were made by the Hon. John Dalzell, Congressman; also Gov. William A. Stone, and the secretary, Mr. Smith, presented a roster of the hotels. Of course the lack of a convention hall was a strong factor against Pittsburgh.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

SIXTY years ago August 24, 1918, the annual report of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association was issued. It included the story of how it was founded July 13, 1847, by three young men meeting in the room of one of them for an evening's enjoyment. Samuel M. Wickersham was the first president. And it may be said that the season lecture courses given under the auspices of this association, by the direction of Capt. Wm. P. Herbert and other directors, were the popular events of the time. For four dollars per year the public was favored with lectures by Henry Ward Beecher, De Witt Talmage, Joseph Cook, John B. Gough, Rev. Hyatt Smith, Olive Logan, Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Cady Stanton and, in fact, all the leading lecturers of the time. Frequently there was standing room only in old Library Hall when any of the above celebrities were the attraction.

SALT RIVER A LOST STREAM.

THE political campaign of 1868 was a hot one, and in Pittsburgh it will be readily recalled by the reproduction of the slogan of the Democrats:

"Seymour and Blair and Blackmore for Mayor."

The result was a solar plexus blow to the Democrats and "Salt River tickets" were soon in circulation.

This aftermath of political fights has passed. But I found in my archives this, relating to the campaign of 1868:

Pittsburgh Theatre,

October 1, 1868.

First Night of Simon Johnston's Hydro-Carbonated and Deodorized Conservative White Man's Version of Othello.

The management takes great pleasure in announcing to the Democratic lovers of the drama that at great expense they have effected an engagement with that world-renowned troupe of artists known as the "Blair Guards," now en route to Salt River, who will give several of their inimitable representations at this Ancient Temple of Thespi, beginning with Othello this evening.

The cast includes all the prominent Democrats of that warm Presidential and local campaign.

There was also a champion dance, Carolina brakedown with clogs, etc., by a leading Democratic lawyer.

The whole to conclude with the laughable burlesque entitled "Big Zeke, or the Mudlarks' Rebellion," mudlarks referring to a gang of ruffians who had for years terrified the lower wards of the city and especially in the wards where the colored people were in evidence.

The cast includes Big Zeke (in person), then Syksey, Lord Mayor, Dusty Perambulating Editor, Counsel for Mudlarks, Law Judge, Judge—all filled by defeated Democrats.

Police, revolvers, brickbats, etc., by the entire strength of the company.

In rehearsal a new version of "Humpty Dumpty"—Humpty Dumpty, Col.—

Admission, payable in coin only, \$200.00.

AN ACTIVE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE Allegheny County Democratic convention, August 19, 1858, was a lively one. There was a full column of "resolves" in the platform denouncing the "intrigues and bribery" by which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had acquired power and wealth, personal denunciation in severe language of all Democrats who disagreed with the majority, and especially Gen. James K. Moorehead and Robert McKnight, Republican nominees, as "peddlers of bonds and tools of bondholders." The venerable Judge William Wilkins, United States Senator, Ambassador to Russia, member of the State Senate and of the National House of Representatives, among other criticisms, was even refused opportunity to present resolutions honoring President James Buchanan, the incumbent, who received in 1856 9,000 Democratic votes in Allegheny County.

PITTSBURGH AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.

WHEN the Legislature of 1873 adjourned, Hon. Andrew B. Young, one of the rural members of the House from Allegheny County, carried home an Act of the Assembly incorporating the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad, providing for a line on the south bank of the Monongahela and Ohio rivers to New Castle, Pa., and Youngstown, Ohio.

He carried it a long time and finally sold it for \$2,000.

Of course the railroads on the north bank of those points opposed its construction—it wasn't needed, etc., but finally the Old Harmony Society and others put some money into the enterprise, and manufacturers on the South Side made slight subscriptions, to get rid of the promoters as much as for any other reason, one firm subscribing for \$2,000 worth of the stock, with the understanding they were not to be asked to do anything further for the enterprise, and they in turn promising to consider the \$2,000 "a flyer" without hope of return.

But finally B. J. McGrann & Co. accepted the bonds issued for the construction of the line, and for \$2,400,000 they completed it in quick time.

There was not a gill of water in the stock. It was completed without a breath of suspicion as to graft, and from the date of its operation paid dividends. It was soon called the Little Giant, the phenomenal railroad of America. For instance, in those days \$10,000 per mile was satisfactory earnings; \$12,000 was better—\$20,000 was regarded as velvet. But one year not long after the opening of the road the earnings reached \$55,000 per mile; later \$77,000, and there is no telling what would have been the "top notch" if the New York Central people had not got in their hooks and constructed the Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youghioghenny Railroad into the coke regions and which now extends to the sea via the Western Maryland Railroad.

And Andy Young's "Jerk-water" line when it was handed over to the New York Central by that amazing financier, Henry W. Oliver, Jr., was one of the finest pieces of railway in America as well as the best paying. The owners of the stock got as high as \$160 per share from Mr. Oliver as he gathered it up for the Vanderbilts. Just what Mr. Oliver got for the stock was never disclosed.

EASY.

WHAT is there which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

TRUE TO A HAIR.

A SOMEWHAT juvenile dandy, said to a fair partner at a ball; don't you think, Miss, that my mustaches are becoming. To which she replied: They may be-coming but they have not yet arrived.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

SATURDAY, July 21, 1877, at noon Gen. A. L. Pearson, of the State militia, undertook to move a locomotive of the P. R. R. over the Twenty-eighth street crossing. Stones were fired into the crowd on the hillside, shots were fired, some people hurt, and the great railroad tie-up, the result of the P. R. R. Co. undertaking to run "double headers" with but one train crew, reached its crisis. Business on the railroads of the United States had been at a complete standstill, the Pennsylvania State militia had been called out and Col. Bob Brinton, of Philadelphia, was in the city with his Philadelphia regiment. Gen. Pearson had previously announced he would move that engine or die in his tracks, but the mob was ready for him and the Pittsburgh soldiers were entirely inadequate to handle the mob.

By seven o'clock Saturday evening the city was in a state of anarchy, gun stores had been "ransacked" and the mob armed with every conceivable weapon. Fires were started by the rioters between eight and nine o'clock p. m. and by ten o'clock Sunday morning three million dollars worth of property had been destroyed, including the Union Depot and Hotel, the Grain Elevator and hundreds of cars and locomotives of the P. R. R., as well as private property.

Col. Brinton's soldiers took refuge in the engine roundhouse at Twenty-eighth street, which was burned, his men forced out and followed in a hot chase by the mob to a point beyond Sharpsburg, Col. Brinton having in the meantime been shot down in cold blood. A number of civilians were also killed.

The churches adjourned services Sunday morning and a procession of citizens marched along Liberty street with clubs, etc., and news that regular United States soldiers were on their way from Rock Island arsenal frightened the rioters and they dispersed and went into hiding. Another factor in the outcome was the fact that during the night a car in the Pan Handle yard on New Grant street was broken open before being fired.

It contained high wines and other liquors, and the rioters drank the fluid from tin cups, which put them out of the notion of further deviltry.

The rioters were largely the riffraff of the United States, who purposely congregated here during the week, intent on loot and robbery, and the "swag" carried off amounted to thousands of dollars.

Very few of our local workingmen did any mischief, but many were punished for being in the crowd and refusing to disperse and go home when so ordered by the sheriff. This refusal, Judge Sterrett ruled, constituted riot, and some very severe sentences were imposed.

Trains began moving on Monday, regular United States soldiers having arrived on Sunday, and the county paid the damages—almost \$3,000,000.

SATISFIED.

AFTER ordering a dozen things not on the bill of fare because not in season, the guest said, is there nothing in season. Oh yes, "prunes," said the waiter.

"PULLING THE WOOL."

ONE of the most interesting cases tried in the civil courts 40 or more years ago was that of John Dinsmore of Washington County against Barker, Kilgore & Co., wool merchants of Pittsburgh. The case was heard in the old District Court of Allegheny County, presided over by Hon. Moses Hampton and Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick, and was tried three times.

It was a battle royal between the counsel, Hon. Marcus W. Acheson, afterward Judge of the United States District Court, and W. B. Rodgers, Esq., for John Dinsmore, and the Hon. Thomas M. Marshall for the wool merchants, who were the leading dealers in wool in Western Pennsylvania.

The case ran about like this: One day a man giving the name of Dinsmore and representing himself to be the son of John Dinsmore, farmer and sheep grower of Washington County, called at the wool house and offered a fine lot of wool for sale. A bargain was struck, and the firm furnished sacks and arranged to have their drays at the station on the arrival of the consignment, which when weighed would be paid for, at sight.

Scene second occurred at the farm of John Dinsmore. The man with the wool sacks made a dicker with the sheep grower for his wool, told him he was the agent of the wool firm, and made him a most tempting offer for all the wool he could gather up. The sale aggregated almost \$4,000.

Barker's alleged agent at Dinsmore's farm promptly returned to the wool house, meantime changing to Martin Dinsmore, the farmer's son. More like a fable than fact. This was, say, on a Wednesday. The young rascal got a check for the full amount of the transaction, disappeared and was never again heard of.

Two days later John Dinsmore, the farmer, arrived in the city, per agreement with the oily gammon agent, to get his money, and Barker, Kilgore & Co. were dumfounded, as was also Dinsmore.

The wool merchants declined to pay the second time and Farmer Dinsmore retained Messrs. Acheson & Rodgers to collect his unpaid bill, which in reality had been paid.

The liability of the wool firm to reimburse the rightful owner was about the only question at issue, outside of the incidents of the interesting "bunco" case, unparalleled in the history of cases in Allegheny county.

And just here is where the most interesting part of the case comes in. Mr. Kilgore of the wool firm had a friend on the news staff of one of the city papers and, fearing that the details of the case might leak out and get into the newspapers in a mangled or distorted form, called upon his reportorial friend and gave him the details just as they had developed and are explained above.

Of course, the reporter of the newspaper was the star witness, inasmuch as Mr. Kilgore himself had furnished the thread of the narrative. Every effort possible was made by Mr. Marshall to break the testimony of the reporter. He charged that the item published had been amplified; that the writer had used his own language and not that of Mr. Kilgore, and scouted the idea that the wool merchant had ever made such a statement. But he carefully refrained from putting Mr. Kilgore on the stand to deny it. He would not do it, and frankly told Mr. Marshall so. On the other hand, Acheson & Rodgers proved conclusively that

the reporter had but one source of information about the transaction, and that was Mr. Kilgore himself, and that the story given had been published at the suggestion of Mr. Kilgore, provided the reporter thought it an item of news.

The jury on each of the three trials found a verdict in favor of the farmer, for the full amount of his claim, based on the charge of the Court, that when at the Dinsmore farm, with the sacks of the wool firm, the alleged agent bolstered up his responsibility by a complete knowledge of the market prices of wool, Dinsmore was justified in believing that he was dealing with the real agent of the wool dealers. On the other hand the purchasers should have been satisfied that the man to whom they paid the money for the wool was the proper party to receipt the bill for John Dinsmore.

DISCOVERY OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

THE fame of Chautauqua Lake came from the work of a Pittsburgher, Col. William Phillips, president of the A. V. R. R., who early realized that the beautiful lake would prove a peerless summer resort for Pittsburghers, and increase travel on the trains on the A. V. R. R.

Matthew Bemis of Bemis Point, N. Y., and others had built a line of road from Corry, on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, connecting with the Oil Creek & Allegheny River and the Allegheny Valley Railroad. The line extended to Brockton, on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, passing through Mayville, at the head of Chautauqua Lake. A more forlorn waste place could scarcely have been selected for a line of railroad, and for which there were not the remotest signs of traffic, the only place worth mentioning after leaving Corry being Mayville.

But Colonel Phillips satisfied himself that it would be a great summer resort for Pittsburgh if only they would take time enough to learn where it was, how easily reached, its altitude and general attractive surroundings. That such a lake was in existence 700 feet above Lake Erie was known only to the people of New York and Jamestown, the other end of the 22 miles of water, and to people on the old Atlantic & Great Western Railroad en route through Jamestown to Salamanca, N. Y.

Accordingly Matthew Bemis and Colonel Phillips arranged for a grand excursion of prominent people of Pittsburgh. Ladies and gentlemen numbering some 200, guests of the two colonels, were taken to Mayville on special cars and on a boat toured the lake, voting it one of the most charming bodies of water in America. Correspondents filled the Pittsburgh papers with the details of this voyage of discovery, and the old Chautauqua House at Mayville was soon unable to accommodate the Pittsburghers arriving daily and especially on Saturday. Horace Fox and his charming wife made it a most delightful place to stop.

Almost in a night was established the famous "Chautauqua Route," four miles below Mayville, famous as a bass fishing grounds before the advent of the Assembly Grounds; then Point Chautauqua, the Baptist assembly grounds, about

two miles from Mayville. Bemis Point at once took the lead until "Lakewood," near Jamestown, became the most fashionable resort for the elite of America.

But Pittsburghers who visited the lake at the time referred to, after leaving Mayville, could scarcely obtain a lunch anywhere until they reached Bemis Point, Lakewood or Jamestown. Properly, therefore, must Colonel Phillips be accorded the praise of developing, for Pittsburghers, Chautauqua Lake; and besides the big steamer Jamestown, which plied the lake soon after, two other steamers—the Colonel William Phillips and the Pittsburgh—were shortly added to the list to accommodate tourists.

Colonel Phillips related with pleasure the fact that the "christening" of Chautauqua Lake, by the popular excursion of Pittsburgh people, had resulted in several romances, five or six weddings having followed acquaintanceships made on the voyage over the lake.

His principal interest was in the marriage of his splendid transportation manager, Thomas M. King, and Miss Rachel Finney, the daughter of Robert Finney of the Boatmen's and Eureka Fire Insurance Companies. I am unable to recall the other happy marriages, the romance of which began in the delightful excursion referred to.

Henry Harley and Charley Pitcher, the oil princes, appeared frequently at Lake Chautauqua after Pittsburghers began to patronize it, and many of our citizens became warmly attached to them. Together they built a sailing yacht. The boat was finished, ready to be launched and christened, when it suddenly occurred to the owners that no name had been selected. "Can't you think of a name?" said Pitcher to Harley. The latter said: "Yes, if it did not appear selfish I would like to name the yacht Susie in honor of my wife." "By jove," said Pitcher, "just the trick. My wife's name is Susie. The yacht is named The Two Susies," and many pleasant parties of Pittsburghers enjoyed the hospitality of Harley and Pitcher.

FEEDING BY WEIGHT.

OUT west you pay as you leave the restaurants to take your train. When you enter you are weighed; weighed again as you leave, and you are charged by the pound. A knowing fellow entered with a fire brick in each pocket of his duster, was weighed, and while eating adroitly removed the bricks and left them under the table. Weighed as he passed out, one pound lighter, the restaurant keeper had to give him a rebate slip which he cashed in for fifty cents.

A CHARMED AUDITOR.

AFTER the young man had sung "Love's Young Dream" in a delightful voice an auditor broke the silence in the most eloquent language, and assured the host that he could sit and listen to the singer all night—yes, sir, the same singer all night long—"if I was drugged."

CHARCOAL PIG IRON IN 1853.

MY MEMORY of an old charcoal iron furnace on Bullion Run, Venango County, operated as early as the spring of 1853 by a Pittsburgh manufacturer in tin and copper, John C. Smith, father of the author of this volume, is freshened by a glance into the pages of the old "day book," which recorded the original entries at the furnace store, some 65 years ago. Few people, indeed, knew of the existence of this furnace, as it was in such an out-of-the-way place, but it was reached by boats on the Allegheny River to Scrubgrass and by drive via Butler, Parkers Landing, etc. It was a small furnace, but here the pig metal industry was carried on in its most primitive way—by water power.

I append some of the entries in the "scratcher," or day book, kept at the furnace store, which will be appreciated the more as the prices are contrasted with present cost of high living, or high cost of present living.

Tea sold at \$1 per pound; iron, 6½c.; coffee, 16c.; plug tobacco, 6¼c.; calico, 12½c. Just here let me explain that the ¼ and ½ cent meant something then, because the "fippeny-bit," a silver coin, was worth 6¼ cents, while the "levy" was rated at 12½ cents. Afterward the 5 and 10 cent coins took their places.

Cordwood sold for 45c. per cord; sugar, 10c.; 22½ pounds sole leather brought \$5.62½; beef, 4c. per pound; flour, 4c. per pound; coal, 14c. per bushel. Labor was paid 50c. a day and upward and board, although some entries show \$2 per day for labor—likely skilled; bacon brought 12½c.

Some of the entries in detail are appended:

Tobacco, tea and file, \$1.65; rice and tobacco, 34c.; bacon and tobacco, \$1.65; lead, powder and tobacco, 26¼c.; candles, gloves and tobacco, 49¾c.; nails and suspenders, \$1.50; pitch fork, 87½c.; coffee and shawl, \$5; tobacco and candles, 48c.; candles and molasses, 88¼c.; coffee, tobacco and tea, 98c.; tobacco and mattock, \$1.31¼; cash, coffee and tobacco, \$26.33½; three pairs boots, \$12; shot and caps, 18c.; spikes, saleratus and candles, 56c¼.; tobacco, pipe and handkerchief, 20¾c.; one pound of tobacco, 37½c; hat and fiddle strings, \$1.31¼; oats, beef and horse shoes, 98c.; corn, oats and sugar, 61c.

About one-half of the extras in each account was for tobacco, but there is not a single entry for alcoholic beverages, unless it was under the head of "tea," as it sometimes happened in later years. But the writer is certain that some of the furnace men were at times on intimate terms with John Barley-corn, whose followers called it "mountain tea," but where it came from deponent saith not.

Payment was made in various ways, very little actual money changing hands, and still less business in the way of bank checks. For instance, there are credits for 2,000 feet of boards, \$15; 12 cords of wood, \$5.40; for digging ore, chopping wood, day's labor, a watch, going to mill, one yoke of cattle, boarding, "butter and apron," hay, straw and hauling. A specific instance reads: For coffee and a shawl, charged at \$5, payment was made by one hog, weighing when dressed 125 pounds at 5c. per pound. Another account was balanced by an ox yoke, labor and coal, and still another was paid for in "comforts, ropes and 3,944 bushels of coal."

BUSY MARTS IN DUQUESNE WAY.

A WALK along Duquesne way suggests its early days and the changes in its business enterprises in 50 years, its boat yards, saw mills and coal yards, its bulk oil barges; its up river boats, and its timber floats; its Oil Exchange, affording plenty of excitement all day of business hours; its crowded hotel at Seventh street and Duquesne way; its horse market; its pleasure boat-houses; its big brewery and the Wayne Iron Works at Tenth street, adjoining the property of the Fort Wayne Railroad. There was no more busy place in the city than Duquesne way in the early 60's and later on, and the daily newspapers relied largely upon the doings of the Oil Exchange, the gossip of the hotel, the brewery, the rivermen, etc., news as filtered from the politicians who made it a rendezvous, for pointers generally leading to many superb news items.

Pittsburgh was then one of the leading oil centers. Beginning in old Lawrenceville, or about what is now Thirty-third street, extending to beyond the Sharpsburg bridge, along the Allegheny River, were numerous oil refineries, the products from petroleum oil being carbon oil, benzine, naphtha, etc. Dave Reighard, whose refinery was on Thirty-third street, afterwards organized the Columbia Conduit Company, later selling out to the Standard Oil Company; the Nonpareil Oil Works, Fairview Refinery, Citizens Oil Company and many others were among the leading refineries of the country. Benj. W. Morgan, well known in political circles in Pittsburgh as "the Red Planet of War," was connected with the Nonpareil Company, and Andy Lyons and Jared M. Brush, the latter Mayor of Pittsburgh, were leaders in the Citizens' works.

Cooper shops everywhere in Allegheny County did a thriving business, as the demand for barrels was unprecedented, and right in Pittsburgh was hoop iron made to supply almost the entire demands of the country. An immense brick cooper shop was erected in the Eighteenth ward, along the Allegheny Valley Railroad, for more than a block—at the time said to have a capacity greater than any similar factory in America, but it was not long after this that the Standard Oil Company, having absorbed all the oil refining companies in Pittsburgh, took over the cooper shop, also, and the Oil Exchange, refining business, barrel factory, etc., vanished from Pittsburgh as if blotted out of sight in a single night—Cleveland becoming the home of these consolidated refining interests, and pipe lines superseding bulk boats and river shipments.

A tremendous blow was given to Pittsburgh's industries when the Standard Oil Company revolutionized things; but like the depression after the big fire in 1845, when pessimists thought the city would never be rebuilt, and a greater city was the result, so the great city designed to be the workshop of the world could not be checked by such a little thing as losing the oil industry, and new and marvelous industries developed with such rapidity that the city soon forgot it ever had a gigantic oil industry.

An indication of the extent of the oil trade in this city in 1867; on the 30th of April, at 10 p. m. a large iron tank containing 17,500 gallons of petroleum oil, at the Fairview oil works of Dr. Arnold Herz, on the Allegheny Valley Railroad near the Sharpsburg bridge, was struck by lightning, ignited and the burning continued until 3 p. m. the next day, destroying the tank, the agitating

and pumphouse, and the dwelling house of Dr. Herz, and contents, causing a loss of \$55,000.

Various other tremendous oil fires were recorded, so extensive was the field of operation.

The discovery of oil in the rocks and beneath the creeks in Venango County and elsewhere in Pennsylvania soon caused a genuine craze, was set to music and the words herewith were sung in hundreds of parlors, to the liveliest of tunes:

OIL ON THE BRAIN.

The Yankees boast that they make clocks, which "just beat all creation.
They never made one could keep time with our great speculation.
Our stocks, like clocks, go with a spring, wind up and down again;
But all our strikes are sure to cause oil on the brain.

CHORUS:

Stock's par, stock's up, then on the wane;
Everybody's troubled with oil on the brain.

There's various kinds of oil afloat, Cod Liver, Castor, Sweet,
Which tend to make a sick man well and set him on his feet.
But ours a curious feat performs: we just a well obtain,
And set the people crazy with oil on the brain.

There's neighbor Smith, a poor young man, who couldn't raise a dime;
Had clothes which boasted many rents, and took his "nip" on time.
But now he's clad in dandy style, sports diamonds, kids, and cane;
And his success was owing to oil on the brain.

Miss Simple drives her coach and four, and dresses in high style;
And Mr. Shoddy courts her strong, because her "Dad's struck ile."
Her jewels, laces, velvets, silks, of which she is so vain,
Were bought by "Dad" the time he had oil on the brain.

You meet a friend upon the street, he greets you with a smile;
And tells you in a hurried way, he's just gone into ile.
He buttonholes you half an hour—of course you can't complain—
For you can see the fellow has oil on the brain.

The Lawyers, Doctors, Hatters, Clerks, industrious and lazy,
Have put their money all in stocks, in fact have gone "oil crazy."
They'd better stick to briefs and pills, hot irons, ink and pen,
Or they will "kick the bucket" from oil on the brain.

RESTAURANT PRICES.

A SUGGESTION for Hoover. Lunch 30 cents; dinner 50 cents; gorge 75 cents. But some one might order the three from a "safety first" standpoint, on account of the "diaphanous portions."

PIONEER RAILROADING.

WHO among the patrons of the old Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, along about 1866 to 1880, will not recall that remarkable character, Thomas Drake, one of the passenger conductors and also one of the stockholders. "Tommy," for as such he was more familiarly known, had been engaged at work on the construction of the line, which paralleled the old Braddock's Field plank road to Braddock. Shortly prior to the period first mentioned, the only thing accomplished was the laying of the rails—for quite a stretch the ballast had not yet been filled in between the crossties.

The first train in the morning to the city from McKeesport was in charge of Captain Drake. It came—sometimes an hour or two—maybe more—late, only to find that the people working in the city had "hoofed it"—four miles and more. One morning in particular, when Drake drew up his train at Hazelwood almost a half-day late, someone asked him what was the cause of the delay, and he said there was "a hole in the boiler of the engine." That morning he had what he called his "coffee-pot engine"—a small locomotive with but one driving wheel.

But as time progressed the road began to put on airs and some new regulations were issued which, on account of his age, Captain Drake could not interpret to the satisfaction of the passengers.

To enforce the order for more celerity in loading and unloading passengers, he on one occasion courteously told some ladies to say good-by to friends at home in order that the trains might not be unnecessarily delayed. But he was too careful in the handling of women and children to give any offense to anyone. He was one of the most popular conductors on the road and was never known to be in a bad humor, even if some wag would hand him a bogus shinplaster (fractional currency) for car fare, or restore the punched disc to its moorings and have him punch their ticket the second time in the same place.

The captain told a good one on himself, one of the best, he admitted, that had ever been put over on him. He had been explaining some new orders relating to standing on the platform, smoking, putting feet upon the seats, etc., and it was suspected that Superintendent Geo. J. Luckey, of the city schools, had prepared his oration, when a prominent river and coal merchant remarked, "Say, Drake, you talk just like as if this was a railroad."

By the time that Drake got done laughing he realized that the train was being delayed. While walking the platform awaiting orders from the dispatcher, the Port Perry man put his head out of the window with, "Say, conductor, why don't this train go on?"

The Port Perry man had a plentiful supply of fiery red hair, and quick came the retort, "Take in your head, sir; how can the train go on with the danger signal out?"

"Tommy" used to take the "owl train" out every night, and on Saturday nights a number of his passengers in the "smoker" were usually quite hilarious and sometimes pugnacious. Every Sunday morning "Tommy" would put in a requisition for a new lantern globe and sometimes for a lantern. When the superintendent asked for particulars he would say, "Well, some of the boys on the train got a little lively and the only way I could quiet them was to hit 'em over the head with my lantern!"

A DRAMATIC CONCLUSION.

DURING the incumbency as District Attorney of Allegheny County of Thomas M. Bayne, he decided to make a tour of Europe, and his appointment of chief deputy in his absence created a great stir among the attorneys generally. The motive for his selection never came to light, but it was supposed that the remarkable success in the prosecution of criminal offenders in the United States courts, by H. Bucher Swoope, led to the choice of Mr. Swoope. Especially did this idea receive strength by the fact that Henry Bender was awaiting trial in the Quarter Sessions Court for murder, and as the Commonwealth had to rely greatly upon circumstantial evidence, it was believed by Colonel Bayne if anyone could secure a conviction it would be Mr. Swoope.

The day of the Bender trial came on, and the Commonwealth proved that Bender kept an eating saloon and beer hall on Smithfield street; that Policeman John Stack, a fine-looking, big fellow, an Irishman, whose beat included the saloon building, had been found on the sidewalk in front of the saloon about 2 o'clock one morning, with a fractured skull. The injury had been inflicted by a blunt instrument, in all probability the butt or handle end of a knife for opening oysters. Bender was on duty in the saloon that night, and was an expert in opening oysters. The contention was that the wound was inflicted by Bender during an altercation. Stack was unconscious when found, and died in a little while. Purely circumstantial, and what was worse, the Commonwealth utterly fell down in the matter of a motive. There had apparently been no ill feeling between the saloonkeeper and Policeman Stack, and there was no evidence of an altercation, and no one saw the officer ejected or assaulted. Some hints were thrown out that racial prejudice might have inspired a feud. Mr. Swoope put in a wonderful chain of circumstantial evidence, however, as he was an adept in Sherlock Holmes suggestions.

It was finally apparent that he would rely mainly on his address to the jury in summing up for the Commonwealth, and for two hours he plead for conviction. Mr. Swoope was quite delicate, suffering constantly from chronic stomach and bowel ailment, which eminent physicians stated would have ended fatally with anyone except one who had the iron nerves of a man like Mr. Swoope, and on this occasion, just as he concluded his wonderful appeal to the jury, he fell in a faint and had to be carried from the courtroom.

The room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the address was listened to with rapt attention.

About the last words he said were: "Gentlemen of the jury—I never saw this defendant until he appeared in court for trial. I may never see him again until we meet at the judgment seat of God. Nor did I know John Stack, but I do know that away yonder across the water in Ireland sits the aged father and mother of this murdered man, anxious to know whether a jury of his peers will avenge the death of Policeman John Stack."

Bender was acquitted, the jury having been cautioned to consider most seriously the dangers surrounding circumstantial evidence. Attorneys who did not like Swoope were greatly pleased with the verdict, and press and public generally approved the finding of the jury.

Mr. Swoope's only remark was that he did his best, and could, therefore, have no comment to make on the case.

CARNCROSS, DIXEY & DOUGHERTY.

NOT long after the close of the Civil War, Carncross & Dixey's minstrels were performing in Pittsburgh. James Blackmore was the Democratic candidate for Mayor, and the feeling against the colored man was still strong. Dougherty, in a "stump speech," said Pittsburgh was the first place in the country to get right on this question—they were supporting a Black-moor for Mayor.

Dixey, the other end man, worked over an old joke in this way: "Who builds your canals?" asked Carncross. Answer—"The Irish." "Who builds your railroads?" "Irish." "Who builds your penitentiaries?" "Irish." "Who fills your penitentiaries——"

Dixey, jumping to his feet, shouted at the top of his voice, "You're a liar!" amid tumultuous applause.

BONE-DRY TRAINS

W. G. MERRICK is one of the five passenger conductors of the P., C., C. & St. L. Railway who 10 years ago convinced the Ohio law-makers that the men who "started things" on the trains were generally those in the smoker, with "pop bottles" filled with whisky. They had a bill passed prohibiting drinking in the "smoker," penalty \$17 and costs, and no appeal. The result is that quarrels in smoking cars are a thing of the past if the conductor enforces the law. Merrick believes in "an ounce of prevention" and finding a fellow in possession of the fluid, takes it from him, thrusts it through the window and pacifies the owner by telling him he has saved him \$17 and costs. Merrick's size also tends to pacify an ordinary fellow, and good order prevails in the "smoker" if he is in charge of the train.

Merrick is the seventh oldest conductor on the line, and runs on through trains from Pittsburgh to Columbus. He has been in the service of the company 38 years, is married, has eight sons and three daughters, and resides in Columbus. Detective Wm. J. Burns made him acquainted with Colonel Roosevelt some years ago and when told of the size of his family, the Colonel grasped him with both hands and almost fractured his arm, with "Delighted."

Merrick had three sons in the service of Uncle Sam, one, aged 24 years, in Camp Mills, L. I., 309th Engineers, 184th Division; one, 19 years old, in the Radio Division, Newport, R. I.; one, aged 22 years, a Corporal in the Balloon Division, Fort Monroe.

BEFORE THE FOUR MINUTE MEN.

S AID a speaker, just introduced, in a drawling tone, "Now, what shall I talk about?"

A small boy in the audience—"Talk about a minute."

MARK TWAIN IN PITTSBURGH.

SAMUEL M. CLEMENS, better known as Mark Twain, America's greatest humorist, was a relative of Mr. William T. Lindsey, for many years Clerk of the United States District Court at Pittsburgh, and also of the well-known Yohe family, railroad and corporation managers.

His first appearance in Pittsburgh about 50 years ago therefore attracted more than ordinary interest, because of the many who had not been much impressed with Mark's ability as a humorist—case of a “prophet not without honor, save in his own country,”—and who nevertheless drummed up friends for a great audience. His books had aroused considerable interest, but it was feared he might not amount to much as a lecturer.

His lecture was on “The American Vandal Abroad,” and was delivered in the old Academy of Music, which was filled to repletion. His Honor, Judge John M. Kirkpatrick, introduced Twain.

Assigned to report the lecture, the author diligently followed Twain and was grinding out a column and a half account of it, when about midnight Twain entered the editorial rooms of the old *Commercial*. He was entertaining with laughable incidents almost everybody but the writer, when he suddenly learned he was preparing a lengthy account of the lecture. He at once protested to the Managing Editor, said it was hard to be funny for pay, got \$150 a night for his lecture, it was his stock in trade, and if published, he might as well cancel all of his other engagements. Thereupon orders were given to select the gem of the lecture for publication, and the account of the lecture referred only to his marvelous description of the Sphinx.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In this hall last night one of the largest and probably most fashionable audiences it ever held listened to an amusing and instructive lecture from Mark Twain, whose reputation for humor is known here and abroad. On the appearance of Mr. Twain he was received with that phlegm that characterizes lecture audiences, but before he had spoken many minutes he succeeded in driving the apathy away, and then followed hearty expressions of appreciation, such as our folk are capable of giving. His exquisite humor is equalled by his delightful descriptive powers, and seldom have we listened to anything more eloquently rendered than his description of the Sphinx. It was a gem. Here it is:

“The great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient! If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. It was looking toward the verge of the landscape, but looking at nothing—nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present, and far into the past. It was gazing over the ocean of time—over lines of century-waves, which further and further receded, closed nearer and nearer together, and blended at last into one unbroken tide, away toward the horizon of a remote antiquity.

It was thinking of the wars of departed ages—of the empires it had seen created and destroyed—of the nations whose birth it had witnessed, whose progress it had watched, whose annihilation it had noted—of the joy and sorrow, the life and death, the grandeur and decay, of five thousand slowly revolving years.

"It was the type of an attribute of man—of a faculty of his heart and brain. It was Memory—Retrospection—wrought into visible, tangible form. All who know the pathos there is in memories of days that are accomplished and facts that have vanished—albeit only a trifling score of years gone by—will have some appreciation of the pathos that dwells in these grave eyes that look so steadfastly back upon the things they knew before History was born—before Tradition had being—things that were and forms that moved, in a vague era that even Poetry and Romance scarce knew of—and passed one by one away, and left the stony dreamer solitary in the midst of a strange, new age and uncomprehended scenes!

"The Sphynx is grand in its loneliness; it is imposing in its magnitude; it is impressive in the mystery which hangs over its story. There is that in the overshadowing majesty of this eternal figure of stone, with its accusing memory of the deeds of all ages, that reveals to one something of what he shall feel when he stands at last in the awful presence of God."

The audience was enraptured, and the impressive silence as the people hung upon his matchless words was broken by Twain, who said: "And yet the American Vandal stood within the shadow of that eternal figure of stone and picked his teeth."

And I do not have to refer to my notes to recall the conclusion of his memorable lecture.

"And in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, if a man ask me to go with him a mile I go with him, Twain," and he bowed himself off the stage.

Twain thus describes his enthusiastic patriotism in the '60s: When the tocsin of war was sounded he was "so all-fired with patriotism that he hurried to the nearest recruiting office and sacrificed all of his wife's relations."

Twain, sketching his mental photograph, said: "Nothing could induce me to fill those blanks but the asseveration of these gentlemen that it will benefit my race by enabling young people to see what I am, and giving them an opportunity to become like somebody else. This candor overcomes my scruples. I have but little character, but what I have I am willing to part with for the public good. I would have been a better man if I had had a chance, but things have always been against me. I never had any parents, hardly—only just father and mother—and so I have had to struggle along the best way I could. I do not boast of this character, further than I built it up by myself, at odd hours, during the last 30 years, and without other educational aid than I was able to pick up in the ordinary schools and colleges. I have filled the blanks of the questionnaire as follows."

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE

Color?—Anything but dun.	Names, Male and Female?—M'aimez
Flower?—The night-blooming Sirius.	(Maimie) for a female, and Tacus and
Tree?—Any that bears forbidden fruit.	Marius for males.
Object in Nature?—A dumb belle.	Painters?—Sign Painters.
Hour in the day?—The leisure hour.	Musicians?—Harper & Bro.
Season of the Year?—The lecture season.	Piece of Sculpture?—The Greek Slave,
Perfume?—Cent per cent.	with his hod.
Gem?—The Jack of Diamonds, when it is	Poet?—Robert Browning, when he has a
trump.	lucid interval.
Style of Beauty?—The Subscriber's.	Poetess?—Timothy Titcomb.

Prose Author?—Noah Webster, LL.D.

Characters in Romance?—The Byron Family.

In History?—Jack the Giant Killer.

Book to take for an hour?—Vanderbilt's pocketbook.

What epoch would you choose to have lived in?—Before the present Erie—it was safer.

What book (not religious) would you part with last?—The one I might happen to be reading on a railroad during the disaster season.

Where would you like to live?—In the moon, because there is no water there.

Favorite amusement?—Hunting the "tiger," or some kindred game.

Favorite Occupation?—"Like dew on the gowan—lying."

What trait of character do you most admire in man?—The noblest form of cannibalism—love for his fellow man.

In Woman?—Love for *her* fellow man.

What trait do you most detest in each?—That "trait" to which you put "or" to describe its possessor.

If not yourself, who would you rather be?—The Wandering Jew, with a nice annuity.

What is your idea of Happiness?—Finding the buttons all on.

Your idea of Misery?—Breaking an egg in your pocket.

What is your *bete noir*?—(What is my which?)

What is your Dream?—Nightmare as a general thing.

What do you most dread?—Exposure.

What do you believe to be your Distinguishing Characteristic?—Hunger.

What is the Sublimest Passion of which human nature is capable?—Loving your sweetheart's enemies.

What are the Sweetest Words in the world?—"Not Guilty."

What are the Saddest?—"Dust unto dust."

What is your Aim in Life?—To endeavor to be absent when my time comes.

What is your Motto?—Be virtuous and you will be eccentric.

BRYCE, RICHARDS & CO.

THIS firm of glass manufacturers was composed of the "apprentice boys" of the old Bakewell Company, led by James, Robert and John Bryce, and was perhaps the first effort of "co-operative" working inaugurated in Western Pennsylvania. Small salaries were paid and part of the same were applied weekly on payment of stock. The scheme was not a bewildering success, and the slow process of marketing the product on "flat boats" floating to the South was not remunerative. But after the close of the war, by the Bryces' Scotch energy, the firm started to make money, and ultimately led in glass making as Bryce, Walker & Co., then Bryce Bros., until merged into the U. S. Glass Company, the management of which has been largely in the hands of the descendants of the brothers who founded the industry.

One of them said early in the '60s he could have bought the half of Chartiers township along the creek for \$1,500, and the only reason he did not acquire the property was the lack of the \$1,500.

BY THE SPORTING EDITOR.

THE man who rides the night mare, it is said, has challenged the telegraph to trot one hundred miles before a wagon.

LEST WE FORGET.

A LONG about 1879 Robert J. Ingersoll was creating quite a furore in the country by his lecture on "Some Objections to Christianity." A little Presbyterian minister, Rev. David K. Nesbitt, of Lawrence County, Pa., who was east on a vacation from Corvallis, Oregon, where he was engaged in missionary work, and who had accepted a call to the Hazelwood Presbyterian Church, answered Ingersoll in an address on "Some Objections to Infidelity," before the well-known Liberal League. A repetition of the lecture was brought about at the suggestion of the ministers of the two cities who desired to hear it. Library Hall was secured by several gentlemen, a number of whom were connected with Mr. Nesbitt's congregation. No admission fee was charged, and the house was filled to overflowing. Mr. Nesbitt spoke for about two hours, and was frequently interrupted by applause. At the commencement Mr. Nesbitt said that he hoped that his auditors would excuse any flaws or faults in his lecture, as it was not prepared for delivery to such a cultivated audience as was assembled, but for the members of the Liberal League (laughter).

A short time after beginning, some smart individual in the audience endeavored to cover himself with glory by interrupting the speaker. Mr. Nesbitt bore the infliction for a moment or two, but stopping suddenly, said: "Some people don't believe in miracles. I do. We have an illustration here tonight in this audience, for we hear an ass speaking, even as Balaam's ass did." This sally was greeted with three rounds of applause. About the middle of the lecture, when Mr. Nesbitt was picturing to his hearers an imaginary court scene, in which the leading infidels of the past and present were brought to the bar for trial, some speculative ass in the audience caused another interruption, but Mr. Nesbitt called for order, as there "should always be silence observed in court." "And," he added, "the angel of the Lord cannot be disturbed by the braying of an ass."

Rev. Sylvester F. Scovel, of the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, introduced the speaker, and the lecture abounded in unanswerable challenges to Ingersoll, and was vociferously applauded.

This lecture and the efforts of Geo. R. Wendling, the noted Western lawyer, soon after put Ingersoll out of the lecture course in Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Rev. Mr. Nesbitt was called to Greenfield, Mass., and then to Peoria, Ill., and while in the Peoria work was stricken with heart trouble, dying soon after. A beautiful bronze tablet was placed in the church, and at its unveiling the ministers and people of all denominations in Peoria were present.

Mr. Nesbitt was married to Miss Alice Whitworth, of Armstrong County, and had two daughters. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

 PROMINENT GUESTS.

CATALOGING the guests at a banquet, a rural gentleman said: "There was me, Dr. M. D., two students and several other gentlemen."

A MEMORABLE BANQUET.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was a great reunion and banquet of the telegraphers in the service of the United States during the Civil War, and the veteran knights of the key then employed by the Western Union and Postal Cable Companies. It was indeed a remarkable body at the banquet in the Monongahela House, the guests including A. B. Chandler, Postal Telegraph, and the most prominent officials and operating managers of all telegraph lines, as well as some of the messenger boys, in Pittsburgh during the Civil War.

Mr. James D. Reid, of Scotland, was the honor guest, and he made the trip purposely to attend the banquet. Mr. Reid, responding to a toast, referred to the Civil War period. He was in charge of the telegraph lines on the P. R. R., and his messenger boys included Robert Pitcairn and David McCargo; Andrew Carnegie was his "boss."

Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's War Secretary, sent for Mr. Reid and asked him how soon he could "string a line to Cincinnati." Mr. Reid burned the midnight oil in calculating necessary supplies of wire, poles, men, etc., and promptly reported to Mr. Stanton. He had no sooner started to read the figures than Mr. Stanton slapped him on the shoulder and said: "Reid, you are always h—l on statistics. Build the line is the word."

And Mr. Reid in the briefest possible time constructed the first telegraph line to Cincinnati.

Friends of the venerable gentleman presented him with a purse of gold, containing \$1,000, Mr. Robert Pitcairn making the presentation speech.

Among the local veterans of the key were Hon. Judge Wickham, of Beaver County; Hon. Judge J. F. Slagle, of Allegheny County Common Pleas; S. A. Duncan, George McLain, David McCargo, Robert Pitcairn, and also "Chris" Magee, the popular Republican politician.

Magee, responding to a toast, explained how he came to be present. He had occupied the position of messenger boy in a telegraph office for "one consecutive day," and the toastmaster insisted he was eligible, because ever since that day he had been "pulling the wires."

FIRST REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

MR. WILLIAM B. SMALL, of 1263 Franklin street, Wilkinsburg, now 85 years old, recalls the meeting of the first Republican Convention, in Old Lafayette Hall, Wood street, near Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh. Reese C. Fleeson and J. Heron Foster, of the *Dispatch*, the Hon. Gideon Wells, Thomas M. Marshall, Esq., Sam'l Black, afterwards the brave Col. Sam Black, Col. Ewing and others, were on the stage. It was disclosed that among other literature circulated was a publication entitled "The Helpers' Book." Its chief aim was to enlist support of the movement to send old John Brown to Harpers Ferry in the cause of the insurrection.

Mr. Marshall, Sam Black and Col. Ewing were indignant and hastily retired from the stage. Mr. Small thinks others also withdrew, but he cannot recall the names. He had a copy of the book but it was lost by fire.

THE CENTENNIAL COURT HOUSE.

THIRTY years ago September 11, 1918, the present Court House, Fifth avenue and Grant street, was dedicated and the centennial of the county celebrated in connection therewith. The program covered three days and it was agreed that never before in its history were greater crowds of visitors attracted to the city.

Among those on the stand in front of the new building was Mr. John C. Smith, the veteran officer of the Criminal Court, then in his eightieth year, who had been in the harness for about 40 years. He was with the court in the old building on Market street; at the first session of the court in the Second Court House, on Grant street, destroyed by fire; and at the opening session in the new building.

A morning paper, in a sketch of Mr. Smith, said:

"Some time ago a man made application to Hon. Judge Ewing for an appointment in the Criminal Court. The Judge told him there wasn't any vacancy, when the urgent fellow hinted that Mr. Smith might soon be out of commission on account of age.

"Judge Ewing answered: There will be no vacancy as long as this faithful officer lives; he is allowed to come and go as he pleases, but takes no advantage of this privilege and is always at his post.

"The old gentleman travels with his sons daily from Ingram station, takes his meals regularly, and is in good health and wonderfully active for one nearing the four-score mark."

A short time before his death a citizen whom he refused to admit to the court room, on account of the crowded condition of the room, struck him. He grabbed the man, held him until assistance arrived and took him before the court. The offender was sent to jail; but before court adjourned Mr. Smith went to the Judge and asked him to release his assailant. His request was granted.

MORE POETRY THAN TRUTH.

THERE was more poetry than truth and little of either in a description of Pittsburgh printed in the New York *Sun* in 1872, whose humor in regard to the city's smoke was of course a libel. The correspondent dated his letter Pittsburgh, Spring 1872, and here was his history of the city:

Pittsburgh is hemmed in by hills. These hills are full of bituminous coal. Bituminous coal is sold by the bushel, instead of by the ton. Pittsburgh was hemmed in before sewing machines were invented. It is on a triangular plain, on a point formed by the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, and these two rivers form the Ohio. Fort Duquesne, celebrated in the old French and colonial wars, stood here. It is decayed to pieces now. The Orleans, the first steamboat that ever plied, sailed, glided, cleaved or cloved the western waters, was built here in 1811. Pittsburgh was a village at the close of the Revolution, and some of the people look as if they had worn their clothes ever since the Revolution. On the 18th of January, 1785, the first catfish was discovered in the

Ohio, and the inhabitants to this day think them a species of the whale. The only ship I have seen here that resembles New York shipping, is a lugger. It was a woman lugging a pile of kindling wood home.

In 1796 Pittsburgh had 1,395 inhabitants. One of 'em died. Then it had only 1,394 inhabitants. He died Sunday. They arrested a man once for dying on Sunday. By natural increase and several families moving in here, Pittsburgh has now more people than it had in 1796. It has a dingy appearance and its citizens are likewise. After 10 a. m. the people are awful dingy. A stranger would think from the looks of those people that he was in an African village. One can't wear a white shirt half the morning before it is half mourning, and before noon it will be so smoked that a piece of it answers in place of smoked glass to look at eclipses with. The smoke settles so thick on the shirt bosom that the citizens keep an accurate account of their milk bills on 'em, using a wooden tooth pick for a pen. Hence the term Pennsylvania.

Monongahela whisky is grown here. Large numbers of the inhabitants are said to be abstemious—that is when folks is looking at 'em.

Pittsburgh has schools. I hear that a boy was actually held spellbound in one of 'em the other day. He couldn't spell spool. The master kicked him downstairs and then told the boy's father that he was initiating his son into the mysteries of the solar system. He did it with the sole of his boot. There is some complaint about this school. Last week a pious lad ran a bradawl into another lad about a yard, and when called to account about it laughed and called it awl-spice. That boy will never be a schoolmarm. New York City has 2,072 lager beer shops and 3,136 groceries, by which you will see there are too many groceries. Pittsburgh is full of 'em—both kinds.

THE OLD EXPOSITION

ELSEWHERE reference is made to the Old Exposition, but additional facts of interest were reserved for this chapter.

Mr. Wm. Miller was president and Mr. Jas. J. Donnell, treasurer. Mr. E. P. Young in 1876 or 1877 was the cashier, and one year later became general manager.

Mr. Joshua C. Patterson was secretary and an able assistant of Mr. Young. One year there was an exhibit by the Pearce Smokeless Furnace Company, who were allowed to put their appliance under the boilers operating the machinery. It worked too well, in one way, as the intense heat melted the fire brick lining and the boilers were thrown out of commission.

The manager was in a quandary until he conferred with Mr. James McKean, of Duff, McKean & Co., who had an exhibit of agricultural machinery in the building. His Traction Engine was "annexed" and operated the shafting, so that the public did not know of the plight of the management.

Mr. McKean was a staunch friend of Mr. Young, and will be remembered as the president of the Union Trust Co. Messrs Miller, Donnell, McKean and

Patterson have gone to the great beyond and Mr. Young is the sole survivor of the management.

One other prominent man beside Harry Davis had his start in business at the Old Exposition, and from a talk with Mr. Young as we sat by the fire, these additional incidents were gleaned:

Capt. W. B. Rodgers was chief engineer in the Machinery Hall. Capt. Rodgers had such good ideas of millwright work, that when we changed the Machinery Hall from the upper end of the building and placed it at the Grant Avenue entrance, we gave him steady employment all the year to superintend this work, and it was no mistake to have him do it, for like everything else he undertakes, he did it well. The Captain was ambitious and I gave him some advice and assistance in building a steamboat, later I named her the Tide, and afterwards he bought the Time, and you know "Time and Tide wait for no man." Capt. Rodgers' success was assured from the start; he couldn't help being one of the foremost men in the river business, and I can truly say he "has the sand."

When I first engaged Paine (who had the fine displays of fire works at Coney Island) to come to our Exposition, the Board of Managers hesitated at the cost—but when I told them I would pay it myself if they would give me the grand stand receipts, they relented and said, "Bring him along." I would have cleared big money from the grand stand, and ever after I had no opposition in bringing big and costly exhibits to the show. I had the half mile race track lighted with electric lights and gave the first horse races by electric light ever held in America, or perhaps in the world.

Great events took place during my management of the Exposition. We introduced the telephone in Pittsburgh. The first operating line was between the Exposition and the *Leader* office. Mr. David was the manager. It was under the Edison patent, worked fairly well, but was soon superseded by one put in by the Bell people. Both systems being grounded on the gas pipes under the building led to much confusion of messages. Chas. B. McVay, operating the Bell phone, soon found out the trouble and changed his ground to the water pipes.

Through Mr. Jos. P. Speer, one of our Board, I succeeded in hiring the first arc light introduced in Pittsburgh. It belonged to Harry Williams of the Academy. He intended putting it up in front of his show place, but by paying \$300 for its use during the Exposition season we got possession and it was placed overhead in our galleries. It was the wonder and admiration of the crowds who came to see it. The little dynamo that generated the current was in Machinery Hall, and no insulated wire being obtainable, I went to my friend Dravo, at Hussey's copper warehouse, and secured enough bare wire to make a circuit of the building. It was placed overhead under the joist out of reach and worked very well, although it might have led to an accident, fire or some one's severe shock. We didn't know the danger then.

The greatest day in the history of the Old Exposition was late in September, 1883. Great crowds thronged the buildings all day and evening and sometime after all had left, the whole structure went up in fire and smoke, making the grandest display of fire works ever seen on Smoky Island.

AN HISTORIC CORNER.

IN 1915 the sale of a lot corner of Stanley and McKee streets, Ingram, was the occasion of an article in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, by H. M. Phelps, on the "Cradle of the Churches in the Chartiers Valley."

The lot had been deeded by Sam'l McKee, a well known lumber merchant and contractor of Pittsburgh, to the Chartiers Christian Union, in 1885, in trust, to be used forever for religious purposes, regardless of denominational lines. Mr. Phelps tells of the history of the organization for 30 years, and part of it is appended.

"The sale obliterates the site of one of the most cherished and interesting institutions of the Chartiers Valley. From the unassuming frame abode of prayer that was reared there more than 25 years ago have sprung no less than five full-fledged churches. From that lot have gone forth influences that have molded character and thought in the valley, and from it have issued countless good works. After a while Percy F. Smith, well known printer and writer, moved out to Ingram, and through his initiative work a number of families were brought together to hold services.

"At that time there were no churches in the vicinity. Thomas J. Ohl, one of the prominent residents, offered the use of his house for service, and it was expected that the first Sunday about a dozen persons would attend, but instead of this no less than 63 worshipers put in an appearance. Then Mr. Smith and others got busy and put up a building on the lot donated by Mr. McKee.

"The Chartiers Valley Christian Union was formed and a charter procured. Then a board of directors was elected. Of the charter members it is believed that only the following are now living: Mr. Smith, his brother, E. D. Smith, W. J. Fairley, E. E. Phillips and D. J. Rex, the last named well known as a manufacturer of boxes in this city. E. D. Smith and W. J. Fairley have since died.

"By means of subscription a church or meeting house costing \$1,500 was erected, but it soon had to be enlarged at a cost of about \$600. Everybody seemed to take an interest in this move to provide the valley with its first home of religion; one man gave an organ, another carpets, another furniture and so on down the list. When the building was dedicated it was entirely free of debt or any encumbrance. A union Sabbath school and a kindergarten were founded, and the flock grew and prospered. But it was not the intention of the giver of the lot or of the men establishing the church organization to found a permanent church. The little frame building was intended to serve merely as a cradle or nucleus for the upbuilding of congregations. The fact that any denomination could worship in the building made it practically impossible for any one denomination to occupy it permanently or for any great length of time. So it has come about that the members of the church have gone forth and founded churches of their own.

"First the United Presbyterians withdrew and built the handsome church on Prospect avenue; then the Presbyterians did likewise, and also built a church on the same street. After these two denominations had held services in the old church the Lutherans were given possession, and following them the Methodist Episcopal. The Baptists were the last to hold services there; this was until

about a year ago when the church was sold to a business man and removed. It is said that it is now doing duty as a paint shop. The Lutherans and the Methodist Episcopal withdrew and joined the churches of that denomination in Crafton, while the Baptists have their own church in the same borough. Other members went out from the old church and helped to establish congregations at Sheraden, now part of Pittsburgh.

"When the building was no longer needed for the purposes for which the trust was formed, it was sold and the lot reverted to the widow of Mr. McKee.

"Mr. Frank G. Ellis, now treasurer of the Presbyterian Sabbath School, was the secretary of the Union Sabbath School, and has been continuously in the service."

Mr. Phelps concludes his article as follows: "The Presbyterian congregation possesses one of the handsomest edifices in the country. Percy F. Smith was for years president of the board of trustees of the Chartiers Union. Among the charter members of the old church who have passed away may be mentioned George Duncan, who was cashier of the Iron City National Bank; Alfred Parsons, of the Dollar Savings Bank; Amos Petrie, Miss Sarah Frew and Robert Frew, and others who formed the neighborhood of Ingram more than 30 years ago."

CHECKING CRIME.

IN a Philadelphia paper 50 years ago was this item: "A minister in Western Pennsylvania, being unable to collect his salary, took the stove from the church and carried it home; whereupon the congregation had him arrested for larceny. The minister said he was sorry, but the church only promised him six hundred dollars salary, and in two years all it had paid him on account was a dozen clothes-pins, a bottle of hair-dye, a quart of lima beans, and six pounds of cheese in such a lively condition that it crawled up out of the cellar and went home again before the family had a chance to eat it! All he wanted with the stove was to break it up in bits and feed it to his children to stay their stomachs. The judge, who was a member of the church and hadn't paid his pew-rent for eight months, said this rapid growth of crime in the community must be checked by stern measures. It was the duty of ministers to preach the gospel, not to be so grasping for this world's goods; to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and not to indulge a sordid appetite for the food that perisheth. So he sentenced the minister to jail for two months, and said he hoped it would be a warning to him. After which the judge asked the prosecuting attorney home to eat a game dinner with him and to meet some ladies who were making up a box of clothing and provisions to send to the heathen, so as to waft the gospel tidings to the poor on Bariboogari Island.

GET RID OF PESTS.

A PLUMBER in Hartford 50 years ago accidentally discovered that the smoke from a little charcoal fire under a tree will suffocate hundreds of worms upon it. A little sulphur placed on hot embers answers the same purpose. Get rid of the pests.

LETTER OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

WHILE the guest of a well-known newspaper man of New York, at his home in Bayonne, N. J., the following letter was exhibited among his collection of old manuscripts:

"Washington, June 13, 1860.

"Robert Tyler.

"Dear Friend:—I have hardly time now to say my prayers. Should they succeed at Baltimore in rejecting the regular delegates from the seceding States, and admitting those who are bogus, then Douglass will or may be nominated. In that event the unity and strength of the Democratic party is annihilated and Lincoln elected. This is not the worst. The Democratic party will be divided—sectionalized—and that, too, on the slavery issue.

"Everything looks bad, not only for the party, but for the country.

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

LIBERTY OR COME HOME AGAIN.

THE soldiers were going away to the front amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Hans Breitman enlisted and asked his best girl to make him a sash to wear around his shoulders, on which in big letters should be the words, "Liberty or Death." When, after an engagement in which there was a terrible slaughter, Hans weakened he asked his girl if she could not change the lettering. She inquired in what way, and he answered, "Liberty or Come Home Again."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE 40 YEARS AGO.

FORTY years ago October 19, 1918, a telegram from Baltimore recites how an unnamed Circuit Court judge of Maryland had refused Mrs. Belva Lockwood, a practicing lawyer of the Supreme Court, the right to appear in his court, saying: "God has set bounds to woman. Like the sun and moon they move in their orbits. Great seas have their bounds and the eternal hills and rocks cannot be moved." A voice shouted: "How about Hell Gate?" and the judge waxed wroth.

THOUGHT IT A HOOVERIZED LUNCH.

COL. HOPKINS, the rich city banker and manufacturer had as a guest Si Cornloss, his farmer friend when they were boys in Washington county, and at one dinner in honor of the guest the finest champagne and rarest olives were served. Asked later in the evening how he had enjoyed the bill of fare, the old farmer said: "Yer cider am good, but dang yer persimmons."

GRANT AND COLFAX.

D. CORNELIUS was a contributor to the newspapers 40 years ago and during the Grant and Colfax campaign issued the following campaign song, to the tune, "Bowld Soger Boy":

Come listen, merry lads, while I tell yez all, bedad,
 How I come to join the rads
 And vote for bowld Ginerall Grant;
 And be afther doin' the same
 And yourself, ye'll never blame,
 For they're bound to win the game
 Who vote for bowld Ginerall Grant.
 Now don't be afther sthayin'
 In the party where they're sayin'
 That the tax they would be layin'
 On the rich, and poor fornint,
 But vote for Grant and Colfax too.
 For Grant and Colfax "Hip Hurrah!"
 For they're bound to win the game
 Who vote for bowld Ginerall Grant.

Now would'nt it look funny
 To see ourselves, my honey,
 Yearly handin' out the money
 To be payin' uv the tax,
 Levied on the horse and cart
 That we need to haul the dhirt,
 And on the wheelbarrow
 Shovel, sphade, and pickaxe.
 Arrah, let us show them now
 That no more we will allow
 Them to lead us jist as tho
 Take care of ourselves we can't.
 But vote for Grant and Colfax too,
 For Grant and Colfax "Hip Hurrah!"
 For they're bound to win the game
 Who vote for bowld Ginerall Grant.

EXPLAINING A QUESTIONNAIRE

A PROMINENT citizen of Pittsburgh had in his employ for many years an Irish maid named Nora. She was intensely loyal to the family and alert always to guard their comfort. One morning the Ward Register called at the house and said he wished to see the "boss." Nora conducted the interview, gave his correct name, but for his occupation had to call to the gentleman. Tell him "I'm retired." In a moment or so she called again, and said: "I did tell him you were in bed, but he said he wanted to see you anyhow."

THE COLD, COLD CARS.

P. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., Sees Greenwood and Magee.

TO properly enjoy the appended article, the reader will have to understand that Mr. Chris L. Magee, the well known politician, was one of the largest owners and president of the Consolidated Traction Co., and Mr. Greenwood was its general manager. There had been a fire at one of the barns, many cars had been destroyed and every available car was being used, no matter how aged and gray, and however lacking in window glass and other accommodations for chilly weather.

O'Shaughnessy addressed his complaint to the *Pittsburgh Leader*:

Phwat kind av a cowld dale is Chrisht Magee givin' us anyhow? Be me owld poipe Oi do tink Chrisht is anxshus to become th' king av a sittlemint av pueumonyacs. Shtrate cars widout shtoves in thim and the themomyter bucklin down to th' zaro pint. Oi got on wan av Chrisht's cars yisterday. Oi wor cowld, but be th' gods, th' car wor cowlde. Oi sez to the conductor, sez Oi: "Phy in th' name av Tim O'Leary, haven't yez got a foire in this wagon?" "It ain't my fault," sez he. "An' whose fault is it?" sez Oi. "The company's" sez he. "Th' company b' jiggered," sez Oi. "That's phwat Oi sez," sez he. "How do yez kape warrum?" sez Oi. "We don't," sez he. "Phy don't yez kick?" sez Oi. "Might lose our jobs," sez he. "That's tough," sez Oi. "Indade it is," sez he. "Phy don't they put in shtoves?" sez Oi. "The shtoves wor burnt up," sez he. "Phy don't they git new wans?" sez Oi. "Ask Greenwood," sez he. "But thot won't burn," sez Oi. "Phwat won't burn?" sez he. "Phy green wood," sez Oi," 'n' wid that the conductor became th' only warrum ting on the car. "Yez tink yez are smart," sez he. "No, Oi'm cowld," sez Oi. "Yez ought to freeze," sez he. "Oi will if Oi ride far on yer car," sez Oi. "'F yez don't like it git off 'n' walk," sez he. "Oi won't," sez Oi. "Well, don't git hot," sez he. "Oi can't," sez Oi; "How's a felly to git hot in this ice box?" sez Oi to him, sez Oi. "Kick to th' boss," sez he. "Oi will," sez Oi.

Oi wint to Greenwood's offus, Oi did. Wud yez b'lave it, Oi fund that the cars wuz not th' on'y cowld t'ing connicted wit th' Consolydated Company fer th' Advancemint av Dochters an' Undertakers. Th' cars wor cowlde, they wor, but they wor loike oovens compared wit th' boss. Oi sez to him, sez Oi: "Phy don't yez heat yer owld cars?" sez Oi. "No shtoves," sez he. "Phy don't yez git sum?" sez Oi. "None av yer bizness," sez he. "But th' public is kickin'" sez Oi. "Th' public be damd," sez he. "But th' damd are not supposed t' freeze," sez Oi. "Thin let thim go there," sez he. "Go where?" sez Oi. "Where they won't freeze," sez he. "Oi giss yez is thryin' t' hashten ther departur," sez Oi. "Yez are thryin' fer t' sind thim b' th' cowld storage route," sez Oi t' him, sez Oi. "We can't help it," sez he. "We're experimentin' wit heatin' apparattuses," sez he. "Yis, an' yer patrons do be freezin'," sez Oi. "Let thim freeze," sez he.

Nixt Oi called on Chrisht, an' Oi sez, sez Oi: "Chrisht, phy don't yez hate yer cars?" sez Oi. "We do," sez he. "Yez do in summer," sez Oi. "Oh, that's all right," sez he. "But yez'll soon be wantin' votes," sez Oi t' him, sez Oi. "Thin we'll put in shtoves," sez he t' me, sez he. "But th' voters will all be laid up wit pneumony be thot toime," sez Oi," "that is phwat's lift av thim," sez Oi t' him, sez Oi. "Well Oi'm goin' t' Floridy, where its warrum," sez he t' me, sez he,

"n' yez'll hev t' foight it out wit Greenwood," sez he. "Oi giss th' traction company owns th' town," sez Oi t' him, sez Oi. "Yis it do," sez he t' me, sez he. "An' phwat do yez be goin' t' Floridy fer?" sez Oi t' him. "T' give Flinn a chance to elect a ma-yor," sez he. "But phwat about th' cowl'd cars?" sez Oi, gittin' back t' th' rale subjeck. "Oh, there not so warrum," sez he. "Oi t'ink not," sez Oi. "Oi t'ink not," sez he. Thin Oi wint out an' b' th' powers, Oi do be wonderin' at th' cheek av th' fellys who gobble the city shtrates fer nothin and play the game of freeze-out wit us. Oi wish Oi wur a dochter or undertaker.—P. O'Shaughnessy, Esq.

STRAP HANGERS 50 YEARS AGO.

OVERCROWDED street cars are not a modern nuisance, for I find among my archives the following rules proposed for the conductors of street cars nearly 50 years ago:

Gather, pack and cram,
 Squeeze, push and ram!
 Never too full a car was yet;
 Let the passengers simmer and sweat,
 Let the ladies complain and fret;
 'Tis only a pleasant jam!

Stuff, stuff, stuff!
 Of riders there's never enough.
 If you have only fifty-four,
 Another crush and there's room for more.
 Let them hang to the straps and around the door.
 People are pretty tough!

Push, shove and stew,
 Squeeze them to jelly or dough!
 Then rush in and gather the fare,
 Never mind if dresses do tear,
 Stop you ears if some grumblers swear,
 It's wicked, in them you know.

Ever be ready to pack!
 The car is only a sack;
 Full to the mouth it must be with folks;
 Treat their complainings as capital jokes,
 Man is a being who always croaks,
 Laugh behind his back.

Always take them in,
 If there's only room for a pin!
 If they grumble after it's done,
 Say the cars for us, not for them, are run,
 Perhaps they may not see the fun;
 But always take them in.

SAFE AND SANE FOURTH.

IN 1906, Ingram patriotically observed the Fourth of July by a town demonstration, and, in passing, it may be stated that the people of the place in the first full days of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign in 1918 went over the top in its liberal quota of \$100,000. Ingram also has the record of doing more than its share in all of the government's calls during the world's war.

The ceremonies on the Fourth of July, twelve years ago, began at 10 a. m. and continued afternoon and evening, and on account of rain, concluded on the Saturday afternoon and evening following with races, fire works, etc.

At the afternoon meeting all the old veterans of the Civil War were upon the platform, and after patriotic songs by the school children, Percy F. Smith delivered the address, which follows:

In 1776, our forefathers made great sacrifices to obtain for us the priceless boon of Liberty; and in 1861 and 1865, our fathers, brothers and sons, fought side by side and shoulder to shoulder, and alas, many of them laid down their precious lives to maintain and perpetuate that Freedom which we so auspiciously celebrate here today.

You all know of the "Minute Men" who fought at Concord and Lexington; of the "shots that were heard round the world," though they were from old flint lock muskets, so heavy that some of you could hardly carry them.

Yes, they were Minute Men; they had no training as soldiers. They were coatless, hatless, barefooted—but their lives, their fortunes, their all was at stake. They faced the red coats, with leggins, tinsel and the sharpest of death dealing rifles; but they felt that might was not right, and trusting Providence and "keeping their powder dry," they marched into what seemed the very jaws of death.

They did not know the word RETREAT. There was no rear, it was front everywhere, facing the enemy.

Like at Chickamauga, they "followed the flag."

In they plunged boldly,
No matter how hotly
The red contest ran.
And listen to their rally cry to the awful battle;
Fear ye foes who kill for hire;
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you—they're a fire.
And before you, see who have done it.
From the vale on they came,
And will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be.

The Declaration of Independence you have heard read is the document that was purchased for you by this awful carnage in which there was a real rain of lead, and hail of iron. This Declaration of Independence guarantees "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," to the high and low, the rich and

poor, the great and small, without reference to creed, color or condition.

The signing of that document gave us the Fourth of July—the Nation's birthday; and it also gave us this beautiful Star Spangled Banner, which we all so dearly love.

And for one hundred and thirty (130) years, the Fourth of July and the Star Spangled Banner have been hallowed in America; and you and I trust they will be hallowed for five hundred (500) years to come.

And Betsy Ross, who made the Banner, and those who designed it, wrought the most beautiful and charming emblem the nations of this world have ever seen.

All honor to the men, say I, who have taken it upon themselves to popularize "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner," and to perpetuate them in the affections of our school children. I would like to see every pulpit in our churches adorned with the Stars and Stripes as well as crowned with the Book of God.

Whenever anyone mentions the dear old flag, it touches a tender chord in my heart. How all our hearts thrill as it waves at top mast in the marches of the Grand Army veterans, and when the tattered and torn battle flags catch our sight, we are fairly on fire with enthusiasm.

In the great city of New York, some years ago, a very warm friend of mine was chairman of the Board of Education, and the first day he presided an application was presented for the privilege of erecting a flag staff on a school house. Several of the committee said it was against the policy of the Board for the reason that it caused leaky roofs.

He expressed sorrow that it was against the policy of any school board to have the American flag floating from the top of any public building and added that he would like to see the starry emblem floating from the top of every school house in the land. He suggested that the policy be changed and he said to the school directors: "If we grant you permission to erect the flag staff, you will promise us that you will place a platform from the scuttle to the staff, so that the roof will not be injured." They said yes, and the permission was granted.

In the 10th ward of the City of New York, where 85 per cent of all the children attending a certain school speak a foreign tongue, it was decided to build a new school house, and it was the first school house on Manhattan Island the specifications for which called for a flag staff, and that is the school house at the corner of Hester and Chrystie streets.

There never has been a school house erected in New York since, that has not had specifications calling for a flag staff from which the American flag could float, and I might add that a similar rule prevails now in all the states.

It seems to me such a picture is an object lesson well worth far more than the cost of the flag staff and flag, to see the American flag, the symbol of liberty, floating over every school house.

And my friend in his enthusiasm added: "I would like to see the American flag raised upon every school house throughout this broad land, upon the assembling of every school, as it is on the National Capitol upon the assembling of Congress." And this has likewise come to pass.

All honor to the American patriots for their praiseworthy efforts to keep before the youth of our land the Fourth of July, this dear old emblem and the patriotic lessons it teaches, and I am sure I hazard nothing in asserting that you will be the better citizens and more thoroughly love country, flag and home, by reason of this occasion.

FLAGS OF PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS.

FLAGS which led Pennsylvania soldiers in the war for the suppression of the rebellion and the Spanish-American War were not long since moved from the State museum to the rotunda of the new State house, after being carried in procession at Harrisburg. Many of the men who bore the 351 standards and guidons were the color bearers of the regiments in the wars, and their escorts were veterans of 1861-65 and of 1898-99 and militiamen. The exercises were interspersed with singing by 150 school children.

At the close of the exercises the roll of the regiments was called and the colors were borne into the Capitol. The flags transferred included 322 of the Civil War, 22 of the Spanish-American War, including the flag of the Tenth Infantry's Philippine campaign; six unknown and three of special character, including one from the War of 1812.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

NOW that John Barleycorn is passing, it is well to note some of the influences at work for the past 40 years which have contributed to his final throttling.

Railroad managers have quit trusting the lives of their passengers with even moderate drinkers, for as great a man as General Fred Grant, son of the illustrious hero of Appomattox, is on record as saying "There are no moderate drinkers." The man who so claims will sooner or later be in the gutter.

Out of 650,000 traveling salesmen in the United States, not over 10 per cent are addicted to liquor. Think of the 600,000 "commercial evangelists," as President McKinley, at Canton, Ohio, when I introduced to him 300 Western Pennsylvania salesmen, christened them, being teetotalers. It is not to be wondered that these fine fellows organized the Gideonites and have placed 397,000 Bibles in the hotel rooms in the United States and Canada. "And still there's more to follow."

On one great railroad system alone 785,000 observations were made along the line of compliance with the rules relating to sobriety, and but 158, or one in 800, failed to measure up to the company requirements. What a grand division of fighters against the kaiser and his agents—the saloonists.

Mr. Wallace Rowe of the Pittsburgh Steel Company, in a letter to the judges of Westmoreland county, asked them to cut off all licenses at Monessen, Pa., where the great steel plant is located, and made the astounding statement that 20 per cent of the wages of their 5,000 employes is wasted for rum, thereby impoverishing the families of the workmen. Not only so, but the men are unfit

for work on Mondays, and the cost of steel production is increased by the overhead charges for accidents, 85 per cent of which are due directly or indirectly to liquor. This wonderful waste, he said, adds to the high cost of living.

The West Pennsylvania Railway Company recently ordered all liquor advertisements out of their cars, and between January 1, 1915, and January 1, 1917, the American newspapers which refused to carry liquor advertising increased from 540 to 8,367.

A leading statesman has said: "Take the profit from the liquor traffic and intemperance will be ended."

Three million square miles of territory in the United States is now dry, more than two-thirds of the whole country.

Over a thousand inmates of the state penitentiary of Pennsylvania petitioned the legislature to abolish "booze," so that on emerging from the prison they might be enabled to start life anew, saved from the temptation of the saloon and its hellish ally, the brothel.

Of an enrollment of 400,000 school children in Kansas, 398,000 of the boys and girls have never seen a saloon. We will whale the kaiser and win the war for democracy when the tidal wave of prohibition in Pennsylvania sweeps into the sea the herd of swine into whose carcasses the legions of devils of rum are cast.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brethren, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod.

The Pennsylvania Grange, 75,000 farmers, first asked for the closing of bars in social clubs, the enforcing of all liquor laws, anti-treating laws, county and local option, and, finally, national prohibition.

At a gathering of railroad managers and employes, a well-informed president of one of the great lines stated \$250,000,000 are annually paid for lives lost, people injured, and merchandise destroyed which has to be paid for, and for new equipment to replace the cars and engines destroyed. The absolutely sober men proposed that if the companies would tighten the rules and compel universal "teetotalism," the clear headed army of employes would guarantee to reduce the loss mentioned to \$125,000,000, or one-half.

Three thousand saloons went out of business in seven states on January 1, 1916, and old man Booze has been staggering ever since. Everybody has noticed his crippled condition.

And ever and anon someone signing himself "Old Mortality" arises to remark that "prohibition does not prohibit," whereupon we reply: "Seven hundred newspaper men, 160 bankers, the governor and all the state officials and every political party in the state declare that prohibition in Kansas is a pronounced success." And the same may be said of West Virginia.

The Schuylkill county coal operators, with millions of dollars invested, are fighting against "booze," claiming the demon hampers coal production. On every hand coal operators are begging the authorities to erect barriers to shut out saloons within a radius of five miles. If five miles, why not five hundred?

Military authorities in Camp Fremont, near Palo Alto, Cal., say: The liquor traffic in and around the camp is to be crushed—that's all. It has already been driven out of the camp at Rockford, Ill.

The Tennessee Coal & Iron Company use 120 carloads of coal per week, just half enough to run the breweries for one day.

But says the distiller and brewer of Pennsylvania: What will you do with the ninety-five millions of dollars we have invested in the business in the Keystone state, and when our employes are turned loose what will become of them? Strange to propose such a silly question. No business with the same investment employs a less number of people. At the outside, a little over 7,000 employes are on the pay rolls, and there is disbursed annually for wages about three and a half millions, while the same capital invested in manufacturing, say shipbuilding, so much in demand just now, would employ 23,000 hands and disburse \$19,000,000 in wages.

HON. JAMES P. STERRETT

JOHN A. OBEY, a popular conductor on the Citizens Passenger Railway, was stabbed to death as his car was passing over the old canal on Penn avenue at Eleventh street, by a young ruffian. One of the most impressive scenes ever enacted in the Oyer and Terminer Court of Allegheny County was the sentence of death of Keenan, by His Honor Judge Sterrett. Keenan shook his head in the negative when asked if he had anything to say, when Judge Sterrett said:

Thomas B. Keenan—At the last term of this court you were indicted and tried for the murder of John A. Obey. You were ably defended by learned and experienced counsel, who did everything that could be accomplished in presenting your case in its most favorable light; but an intelligent and impartial jury of your fellow citizens—a jury of your own choice—after a most patient hearing and careful consideration of the testimony, have pronounced you guilty of murder in the first degree—a crime at which humanity shudders, and one against which the law, both human and divine, denounces its severest penalty. In the law of God it is written, "Thou shalt not kill," "whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." The law of the State, in this respect, is but a transcript of the Divine law. The penalty which it affixes to murder in the first degree is death.

On the morning of the fatal deed you left your home armed with a dagger—an instrument of death. After spending the day in idleness and dissipation, you and your companions entered the car of which the deceased, John A. Obey, was conductor. While there your conduct was such as to offend your fellow-passengers and endanger their personal safety. Mr. Obey, in the mildest and most courteous manner, admonished you that there were ladies in the car, and entreated you to behave. His admonitions and entreaties were treated with worse than contempt. When, in the discharge of a duty which he owed to helpless women and children depending on him for protection from insult and injury, he attempted to remove you from the car, you drew the dagger and shed his blood.

Although the work of death occupied but a short time, the manner in

which it was executed, and the way in which you concealed the dagger under the cushion of the car, must have satisfied the jury that you knew full well, all the while, what you were doing—that the act was a willful, deliberate and pre-meditated murder. When the verdict was rendered it met the approbation of every member of the court then present, including the learned judge who assisted in the trial, and whose commission has since expired. A careful revision of the testimony and charge of the court since by Judges Mellon and Stowe, as well as myself, satisfied us all that the verdict should not be disturbed. We can see no just or legal exception to any of the proceedings. Under the law and the evidence before them, the jury could not conscientiously find any other verdict.

The penalty attached to the verdict is a fearful one, but the crime is equally so. A young man in the bloom of life, kind and courteous, honored and beloved by all who knew him, is hurried from time into eternity, by your hand. While he is thus suddenly summoned to the bar of God, the law considerably and mercifully affords you time and space for repentance. While a vindication of offended justice may consign you to a premature grave, your sad fate should be an awful warning to those who make an improper use of deadly weapons, and too lightly esteem human life.

Do not permit yourself to be flattered by the hope that the sword of justice may be averted. There is nothing in your case, as it appears to us, that should reasonably justify any such hope. We would, therefore, kindly entreat you to make a wise and diligent use of your allotted time in preparing for that great change which awaits you and all of us. Kind and sympathizing Christian friends will esteem it a privilege to visit you, aid and assist you by their counsel and advice and point you “to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

It is indeed with unfeigned sadness that we now approach the discharge of the last and most painful official duty connected with your trial. As the humble ministers of the law, it is our duty to pronounce the dread sentence it has affixed to the crime of which you stand convicted—a duty from which we cannot shrink, however unpleasant it may be.

The sentence of the law is that you, Thomas B. Keenan, the prisoner at the bar, be taken hence to the jail of the county of Allegheny, whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may God in His infinite wisdom have mercy on your soul.

The prisoner received his sentence with remarkable calmness until the court reached that part of its remarks where he was told not to hope for mercy. At this point his lips quivered and tears glistened in his eyes, but he still stood straight and erect in the box and, all things considered, bore himself with great composure. After the sentence he lingered a moment or two in the court room in conversation with his counsel, and then with elastic step walked back to the jail. The scene was altogether a most impressive one, and brought tears to the eyes of many of the spectators. There was not a single friend or relative, that we could see, of the prisoner present, and notwithstanding that the blood of a fellow being was on his hands, and the mark of Cain upon his forehead, his position, so sad and desolate, created for him considerable sympathy.

JOSEPH K. EMMET.

HOW many of the readers of this volume will vividly recall Jos. K. Emmet, the versatile comedian in the German dialect, in his popular play of "Fritz, Our German Cousin." His singing and acting at once put him in the forefront and he soon piled up a fortune. His songs included "Sauer Kraut Bully," "Kaiser's Dog," and "I Got Bologna."

The play sketched his first appearance to sing in New York, when the manager engaged him at \$4 per week. Fritz immediately asked the manager "if he had enlargement of the heart," and further exclaimed he didn't think there was that much money in the whole world.

Mebbe you will be interested in his song, "Kaiser's Dog," as I recall part of it.

As I dook a lemonade de unner day
 At a blace vots ofer de vay,
 A veller came in and took a glass of gin,
 Und undo me did say,
 "Kaiser, don't you vant to buy a dog?
 He'll make good sausage meat;
 He's as lighd as a fairy and aintd very hairy,
 Und he's only got dree little feet."

CHORUS.

Oh, didn't dat dog look sweedt,
 Mid his stumpy tail and only dree feet?
 I told him to go out mit dat dog;
 Said he would when he got an egg nog.
 But as he vent troo de door
 He loudly did roar, saying
 "Kaiser, don'd you vant to buy a dog?"

I followed him; I cannot told you vy;
 Und I hit him in de mouf and in de eye,
 When a policeman made a start
 And took dot veller's part;
 Saying for dot I should die, ah!
 He didn't take me home off der door,
 But righd to the jail, do you see?
 And mit de poodle in his arm,
 He looked shust like a charm,
 Und he wag his stumpy tail at me.

CHORUS.

Personal Reminiscences

"Lest we forget."



S. S. Marvin

SYLVESTER STEPHEN MARVIN.

ABOUT the earliest enterprise of Mr. Sylvester Stephen Marvin was given the writer in confidence by his father. He was a small boy, attending school. One morning the sidewalk in front of the Marvin home was carpeted with snow, and the elder Marvin concluded an agreement with Sylvester to remove the snow before school opened, the price to be 20 cents. Returning at noon, Father Marvin found that not a sidewalk in the block, six houses, held a flake of snow. Sylvester had hastily contracted with the women to clean all the sidewalks in that block on the terms proposed by his father. He was, of course, highly commended. But a neighbor called the elder Marvin aside and told him Sylvester had farmed out the contract to school chums at 10 cents a sidewalk, and without turning a shovel, cleaned up 60 cents, and trooped off on time to school, with the whole outfit.

Mr. Marvin displayed the same business traits as collector on a Missouri river ferry boat; as a soldier during the Civil War, and at its close. He was the principal mover in the Pittsburgh Exposition Society, giving to the city an organization in which there were to be no dividends, but which provided an annual exhibition, the only one in the United States, and which provided also for the admission, free, of all school children. The World's War caused the first break in the exhibitions. Mr. Marvin is the Edison of manufacturing, and after having established one of the biggest baking enterprises in America, assisted in the organization of the National Biscuit Company. And when he should have retired to domestic life, he founded the Pennsylvania Chocolate Company, in Pittsburgh, the largest works west of the Allegheny Mountains, and just now being greatly enlarged. Personal attention is given daily to his manufacturing, banking and other interests, yet all through life he has had time to assist in establishing public institutions, such as the school for the education of the blind in Bellefield; the endowment of the Western Theological Seminary; the fund for pensioning veteran ministers of the Presbyterian Church, and many other worthy charitable, benevolent and religious enterprises. Thomas Edison has nothing on our enterprising townsman, S. S. Marvin, whose leisure hours are spent in a charming home—"Meri-mont," at Bryn Mawr, Philadelphia.

Notwithstanding Mr. Marvin is approaching the eightieth zone of life, at this writing he is personally supervising the erection and installation, in his old home town, of an addition to the chocolate works, which will double its production, thus adding this industry to Pittsburgh's already colossal pyramid of industries.

Mr. Marvin made the address at the laying of the corner stone of the Chamber of Commerce building, being the only surviving charter member, and his life-size painting by Chase will ultimately hang in the Carnegie Art Gallery, Pittsburgh.

So much has been said during the World War of the work of the Y. M. C. A., and especially of the wonderful work of the Y. M. C. A. of Pittsburgh, that we must not overlook the day of beginnings, or the day of small things.

The subject of this sketch is really entitled to the honor of subscribing the first thousand dollars for the first new building for the Y. M. C. A. in Pitts-

burgh. A committee called upon Mr. Marvin and asked him to subscribe an amount of money to pay the rent for the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in the building of Oliver McClintock & Co. They were promptly informed by Mr. Marvin that he would not subscribe one dollar to pay rent, but he would give them \$1,000 toward a building that the Y. M. C. A. should own, and it has always been a pleasure to him to know he was the first citizen to propose a gift of \$1,000 to secure the building at Penn and Seventh street. And, lest we forget, may it be said he has annually for 50 years given the association a substantial lift.

E. S. MORROW, CITY CONTROLLER.

IT HAS been said that a Christian man cannot be active in politics and maintain his religious integrity. Our veteran City Controller, Eustace S. Morrow, gives the lie to this statement from the political viewpoint. And there are others, both in politics and the wider domain of business.

It is observable that God has often called men to places of dignity and honor when they have been busy in the honest employment of their vocation. Saul was seeking his father's asses, and David keeping his father's sheep, when called to the kingdom. The shepherds were watching their flocks when they had their glorious revelation. God called the four apostles from their fishery, and Matthew from the receipt of custom, Amos from the herds-men of Tekoah, Moses from keeping Jethro's sheep, and Gideon from the threshing floor.

The explicit instructions of the Sovereign Ruler of the World to Jethro are in these words: "Moreover thou shalt provide, out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating unjust gain; and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, rulers of fifties and rulers of tens, and let them judge the people at all seasons."

Clearly the above takes in Presidents and all public officers down the line to police magistrates.

The Christian man should therefore dominate in politics as well as in business; and this does not imply perfection in either vocation.

None of us live any day as we meant to live when we set out in the morning. We mistake, however, when we think that only great deeds make worthy service.

To quote Rev. Henry van Dyke, we should live each day determined to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to covet nothing that is our neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of our enemies, often of our friends, and every day of Christ. This will make us the highest type of Christian citizen, and our life will be a blessing to the world as well as the community in which we live. Follow this plan and one will be a success in business or politics.

Character building is the grandest work in the world. Other things crumble and fall to nothing, but when we have helped God build a character, we have built something that is going to live as long as God lives.

So, "Count that day lost whose low descending sun views at thy hand no worthy action done."

I know it is hard for the Christian man to live the simple life, but we must get down from our dignified perch and let the Master have his way in our hearts and lives.

The simple life will give the Christian man in business and politics the influence the Gospel intends he shall have and will successfully controvert the oft-repeated challenge of the worldly man that the Gospel of Jesus Christ has ceased to attract men.

"What we call democracy and solidarity are just the ancient Christian virtues of kindness, brotherhood and justice, adopted into national morality and made into laws, courts and administration. Christianity has not disappeared, it has become incarnate in wider and more powerful political and economic organizations and institutions. Hence a Christian man, to find his duty, must not only study his Bible, but also his economics, politics and sociology; and there also he will discover his religion at work, demonstrating its truth and goodness by deeds. If religion is not dominant in business and law it is powerless in the petty circles of individual relations.

"In the modern version the Good Samaritan not only takes the robbed and wounded to a hospital, but immediately goes after the robbers and brings them to justice; and for this he must have the help of other useful citizens, and of government itself; hence nowadays the good man goes into politics."—Charles Richard Henderson in "Social Duties."

The great want of the age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest; sound from center to circumference; true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as in others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and reel. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the Devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor curse. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still and deep and strong. Men who do not cry nor cause their voice to be heard in the streets, but who will not fail till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for. These are the men to move the world.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

THE war prosperity of Pittsburgh recalls the remark of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, made some years ago. He predicted that by 1920 the United States would be making 40,000,000 tons of steel annually. At that time the United States was producing only about 11,000,000 tons. The tremendous forward march of steel is now indicated by the fact that, two years in advance of the date of Schwab's prophecy, the United States is producing 50,000,000 tons of steel, and of course Pittsburgh produces the larger share of it.

JOHN A. BRASHEAR.

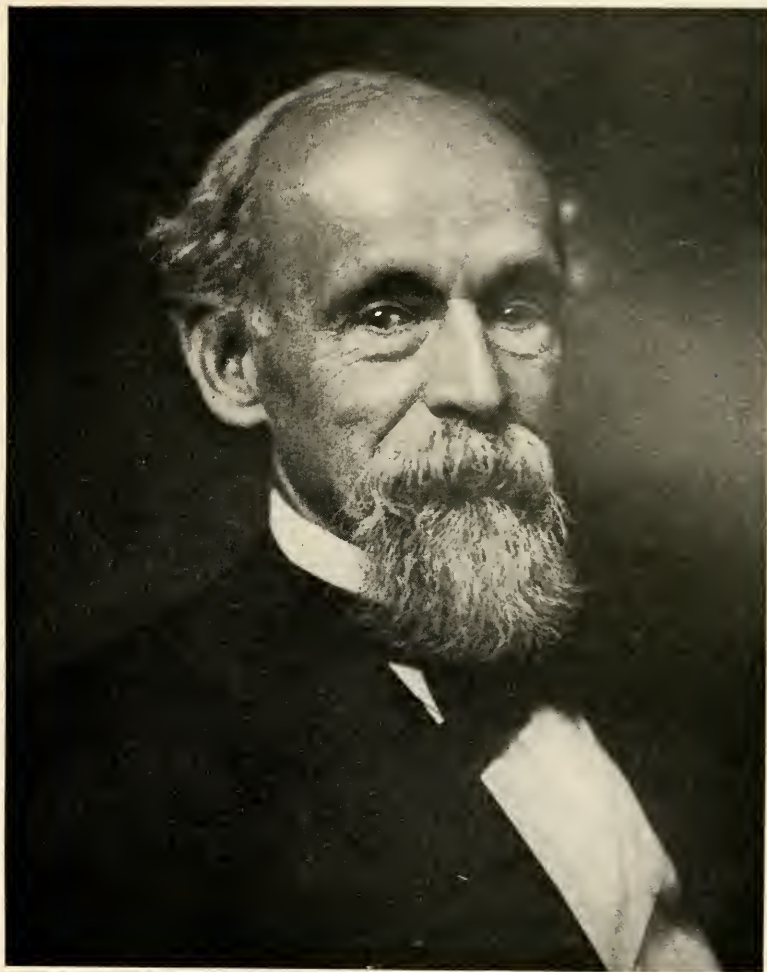
THE name of John Brashear caught my eye the other day as it was reported he had been telling of the early years of the war, and at once my mind reverted to John's early experiences in mastering astronomy. The writer had heard of John Brashear through his family connection, Robert D. Bryce, of the glass firm of Bryce Brothers, having been one of Brashear's most devoted friends, helpers and advisers. Mr. Bryce took a deep interest in the work of the plain little millwright, who was modestly, but earnestly, working night and day to acquire knowledge of the planets, and spent many evenings in his crude laboratory on the Southside hills, which with the many evenings in his crude laboratory on the Southside hills, which, with the machinery, was built by Mr. Brashear near the head of Eighteenth street. Here was Brashear's machine shop, looking more like a library save for the machinery. For the genius of that shop was the devoted wife of Brashear, who kept it in trim "like a new pin."

And as she watched the machinery grinding the mirrors, Brashear lay prone upon his back on the grassy slope adjoining, communing with the stars and planets. This work had been going on for days, and weeks and months without the sound of brass bands. Brashear, when his labors in the mill were ended, was moving in a current where the rattle of musketry, the roll of thunder, the noise of wheels in the busy streets and the laugh of a child mingled and blended in delightful harmony. The world little knew of the genius being developed on those Southside hills—many a time while almost the whole of the people south of the river lay quietly sleeping.

So one night it was planned by mutual friends that the writer, a newspaper representative, should go to the laboratory of Brashear and take a trip with the local astronomer and relate his experience. Greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Brashear over, the faithful guardian of the shop proceeded with her duties while the doctor—no, John—and his guest lay down side by side to watch the panorama of the starry host. And what a moving picture show, for while the guest now and then followed a moving meteor, Brashear was fairly starting and stopping them in every direction. The guest would soon have been sound asleep on unpronounceable names had he not asked Brashear to realize that he was not talking to Dr. Schlessinger, but merely to a homemade newspaper reporter hunting an item in the primary department or kindergarten of astronomy, and then John figured the cost of a trip to the moon for the reporter at the prevailing railroad rate at the time—three cents a mile.

Brashear was reminded that it was only Jonah who paid his fare and went; that the *Chronicle* force had passes and that unless "free transportation" were issued the proposed excursion to the moon would likely have to be canceled, as the price of a round-trip ticket would be within the reach of only a Rockefeller or Carnegie.

Well, the next day after the night at Brashear's laboratory the *Chronicle* told the discovery of one of the greatest astronomers of the age and in quite a lengthy article, too, and this truly modest man has not at this distant day discovered how in the world that young newspaper fellow could absorb as much as he did in that one interview of perhaps three, not over four hours' duration, and to this day he refuses to notice the writer of that article if he dignifies him



John H. Boashear.

with the title of "doctor." He wants him to call him John, just as he did on that eventful night well on to 40 years ago, otherwise they must be strangers. So don't think it wanting in dignity if in the presence of foreigners, judges, dignitaries, etc., the writer should call him John—it's Brashear's way of cementing the affection for his first introduction to the public decades ago through the columns of a Pittsburgh paper.

HENRY J. HEINZ.

EMERSON said that every great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man. These words may be truthfully uttered of H. J. Heinz Company of Pittsburgh, of which Henry J. Heinz is the founder and President, for although he has had able associates to whom he has given generous credit for their part in building up the business, his will and genius have been the originating and sustaining forces in the great enterprise which has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world.

Mr. Heinz was born in Pittsburgh in 1844, the son of Henry Heinz and Anna M. Heinz, natives of Germany. His education was received in the public schools. His parents were devout members of the Lutheran Church, and it was their intention to fit him for the ministry, but he early developed inclinations and talents for commercial pursuits, and with the exception of a few years in his young manhood, his career has been quite exclusively concerned on its business side with the manufacture of pure food products.

During his boyhood days he assisted his father, who was a manufacturer of brick on a small scale. His father's family having moved to Sharpsburg, where a garden of about three-quarters of an acre surrounded the home, the boy became interested in gardening; and as his garden yielded more than the needs of the family required, the surplus was disposed of among the villagers. The success which he made in his boyhood days in handling garden products suggested to him the idea of engaging in the business of packing food products, which was commenced in a very modest way in 1869.

The first factory consisted of the basement and one room of the dwelling in which his father's family had previously resided, they having removed to a new home just before the new business was commenced. The first product was Horse Radish packed in bottles. Soon the packing of Pickles, Sauces and other appetizing foods was added. The young man acted upon a principle which he has since put into the form of a motto:

"To do a common thing uncommonly well brings success."

From the beginning he insisted upon the cleanliness of the surroundings and the purity of the products packed, and quality has ever been his aim. This policy resulted in the rapid growth of the new business, so that by 1872 he felt the need of greater facilities, and removed to Pittsburgh. The progress of the business has been continuous, and it has grown until the main establishment in Pittsburgh occupies a floor space of over thirty acres, which is increased to over seventy acres when all the Branch Houses are included. The Company operates sixteen branch factories, in addition to the main plant, three of these being in England, Canada and Spain. Forty distributing Branch Warehouses, one of which is in

London, are only a part of the machinery of distribution; as, in addition to the Branch Houses, there are agencies in all parts of the world.

Mr. Heinz has few business interests outside of the business he founded. However, he is a Director of the Union National Bank of Pittsburgh, and of the Western Insurance Company of this city. Although he has devoted but little time to outside business interests, he has given a great deal of it to various civic, philanthropic and religious work. Intensely public-spirited, he belongs to that class of representative American men who do not permit their private interests to preclude active participation in movements and measures which concern the public good. No project for furthering the welfare or adding to the beauty of his home city ever lacks his hearty co-operation and support. He is Chairman of the Food Commission of Pittsburgh and Vice President of the Civic Commission.

Mr. Heinz is one of five gentlemen interested in the Pittsburgh Exposition, from its inception. His colleagues were Messrs. John Bindley, Henry J. Buhl, Albert P. Burchfield and S. S. Marvin, and for 15 years he filled the office of Vice President of the organization.

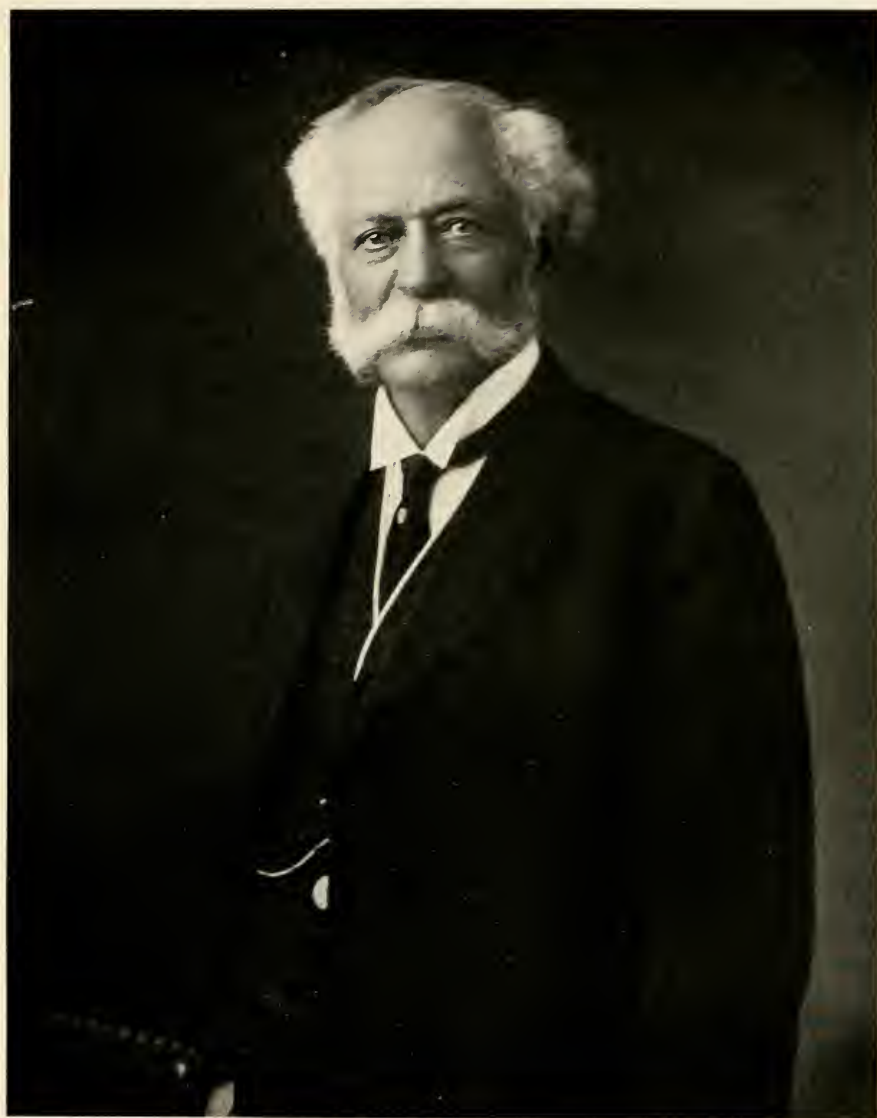
It is not an overstatement to say that Mr. Heinz has reserved for religion the largest place in his program of life. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for over twenty of the busiest years of his life he was a Sunday School superintendent. This is the department of religious effort that appeals most strongly to his imagination, because he realizes that good citizens are to be produced by training the boys and girls. His Sunday School connections at the present time include the presidency of the Pennsylvania Association, the chairmanship of the Executive Committee of the World's Association, and membership in the Executive Committee of the International Association; and he cheerfully permits these relationships to make large drafts upon his time and means.

He has been an extensive traveler, finding his recreation in visiting foreign countries; but even here his active mind and irresistible energy have found expression in collecting rare and beautiful works of art, antiques and curios, and as a result, his home in the East End of Pittsburgh contains one of the largest and most varied private collections in the United States.

ERASMUS WILSON

THERE is no more interesting literary figure in Pittsburgh than Erasmus Wilson, "Quiet Observer" of the *Gazette Times*, who has been quoted as "a fine type of the best class among men." Speaking of a portrait by Frank H. Tompkins, of Boston, Mr. Wilson says when he posed in the latter's studio, he "just sat down and felt comfortable." That is the impression the portrait gives. It shows us Erasmus Wilson as he is in his middle seventies, a man without a "grouch," who has possessed himself so thoroughly of the genuine philosophy of life that he is not only able to think and act it, but also depict it in every feature. It gives us a hint of Erasmus Wilson's sublime youthfulness of heart as well as whispers to us of his seer-like vision.

It perpetuates in our midst one of our best loved, humane and intellectual figures, a man who has written "The Quiet Observer" for over 30 years and who is still so fond of the joys of life and of serving his fellow man that he is chief of the Boy Scouts of Allegheny county.



W. H. King

BENJAMIN F. JONES.

BENJAMIN F. JONES, of the Jones & Laughlin Company, was a staunch Republican and one whom it was always a pleasure to call upon for financial aid in political campaigns. He generously signed for \$1,000 to bring the National Convention to Pittsburgh in the interest of McKinley, and laughingly suggested that Geo. Laughlin, his partner, be nailed as soon as he returned from his vacation, as he did the subscribing for the firm. Mr. Jones balked only at the suggestion of the daylight procession on the Saturday preceding the McKinley Presidential election, saying he would give \$5,000 more if the procession were abandoned.

Few persons had any idea of the actual loss to a great concern like the Jones & Laughlin Co. by the daylight processions, but Mr. Jones said the interference with business was so great that he would gladly subscribe \$5,000 more if the parade was called off. The firm would still be ahead.

The proposed parade was thereupon abandoned, but the young Republican voters and laboring men demanded that the parade take place and their wishes were complied with. General Albert J. Logan was Chief Marshal, the marchers starting at 10:30 a. m. and the tail enders completed the route at 6:30 p. m. Outside of the loss to the mill owners, the actual cost of the demonstration was about \$25,000.

JOHN C. STEVENSON.

MANY beautiful and touching incidents might be recalled in the life of the next person who "came and sat with me by the fire," notably his benevolences and charities. But daily contact with him for years, and knowledge that his "left hand did not know what his right hand did," forbids my speaking on that line.

John C. Stevenson, President of the Manufacturers Bank, among other enterprises, in early life was Secretary of a Building & Loan Association, and preparing for an annual meeting, had the author of this volume and Daniel C. Ripley appointed to audit the accounts. The committee met in the library of Mr. Stevenson's home in Hazelwood, where it was always a pleasure to be. Ripley was exceedingly fond of reading—by proxy—willing for somebody to do the reading for him. Mark Twain's "Roughing It" was upon the library table. Ripley glanced at it a moment, asked the author to read a chapter, lighted a cigar and settled himself in the chair for a "long winter's nap." Along about midnight, worn out with laughter, the committee adjourned, without even opening the books of the Building & Loan Association. But the genial boss notified the committee that there would be a meeting the next night for "business." And it so happened.

JOHN HARPER

WITH this name is at once associated the Bank of Pittsburgh N. A., now so named in order to retain the charter name granted in 1810. For years Wm. Roseburg was cashier and there was little need of a mercantile association in those early years. Mr. Harper and Mr. Roseburg constituted such an association and could give to a dollar the financial status of its business men and manufacturers.

The bank may truly be known as the "Mother of Banks" as far as Western Pennsylvania is concerned, for at its conception, during the administration of James Madison as President of the United States, its influence was felt all over the country. It is the only bank in the United States that never discontinued the payment of gold for its notes, even during the worst financial panics.

When chartered in 1810 the bank offered the State of Pennsylvania about \$45,000 for 25 years of chartered privilege, money to be expended in public improvements in the "Western County"—Pittsburgh.

Its records show that in August, 1847, great sums of gold came to the bank "by canal."

Mr. Harper was also identified with many charitable, benevolent and other public institutions, and was one of its foremost citizens.

While referring to the Bank it is a pleasure to note that the Directors have just retired for life, on full pay, Mr. Wm. F. Bickel, an employe for 37 years, and for a long time Vice President of the institution. Mr. Bickel was Superintendent of the Registry Department of the Pittsburgh Postoffice, and from that position accepted service in the Bank. His faithfulness through all the years past is justly rewarded and he is entitled to his well-earned vacation.

MARTIN VAN BUREN DOUTHETT

MARTIN VAN BUREN DOUTHETT was a newspaper reporter in Pittsburgh for many years, and toward the close of his life retired to a farm a short distance from the city in the direction of Butler county. He was a tireless worker, witty and a versatile fellow with some very peculiar notions of his own.

He had in his newspaper experience read many suggestions and cures for balky horses, but chose one of his own which proved an entire success.

One day he came to Pittsburgh with his horse and wagon, and about the time he should have been at the farm, he was wrestling with the proposition of a balky horse. A half hour later Douthett astonished his friends and bystanders by trudging along the streets, hitched to the shafts; and the procession was moving without any further delay. The horse was fastened by the bridle rein to the rear end of the wagon and you could not have proved by the actions of the animal, that the equine had even been accused of a balky disposition. He seemed to enjoy the situation. And so did Douthett.

We are not aware Douthett ever copyrighted this receipt for the cure of a balky horse.



Ezra P. Young

EZRA P. YOUNG.

IN 1883, roaming through a cotton field in Georgia, Ezra P. Young, of Edgeworth, and the author fell in with the Sheriff and Jailer of the county. They were going to the mountain prison, or lockup, to feed some colored prisoners. Both officers had been in the rebel army, and it transpired in the course of conversation that Mr. Young, with Union forces, was at one time in close pursuit of the regiment in which both Southerners belonged. Everything went along pleasantly until it was suggested that the "Rebels" were glad when it was all over. Instantly both men became angry and retorted most viciously. Explanations followed and after awhile good feeling was restored.

One of the men at length assured Mr. Young that he had never killed a Yank soldier—he always aimed too high. "But," said the other, "you cannot tell the gentlemen you never stole a Northern mule."

Every "Rebel" returning to camp with a big, sleek Northern mule was promoted.

They looked like elephants in comparison with the scrawny little fellows which, for want of any other name, were called "mules."

In Jessup, Georgia, a visit was made to the jail. One colored man only was incarcerated therein. He said "a white man owed him some money and put him in jail to escape paying him." He also added: "White folks, stay around awhile. I am so lonesome here all by myself."

ALBERT P. BURCHFIELD.

IN THIS soldier of the Civil War I found a successful business man, who, like Paul, was not ashamed of the Gospel of the Kingdom. He, too, demonstrated to the business world what City Controller Morrow proved to the political world, that a Christian man can be in business and maintain his religious integrity.

When young Burchfield came home from the war safe and sound, leaving many comrades behind, one thing he had resolved upon, viz.: that whatever success he might attain in business, one-tenth of his income would be his accounting of his stewardship to the Lord.

He rapidly rose in the business world, counted his gains by the hundreds at the close of each fiscal year, and the tempter often besieged him.

By and by the sum due the Lord assumed rather large proportions; but it was a pleasure for him to "cheerfully give," and year after year he had to appropriate some of his time to hunt places to bestow the goods that so bountifully enriched him. And the greater the amount due to the Master the happier the man.

This personal reminiscence of Mr. Burchfield can with justice be applied to several I see coming "to sit with me by the fire"—the sturdy men who founded Pittsburgh.

HON. WILLIAM FLINN.

THE man whose easiest task in life was the making of money, who does not consider himself a speaker, and yet could hold a large audience of business men for over two and one-half hours with his "Reminiscences of Pittsburgh;" who conceived and financed a plan to reach 1,560,000 voters in Pennsylvania in a spectacular campaign for Roosevelt and Johnson—Ex-State Senator William Flinn, came and "sat with me by the fire."

I had been in politics with the Senator for 40 years or more of real pleasure.

But the thing that most impressed me is the debt the people owe to Senator Flinn, the father of good roads. Fifty years ago "fanatics" was the designation given those who suggested anything in place of the knee-deep mud roads in the suburbs. Thirty years ago the Pittsburgh papers poked fun at Banker John S. Scully and Farmer Percy F. Smith for attending good roads conventions and advocating improved roads.

But Senator Flinn saw the day when "good roads" were born, and it was when the Legislature passed the measure of his own creation, the bill to insure "good roads."

The experiment was scarcely inaugurated until a demand for "speeding up" arose, and as I write there are 522 miles of these improved roads in Allegheny County, at a cost of \$12,000,000, and the people wouldn't be without them if the cost was doubled.

One has but to step into his automobile or ponderous truck and strike out in any direction to find the mighty strides in State and National road making; and the Lincoln Highway and improved National Pike, to say nothing of the miles of smooth and substantial roadway in our own whole State, are largely attributable to the wise provisions of the Flinn Good Roads bill. In the year 1918, while on a trip to Gettysburg, automobile drivers referred to the Lincoln Highway as being as smooth and fine as the "boulevards in Allegheny County."

HON. JOSEPH M. SWEARINGEN.

ILLUSTRATIVE of the readiness at wit of the Irish, Hon. Joseph M. Swearingen, of the Common Pleas Court, had this experience. It was after the United States declared war on Germany. An Irishman summoned for jury service asked to be excused.

"On what grounds?" queried the Judge.

Irishman—I'm working.

Judge—Working at what?

Irishman—Making munitions—shells.

Judge—For the Kaiser?

Irishman—No, sor; but he is getting them, sor.

CHRISTOPHER L. MAGEE.

CHRISTOPHER L. MAGEE set out to be a lawyer, but his uncle, Thomas Steel, the City Controller, informed him that there were already two attorneys in the family—Fred M. Magee and “Tommy” Bigelow—and the friends were busy enough mobilizing business to keep those two young fellows employed in order to meet living requirements. Chris must be a financier, was the decision of Uncle “Tommy.”

Later on he was a clerk in his uncle's office in old Wilkins Hall on Fourth avenue. The Southside boroughs had been annexed to Pittsburgh. Those boroughs had issued paving bonds in the sum of \$100 each, and reports became current that the boroughs, immediately after being forced into the city, would repudiate the bonds.

City officers, including Mr. Steel, made every effort to explain to the hundreds of citizens holding those bonds that the city would, no doubt, ultimately take care of the bonds, and young Magee heard all the discussion and explanations of their being a good lien. But the indignation was great and quite a lot of persons practically gave the bonds away as souvenirs.

One day Controller Steel overheard Chris talking to an indignant holder of one of the bonds, winding up with an offer by Chris to buy the bond. He got it for a song. The Controller then learned that his gifted young nephew had secured several of the bonds, at different prices, and, to shorten the story, the offers multiplied until he had enough to amount to a “wad” when the city, several years later, enacted legislation to redeem all the Southside paving bonds.

The Consolidated Traction Co., the *Pittsburgh Times* and the Freehold Bank were the notable instances of the capabilities of the young Napoleon of finance.

HENRY W. OLIVER, JR.

JUST what to give of the colloquy with Henry W. Oliver, Jr., “as we sat by the fire” puzzles me. I knew him as the lead horse in the Lewis, Oliver & Phillips firm; as President of Council; as President of the Pittsburgh & Western Railroad Co., and could recall something of interest under each head, in his eventful life.

In the latter part of his business career he intrusted certain things with me, wanted that I should establish a large printing plant, with facilities for publishing novels, etc., and engaged me to assist him somewhat in the opening of Oliver avenue.

His explanation for asking me was an incident in his own life. An old friend of his good mother, William Montgomery, frequently catechised his mother as to the characteristics and traits of her boys, and particularly insisted on knowing if her boy “Harry gave any evidence of executive ability.” Finally Mrs. Oliver said, “If by executive ability he meant that Harry wouldn't do anything that he could get someone else to do for him, he had plenty of it.”

But Oliver avenue and many magnificent buildings in Pittsburgh are fit-

ting monuments of his energy and business sagacity, the conception and completion of which are entirely due to his wisdom and foresight. If the details were carried out by others in all of his vast enterprises, his was the mind which originated them.

HON. MOSES HAMPTON.

HON. MOSES HAMPTON was Judge of the old District Court, afterwards merged with the Common Pleas Court. The court was "trying out" shorthand reporters. Hon. Judge John M. Kirkpatrick, R. Biddle Roberts, the third member a lawyer, were the committee to test the applicants. Rev. S. S. Gilson and a stranger who blew into the city were the competitors. He gave the name of Don Carlos Ferdinand.

He was taking notes in Judge Hampton's court; a squabble occurred between the attorneys, and the court ordered Ferdinand to read his notes. Ferdinand, as soon as he had emptied his mouth of a huge chunk of a sandwich, undertook the task of reading the testimony, and utterly failed. Judge Hampton at once notified Judge Kirkpatrick to remove "the nuisance," and Ferdinand was informed he would not suit.

He slapped Judge Kirkpatrick on the knee with considerable force, remarking, "I can take down the notes with av-vid-di-ty, but it is with great dif-fik-ul-ty that I decipher them. However, Judge, I can beat the pants off Gilson."

CITY CONTROLLER THOMAS STEEL

CITY CONTROLLER THOMAS STEEL was not only a staunch Republican, but a great temperance advocate and one of the organizers of the famous Washingtonian movement. He was a general favorite with the city and county officials, and especially with all young men, to whom he gave most excellent counsel and advice. One of the strongest points he enlarged upon was the value of the voting franchise and he lent every effort to induce men to vote. The last ballot he ever cast was at an election in the Second Ward, Pittsburgh, where he resided for many years. He was confined to his home by reason of illness and sent word to the election officers that he desired to vote. Two of the election board went to his house, the Squire, by which he was more familiarly known "tied his ballot to a string, lowered it from his bed room window, it was received, as folded, by the election officers, who deposited it in the ballot box.

The author of this volume was designated by the Squire, "as the bright youth from the *Chronicle* office who wasn't afraid to say he didn't drink liquor."

HON. MARSHALL BROWN.

HON. MARSHALL BROWN, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, besides dispensing justice with a wonderful leaning to mercy, has found time to pen some charming poems. His volume on "Wit and Humor" will be recalled as one of his most popular productions. But his "Little White Rose by the Wayside" was a gem which I recited "as we sat by the fire" and discussed events since I first met him, a student in the law office of Brown & Lambie. Major A. M. Brown was his father. Here is the poem:

Cool in the shadows and kissed by the dew,
Deep in a tangled wood,
A little wild rose by the wayside grew,
Sweet, contented and good.

Grew in the sunlight and grew in the shade,
Innocent, pure and fair,
Watched by the whispering winds in the glade,
Loved by the songbirds there.

Dear little rosebud, so fair and so good,
Far in the country lone,
Friend of the songbird and friend of the wood,
Sweet rosebud—all my own.

In the wildwood deep, in the early morn,
And hush of a summer day,
At the break of dawn by the old hawthorn,
My rosebud passed away.

And under the stars, it is said, each night,
Back by the wayside lone,
A rosebud fairy in blossoming white,
Sleeps on a mossy stone.

DR. GEORGE H. KEYSER

DR. GEORGE H. KEYSER, druggist, Wood street, was tall, thin and of the Abraham Lincoln type of man. Just inside the front door of his store was a cabinet enclosing a human skeleton on springs. Across the street was the office of the *Post* newspaper. Keyser's clerks in the drug store called a small newsboy and as he entered the drug store to make his sale, suddenly opened the cabinet and rattled the skeleton. The youngster yelling at the top of his voice scudded across the street and sought refuge in the *Post* office. Dr. Keyser was incensed when he learned the cause of the commotion, and going to the door, kindly beckoned the little fellow to come over again.

But no inducement could budge the lad, who, as he backed further away, said to the Doctor: "No you don't: I know you, even if you have your clothes on."

HON. P. C. KNOX

THE following incident in the early career of the Hon. P. C. Knox is culled from the archives of Percy F. Smith. Ten thousand boxes of merchandise from a great manufacturing concern in Pittsburgh, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, were entrusted with a steamboat transportation company, Gray's Iron Line, to be carried safely to New Orleans, "the ordinary perils and risks of navigation excepted." So read the bill of lading.

When the steamer and its fleet of model barges reached an obscure landing, six or seven miles this side of Mt. Vernon, Ind., notice was given that a consignment of corn in sacks was there awaiting loading for the South. But the fleet passed on to Mt. Vernon and in that safe harbor tied up.

With one model barge, that containing the 10,000 boxes of aforesaid merchandise, the steamer in charge of the fleet returned for the corn. But in rounding out from the landing after loading, the barge struck a hidden snag, careened and sank, and the cargo was a total loss.

The owner of the 10,000 boxes of "wet goods" merchandise sued to recover the value thereof, on the grounds that the steamboat company, having "successfully braved the perils of navigation to Mt. Vernon, could not return and go over that course again protected by the clause in the bill of lading, 'perils of navigation excepted.'"

The owner of the merchandise wondered that there should be any adverse contention of the proposition for reimbursement of the loss. And likewise did it strike the average layman, and especially those conversant with marine navigation.

But Mr. Knox, counsel for the steamboat company, thought differently. He had just made his debut as a practitioner and the writer recalls the earnestness with which he defended his clients and fought the case.

Plaintiff proved conclusively by captain, pilots and navigators generally, and by all precedents recorded in maritime practice, that the ordinary course had been followed, without accident, to Mt. Vernon and should have been continued uninterruptedly, to New Orleans.

Mr. Knox not only vigorously contested this point, but had every one of plaintiff's witnesses admit that it would have been "unwise, unsafe and imprudent, as well as impossible," to land the whole fleet at that obscure landing; and that returning with one barge minimized the danger and was good judgment in navigation.

Mr. Knox went further and greatly strengthened this position by producing as his own witnesses captains, pilots and others engaged in navigation, who testified that there was no other safe way to load the cargo of corn; and every one of them admitted that under similar circumstances they would take freight in the same way—that it was the custom to so make up their tow until it was complete for the whole journey.

Of course, the case hinged largely on the arguments, and Mr. Knox earnestly contended that he had proved "that custom established the safe course of proceeding," and hence "was higher than the law."

After the case had been submitted, Mr. Knox asked interested friends what they thought of the outcome, and their frank answer gave him somewhat of a jolt. He thereupon displayed his sanguine disposition by an offer to give or receive a handsome suit of clothes on the result. He won the suit—not the clothes, but the suit at law. He would have won the other, too, but there were no takers.

HON. WM. B. McCLURE

THIS Honorable Judge of the Courts of Allegheny County was one of the most earnest, sincere and faithful jurists in the State, an able lawyer, close student, and above all, most humane. He was kind, exceedingly so, to young newspaper sleuths, and helped them over many hard places.

One night report reached the old *Gazette* office that a certain matter had been decided which had not reached, officially, the editorial room, and confirmation of the report could be had only from the Judge himself.

The veteran reporter of the time, Wm. Anderson, one of the Judge's favorites, was finally prevailed upon to call at the Judge's house. It was then past midnight, and "Billy" had misgivings as to what might occur when he awakened the Judge from his slumbers.

He cautiously approached the house, pulled the door bell vigorously and in a twinkling the door was opened by the Judge. He welcomed Anderson, disarmed all fear by announcing he was writing an opinion in an important case, which he expected to render when court opened; commended Anderson for his newspaper enterprise; confirmed the report; and Anderson not only had a "scoop," but next day followed up his lead and had the full decision in the second case.

Sixty years ago, October 19, Judge McClure charged the jury in the famous slave kidnaping case of George Shaw, indicted for abducting George Harris (of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" notoriety), a free mulatto, from Pittsburgh to Alabama. The entire charge occupied two columns in the *Dispatch*, and began with a poetical stanza, of which one line reads: "I would not have a slave to till my land." The judge was only stating his personal convictions about slavery and he then proceeded to state the law. In one hour the jury returned a verdict of guilty and appeal was noted.

HON. JOSIAH COHEN

JUDGE JOSIAH COHEN was present on one occasion as I pleasantly rehearsed some incident in the life of the men of fifty years ago, and wondered if when his chair was vacant I could find something good to say of him. Judge Cohen endeared himself to the people of the county as he participated in the banquet at the Monongahela House to General Grant, on the occasion of the return of the bronzed hero from his tour around the world.

Josiah Cohen responded to a toast, and it was the conclusion of his wonderfully eloquent and patriotic address that obtained him favor.

He thanked the committee for honoring his race, for the special privilege of being the one chosen for the time, and said, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." It was one of the most impressive thoughts at the banquet.

EUGENE M. O'NEILL, ESQ.

SHORTLY after Mr. Eugene M. O'Neill made his appearance in the news department of the *Dispatch*, of which his brother Dan was editor and one of the owners, there was a terrible accident on the Panhandle Railroad, at Corks Run trestle and fill, about two miles west of Pittsburgh. It was the wreck of the Pacific Express, and the rear sleeping car left the trestle where it curved and rolled over and over down an embankment until, according to Mr. O'Neill's brilliant account, "it lay at the bottom of a deep ravine, a chaotic mass of broken timbers."

The "devils" in some of the offices who had been promoted and were rival reporters would have been jealous of Mr. O'Neill had it not been for his genial disposition and kindness and his ever-ready, original wit and humor and cordial friendship.

The railroad managers manifested a deal more than ordinary interest in the *Dispatch* as they read the introduction to that accident the next day.

As I recall it, here it is: "Tuesday morning, at an early hour, while Pittsburgh was as yet buried in repose, and no sound of human voice went up from the thick canopy of fog which overhung it, nor feet, save those of the solitary guardian of the peace, treading his lonely beat, had disarranged the soft carpet of snow that had silently fallen during the night, a train sped westward from the Union depot."

That article and a New Year's greeting, which he soon after penned, easily placed him in the front line of the most graceful as well as forceful writers in Pittsburgh, and it was not long until he was high in the scale in the editorial department of the paper, as well as one of its owners.

JOHN W. CHALFANT'S BAROMETER.

JOHN W. CHALFANT'S barometer of the fluctuations in the iron business was given at a National Convention of iron masters several years ago. Said this remarkable captain of industry: "There are six or seven years when we make money 'hand over fist,' then 'mushroom' concerns spring up over night, get in on the top wave, and cut prices. For the next six or seven years, we do well to 'keep level,' and for the remaining six or seven years of the 20 years, we lose money like the devil."

COL. HENRY WATTERSON

THE retirement of Colonel Watterson, one of the most widely known men, and editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, from active Journalism, recalls his famous expression concerning the fatal course of a political party, viz.: "It is marching through a slaughter house to an open grave." And that's where the Kaiser is heading.



Sincerely yours
Erasmus Wilson

E. M. BIGELOW WINS AND LOSES

EDWARD M. BIGELOW'S fame as a city builder will ever be great, and the father of the Parks has many achievements to his credit, including the Bigelow boulevard. But he went against the Board of Directors of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Education of the Blind in their effort to secure the site from Mrs. Schenley, and "lost out."

One day, with a shawl over his arm and a grip in his hand, as he came out of Old City Hall, looking as if he might be going to Cape May, he was actually on his way to England and Scotland, to do what? To use his own language, "To pull the legs of Pittsburgh non-resident millionaires" for big gifts to Pittsburgh.

To shorten the story, he came back with the Schenley Park scheme practically in his coat pocket, and it was not long until the magnificent Schenley Park, under his skillful manipulation, was a reality, instead of a dream.

Some time before the park was ready for the public, "Ed" discovered that it must have a grand entrance. Fifteen acres of Schenley ground was available, and Mr. Bigelow generously (?) proposed to Mrs. Schenley that on account of her generosity, he would recommend to the city that the necessary acreage be purchased and paid for.

Mrs. Schenley was advised by real estate men that the property was worth \$200,000 or \$300,000, but Mr. Bigelow forwarded to her a transcript showing the valuation on the desired acreage, said valuation having been made by the agents of the estate. It was shrewdly suspected, however, that the valuation, \$75,000, on the whole tract, might have been made when the tax assessor was around, but when it came to a possible sale, to use the language of a German speculator, "the market schlippped up a leedle." To make a long story short, Mrs. Schenley, without hesitation, accepted "Ed's" offer, assured that the entrance would be the "crown jewel" to her beautiful gift.

About this time Col. William A. Herron had interested himself to obtain from Mrs. Schenley the gift of a site for the Newsboys' Home, and also the donation of a piece of property for a school for the education and maintenance of blind children. The State had enacted a law to provide \$250 per year for the education and maintenance of the blind wards of the State, and Miss Jane Holmes, in her will, had set aside \$40,000 for such a school when an additional \$40,000 was raised. Colonel Herron was one of the founders of the school.

The money was raised and the school opened in a temporary building in Lawrenceville, where it remained until the beautiful building in Bellefield was erected.

And now to return to Mr. Bigelow. He did not want the school located in Bellefield, as he had in his mind his park scheme, and he wanted Carnegie's gifts surrounded by anything and everything in the world, but not the school that might present such sad sights for the people as blind children on the campus. He magnanimously offered to secure the old Schenley residence and 10 acres out on Stanton avenue, in the Eighteenth ward, and warned the writer and those in whose hands were the interests of the popular school for the education of the blind that if they persisted in their effort to induce Mrs. Schenley to donate a site in Bellefield he would use his best endeavors to knock us out entirely.

Mrs. Schenley may have feared when our friend "Ed" so earnestly pushed for the Stanton avenue site that he might possibly have in mind the acquisition as a further gift of all the property remaining between Bellefield and the Eighteenth ward for additional park purposes. So the promoters of the institution got together and, finding Mrs. Schenley willing to donate either site, made a compromise to accept the site in Bellefield, a little over five acres (she was willing to make it 10) instead of the Stanton avenue site, which by a consensus of opinion was considered too much "out of the way."

But Mr. Bigelow was a persistent fellow. Had he not been so the City of Pittsburgh might not have been rated as the workshop of the world—some city, indeed, that pays out two million dollars a day in wages, but a city also beautiful as well as useful. And he vouchsafed to the writer one day that unless we accepted the Stanton avenue site, the directors of the school would have to buy a site, or look elsewhere for a gift. There were times when our enthusiastic city builder had the board "up in the air," but at this particular time of confiding in the secretary, there was snugly ensconced in the secretary's office the deed from Mrs. Schenley for the five acres and some perches in Bellefield, on which the present school buildings stand. And I am sure no one was prouder of the school and its attainments than Mr. Bigelow. It ranks as one of the best schools of its kind in America.

CHARLES W. HOUSTON

MR. CHAS. W. HOUSTON, one of the founders of the *Press*, was in the newspaper business when 10 years old. With three companions he published "The Little Chief," 4 pages, 6x9. Capital invested \$4.00; length of copartnership 6 weeks; dividends 100 per cent. Dissolution of partnership followed, Houston receiving a "composing stick and galley," as his share of the assets. Charley was the first page boy Pittsburgh Councils employed, and later served for several years as assistant City Clerk. His untiring energy resulted in the establishment of the *Press*.

Called upon to respond to a toast at a banquet on one occasion, Houston got rid of the task with this anecdote. He said he was reminded of the story of Sammy Doolittle, the school boy and Miss Hodgett, his teacher. The latter had offended the boy, and on his slate he wrote—

A little mouse stole up stairs,
To hear Miss Hodgett say her prayers.

Showing it to the children they giggled and Miss Hodgett commandeered the slate. She ordered Sammy to the black board and told him if he did not within five minutes add two lines to the couplet, she would give him a severe whipping.

There he stood without a word and the five minutes expired. Seizing the ruler and Sammy's hand, she raised the instrument to strike, when Sammy fairly exploded:

Before me stands Miss Hodgett,
She will strike and I will dodge it.

A month or so afterward a friend related how he had been at a banquet and heard a man win great applause, when he got off the best sally of the evening—the Miss Hodgett story.

RICHARD REALF

FOR some days a remarkably attractive personage had been furnishing incidents developed at Frank Murphy's Old Home Temperance meetings, to the *Pittsburgh Commercial*. He gave the name of Richard Realf, and Mr. Brigham soon made his acquaintance, with the result that this noted Englishman, poet and author, was very soon on the editorial staff of the paper.

He was a graceful but forceful writer of both poetry and prose, a most eloquent and convincing orator, and attracted national attention by his famous production entitled "Hymn of Pittsburgh."

Leaving Pittsburgh after a very successful career in journalism and lecturing, he went to California, where his brilliant but sad life came to an end at his own hand.

In a pocket of his vest, on a scrap of paper was found his last poem :

**"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."* When
 For me the end has come and I am dead,
 And little, voluble, chattering daws of men
 Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
 By some one brave enough to speak the truth—
 Here lies a great soul, killed by cruel wrong.
 Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
 To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song
 And speech, that rushed up hotly from the heart,
 He wrought for liberty; till his own wound
 (He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
 Through wasting years, mastered him and he
 swooned
 And sank there where you see him lying now
 With that word "Failure" written on his brow.
 But say that he succeeded. If he missed
 World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the
 wage
 Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
 Daily by those high angels who assuage
 The thirstings of the poets—for he was
 Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
 Mightily on him, and he moaned because
 He could not rightly utter to this day
 What God taught him in the night. Sometimes,
 nathless,
 Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
 And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
 And benedictions from black pits of shame;
 And little children's love; and old men's prayers,
 And a Great Hand that led him unawares.
 So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
 With thick films—silence! He is in his grave.
 Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
 Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
 Nor did he wait till Freedom had become

*Translation—"Concerning the dead, speak nothing but good."

The popular shibboleth of the courtier's lips;
 But smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
 And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
 He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
 And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
 To see the august broadening of the light
 And new earths heaving heavenward from the
 void.
 He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
 Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

At his funeral in San Francisco hundreds of school children were present, and his casket was literally covered with daisies.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of October 30th, 1878, in a column notice of the career of Realf, printed his exquisite poem of "Indirection." Said the paper: "He died from morphine at the Windsor Hotel, Oakland, Cal., a suicide because of the court's reversal of a divorce obtained from his much older wife. He was employed in a mine there, was born in Lancashire, emigrated to Kansas, became John Brown's private secretary, and was lost to sight until news of his death. Was the protege of Lady Byron." The *Dispatch*, in reproducing this incident in its review of events 40 years ago, says: "Realf is now recognized among America's real poets."

MR. E. D. SMITH

THE father of the cheap, popular railroad excursions from Pittsburgh was without question Edward D. Smith, for thirty-six years connected with the Passenger and Ticket Department, first of the old Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, afterward the Baltimore & Ohio system, East and West.

The road was about as unpopular as any railroad in the country, and under the management of the Garretts earned scarcely more than \$20,000,000 a year. But it suddenly began to be advertised as the "Picturesque B. & O.," and put on airs until the present time its earnings exceed the \$100,000,000 mark, and McAdoo has made it the popular route from Chicago to Washington, via the Lake Erie, at New Castle to McKeesport.

Mr. Smith suggested low fare excursions to Atlantic City, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Richmond, Cumberland, Wheeling, etc.

But the management at Baltimore notified him he was to get revenue instead of seeing how much he could spend in advertising, besides giving the people almost free rides. And finally, the people would travel when they had to and pay full fare, and no "bargain counter" offers would induce them to travel.

He soon proved to the "Old Guard" at Baltimore they were mistaken when by a specially low rate he took the Knights Templar on special trains "away around the horn" to Philadelphia; thousands to Atlantic City, Washington, Fort Monroe, etc.

The excursions to nearby towns taxed the road to its utmost.

Mr. Smith's superior officers at Baltimore joked him about his first Decoration Day excursion to Ohio Pyle Falls, on the Youghiogheny River, 75 miles distant, a short time after the road was opened between Connellsville and Cumberland, and placed five cars at his disposal. He asked for more and himself gathered together from branches 20 cars, all of which were crowded.

No greater advertisement was ever planned for the B. & O. than those popular excursions.

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Lines, and President of the Carnegie Institute, author of the popular work on "Oliver Cromwell," got some of his inspiration about books and authors when quite a young fellow. Half a century ago the principal libraries were sustained by well-to-do Sabbath Schools. Hazelwood had two such enterprising schools, the Hazelwood Christian and the Presbyterian. An "Old Folks" concert was given in the public school hall, Father Kemp's old Song Book being used, and the proceeds, amazing for the time—\$150—went to the two schools, to purchase new libraries. Mr. Church was a joint manager of the enterprise and contributed greatly to its financial as well as artistic success. And then he went off and bought a lot of books, all of which had to be censored for a Sabbath School Library. That task finished, he took a vacation for a few days and gave to the world his "Oliver Cromwell."

And then Mr. Carnegie discovered him and learned that by his help his tasks in his philanthropies would be greatly lightened.

ALEXANDER M. BYERS.

THOSE closest to Mr. Alex. M. Byers knew him best and most appreciated him. Founding an immense enterprise, he was a stumbling block in all proposed consolidations, and after refusing all offers for merger with kindred concerns, was threatened with annihilation. This brought forth his final ultimatum, viz.: That his tormentors might speedily reach a hotter place than his office—much sooner than they would close him up. And the greatest pipe combination ever formed only spurred the little "Mercer county farmer" to greater enterprise in wrought iron pipe manufacture, which soon gave him the lead in America.

He was ably seconded in this great enterprise by his brother, Ebenezer M. Byers, much his junior.

COL. WM. PHILLIPS

A REAL strike-breaker was Col. "Bill" Phillips years ago. His weapon was terror. The strikers were boys in his earliest enterprise, glass manufacturing, and the lure to walk out was the circus. Later in life he ran a railroad and the operation of it suited Colonel Phillips, at least.

Col. William Phillips, better known as "Bill" Phillips, was a unique character in Pittsburgh 40 to 50 years ago. His earliest business venture was in the manufacture of glass products as Phillips & Best, on old Try street, Second ward, Pittsburgh, where at a remote time the Pennsylvania Canal passed to the Monongahela River. His prominence in the industry was due mainly to his ability to settle incipient strikes—especially among the boys—the "carrying in" boys. The strikes occurred periodically, notably about the time the circus was due in the city, and the Colonel frequently adjusted a threatened lockout with a stout stick applied to the backs of the "walking delegates." He would shake his head almost off his shoulders, flinging out his heavy hair, and make believe he was in a frame of mind to wipe them off the map. He often laughed at the success of the scare, and seldom inflicted much actual punishment.

He was connected with Lyon, Shorb & Co., iron manufacturers, and afterward president of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, now the Buffalo & Allegheny Valley division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This position he occupied at the time of his death, and it was due to his energy that the "Low Grade Division," from Redbank to Driftwood on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad, was built. This road crosses the Allegheny Mountains at the lowest grade known in railroading.

He was a member of City Council for many years, and quite prominent in Republican politics, and was closely associated with Thomas Steel, City Controller; also Controller Robert J. McGowan, two of the best controllers the city ever had; also the present Controller, E. S. Morrow, then city clerk. He was also the staunch friend of Mr. Daniel O'Neill and Mr. Alexander W. Rook, who early in the sixties had purchased from the heirs of J. Heron Foster the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. He was the adviser and supporter of "Bob" Mackey, Chris Magee, H. W. Oliver, Jr., John Torley, John Shipton, Dr. A. H. Gross and many others.

He was a bachelor, genial, kind-hearted, fond of anecdote and of joking with friends.

It is related that at the annual meetings of the railroad company he was constantly reminded of the promised day of dividends, which unfortunately never crystalized. On one occasion, when quizzed about dividends, he eloquently said:

"Gentlemen—I trust you will show more generosity and public spirit and thought for the future. I am building up the railroad and arranging it so that the dividends will be paid to my children."

The late William K. Nimick started the laugh which the stockholders caught up, when the Colonel looked around and to the representative of one of the daily newspapers sitting next to him said: "Do you see anything to laugh at?"

As the railroad developed there were numerous promotions from time to time and also new offices created. But it was noticed that Thomas M. King, the master of transportation, never got beyond that title or office.

In the Mayor's office one evening friends of Mr. King tackled Colonel Phillips and demanded that he be put in the line of promotion at once. Rising and drawing himself to his full height, he said: "Maybe you fellows know how to run a paper and you fellows the Councils and the city; but I think I know how to run a railroad. Anyone with ordinary executive ability can fill an office in the executive or accounting department, but it takes brains, sir, to operate the road, to make the wheels go round, and Tom King suits me and will continue to move our trains as long as I am president of the company. But, boys, don't forget that when it comes to the point of compensation, King, if he doesn't lead the best paid official, is a close second." And Mr. King did stay with the company until he voluntarily resigned and went with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which he practically resurrected, and in recognition of valuable service became its president.

HON. JOHN M. KIRKPATRICK

HON. JOHN M. KIRKPATRICK, who had been District Attorney, was unusually severe on violators of the law, especially those whom he had prosecuted before being elevated to the bench. On one occasion he sentenced the Lees, father and son, to seven years for a felonious assault on Officer Geo. Johnston, who had orders to raid old Philo Hall, on Fourth avenue, of which they were the proprietors. In commenting on this, he said: "I had pleasure in imposing the sentence and only wish I could have made it seventeen years."

The Judge went abroad and on his return lectured on the Old Country. He told many laughable incidents, and one on himself that at first did not give rise to a disposition to laugh. One evening, in a famous concert garden in Germany, he suddenly came under the notice of several heads of families seated at tables enjoying their "stein." They raised their glasses, the Judge responded, and several times the courtesy was repeated.

A short time later ushers deposited a basket full of checks on his table to be paid at the cashier's desk.

The Judge was agitated, but directed the usher to gather up the checks and accompany him to the cashier. He did so. There were 106 checks, and the cashier remarked, "\$1.06." He had never had so much fun in all of his life for \$1.06.

BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL, when not on the stump making the most wild-eyed Democratic campaign speeches, was writing for some of the papers, not only news items but stories, and "Almost Lost" was soon followed by "Peril," "Through Fire," etc., etc.

In one of his news articles he libeled a clairvoyant in Allegheny City, and he spent a few days with his friend, the warden of the jail. This was capitalized to the limit and his genius was directed in the way of play writing. And there were so many of them that I cannot recall their order. "The Galley Slave," "The White Slave," "Through Fire," "My Partner," etc. The latter was perhaps the best he ever wrote.

Asked one day if he had a villa at Bar Harbor, he replied, "Nay." "A yacht at Cape May?" "Nay. No, sir—naught of these; they will do for the fellows in the plays, but I'm salting down my gains in government bonds."

He was genial, courteous, kind-hearted, generous, and was a most prodigious writer. He could think a story or play and grind it out almost in a night. He was never known to be in a bad humor and was a universal favorite. He was unattractive in appearance, but made up for all shortcomings by his charming disposition.

JAMES MILLS.

MR. JAMES MILLS was regarded as the best general editorial writer on politics in Pittsburgh. His only rival was Mr. Daniel O'Neil, of the *Dispatch*, and with him in local politics only did he lead. Mills' knowledge of State politics was where he shone.

He reported the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention of 1873 for the *Commercial Gazette*, and it was conceded to be the best report published in the State.

He was afterwards political editor of the *Post*, a position he held until the close of his life.

He was the soul of honor and a staunch friend.

JAMES B. SAFFORD.

ON OCTOBER 1, 1918, Mr. James B. Safford, after 26 years service as Superintendent of the P., C. & Y. R. R., retired—a veteran of 70 years, entitled to a well-earned rest and pension. Mr. Safford spent the whole of his life in railroading, except for the period of the Civil War, when, like many other brave fellows of the day, he answered his country's call, and remained in service until the close of the war.

Mr. Safford lives at Crafton, is well preserved for the "3 Score and 10 Club," a good story teller, genial companion and solid, substantial citizen, interested in every movement for the welfare of his fellow man and country. I was quite delighted to have him "sit with me by the fire."

HON. M. CLYDE KELLY.

THERE was a day when the name Clyde Kelly was as familiar on the football fields of Ohio and Pennsylvania as it is in the realm of politics today. Almost 20 years ago little Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, where hundreds of Pittsburghers have been educated, had "Kelly Back" as a play which was certain to start trouble for the enemy in any gridiron contest.

I was talking the other day to a minister who graduated from little Muskingum College. He told me that "Kelly Back" was a call which he would remember always.

"When that signal came in one of our football games," he said, "there was no attempt at secrecy by mumbled signals. Every player on the other side knew that Clyde Kelly was going to carry the ball in a straight line plunge. The lithe youngster in the line, without a single protecting device on him, would drop back in front of the fullback.

"Immediately the ball would be snapped back into his hands, and with head down and comrades at his side he would hit the line with the force of a cannon ball. Very seldom did the opposing line fail to crumble and very seldom did Kelly fail to lay the ball down some yards nearer the enemy's line.

"I have seen opposing players attempt to disable him by kicking his brown head with mailed shoes, and dropping with stiffened knee on his back, but he always seemed to have a charmed existence and after each scrimmage would emerge with the Kelly smile on his face."

That has been Clyde Kelly's favorite tactics from that day to this. Into many a stone wall of political opposition he has gone without protection, without money, and risking everything he had on the issue. He bares his head and receives all the blows the enemy can give. And that forward plunge has never failed to bring comrades to his side, and it has put many an opponent out of the game.

He seems to have delighted in tackling the thing called impossible. At the age of 16 he was successfully teaching a country school from which a veteran pedagogue had been forcibly ejected by his pupils. He was a newspaper publisher at 20. He was the youngest member of the Pennsylvania Legislature when elected to that body and the youngest Member of Congress when he first went to Washington. He was the first Member of Congress to be made a member of the powerful Rules Committee in his first term.

He went to France this summer to see "his boys" from his district in action "over there." When he found the boys of the old Eighteenth, Pittsburgh's regiment, were in the front line, facing the Germans, he insisted on seeing them. A high officer told him it was impossible, that the boys were under a hail of shells. "They are taking the chance and so will I," said Kelly, and he walked for a mile along a road riddled by German artillery in order to say a word of good cheer to hundreds of Pittsburgh boys in the front trenches.

GEORGE S. OLIVER.

PRESIDENT GEORGE S. OLIVER, of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, had occasion to introduce Hon. M. Clyde Kelly, Congressman, who was to talk at the noonday luncheon on his visit to the boys of Pittsburgh on the firing line in France. A large crowd had assembled to hear the eloquent and patriotic Kelly and Mr. Oliver made a most telling hit, when he said, "I have pleasure in introducing to you my Congressman, the Hon. Clyde Kelly, who is just home from the furthest front firing line in France, and who, had he been permitted to reach Berlin, would have licked the Kaiser as bad as he licked the Olivers." Enthusiastic applause greeted this sally, and another outburst followed when Kelly gracefully acknowledged the compliment and cinched it by remarking that Mr. Oliver had stated what was the truth. Kelly's name in the Pennsylvania Legislature was used in derision; Kelly in Congress has crowded audiences whenever he speaks. Mr. Oliver may be classed with Hon. Albert Beveridge, when, after the applause and cheers lasting 57 minutes, upon the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 for President, he made the speech of his life. Pointing to Mr. Roosevelt, he said: "The man and the hour," and 17 minutes more of uproarious applause and cheers followed before Colonel Roosevelt could proceed.

"GUS" BRAUN.

HEAR "Gus" Braun, one time Chief of Police of Pittsburgh, rehearse his efforts to remove the Italian peanut stands from the streets, under the provisions of an ordinance absolutely firing them off the map. "Gus" unrelentingly enforced that ordinance. It wasn't strange that the enemy responded. Here was their slogan:

Stand! The grounds you own, my braves;
 Will ye yield to Councilmanic Knaves?
 Will ye go to work—be slaves—
 While the Starry Banner waves?
 From the Mayor's office on they come,
 And will ye quail?
 Peanut bullets and orange hail
 Let their welcome be.

But the nuisance was abated and not one in a hundred has since obstructed the sidewalks and street corners. The business is now carried on mostly in stores, for which the highest rentals are paid.

A WELL FOUNDED COMPLAINT.

A MAN who purchased a farm from a Pittsburgh real estate dealer returned in a few days with the complaint that the bottom of the water well had fallen out.

REV. JOSEPH M. DUFF.

DR. DUFF, "who came and sat with me by the fire," has the distinction of filling one of the longest pastorates in Western Pennsylvania, having occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Carnegie for over 38 years. Not only has he had a most successful pastorate, but he has ever been a power in the Presbytery, and foremost in every work for the welfare not of Carnegie, but the whole of the county. He is beloved by all who know him without regard to denomination.

THOMAS A. ROWLEY.

COL. THOMAS A. ROWLEY'S regiment in the Civil War was almost if not entirely composed of Pittsburgh boys. One of them wrote a song which they all learned to sing before they left for the front—by that I mean, for the firing line. Many of the soldier boys of that day were in the thick of the fight less than thirty days after enlistment.

I recall one of the verses of the song referred to:

For I was born in Pittsburgh town,
 And knew not death nor danger
 Till Colonel Rowley listed me
 To join his winter rangers.
 He dressed me up in finest togs,
 And treated me most kindly;
 But oh! this heart of mine did ache
 For the girl I left behind me.

GEORGE M. ALEXANDER.

GEORGE M. ALEXANDER, one of the most popular passenger conductors of the P. R. R., retired exactly on the date when he had served 20 years without an accident. Superintendent Pitcairn insisted one more trip to Altoona and return was necessary to complete 20 years, but the genial George figured otherwise. Mr. Pitcairn commended him, and he engaged in the fire insurance business thereafter.

Alexander for a long time was conductor of the popular "Fast Line," which left Union Station at 9:10 p. m. He knew all the politicians, National, State and Local, leading railroad officers and newspaper men. One night, shortly before the train left, a bet was offered in the Union Station that there would be 50 "dead-heads," or passes, on the train, and Alexander was tipped off to report the record, and a newspaper man won out, 51 passes having been the harvest that night.

This recalls the banquet given to James McC. Creighton, the popular General Agent at Pittsburgh in the days when passes were liberally distributed. Mr. Creighton was appointed to a higher office, with headquarters in Philadelphia, and his many friends joined in a farewell dinner. One of the speakers, who called him James McGlinton Greighton, shed tears as he said: "We will all miss him here, and especially when we have to go to the ticket office and buy our ticket, instead of getting our hats chalked."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

ANDREW CARNEGIE quietly but richly enjoyed reference to a letter he had received from Mark Twain, shortly after the steelmaster had embarked in the "book foundry" business—the establishment of his libraries. Twain had lost a small hymn book which his mother had given him when a little boy and he asked Mr. Carnegie if he would kindly replace it. He also added that it would not require an expenditure of more than a dollar and a half. But it was the postscript which most amused the genial Scotchman. Here it is:

"P. S.—Don't send the book. Send the \$1.50."

Wm. R. Jones was one of the most successful steelmakers of his time and was relied upon for the success of the Edgar Thomson steel works at Braddock. Everybody liked Billy—he had a superb baseball club of his workmen which fought some spirited battles with the old Allegheny, Forest City and other clubs in the early days of the game in Pittsburgh. He was also a most devoted friend of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his brother, Thomas M. Carnegie.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie could not remain long in Pittsburg on account of the climate, and as soon as he could conclude his munificent foundation schemes he would hie himself to Skibo Castle, in Scotland.

Captain Jones told friends of a parting with Mr. Carnegie in New York, when the following colloquy occurred:

Mr. Carnegie—Captain Jones, I am the most delighted man in the world when I am safely at sea on my way to Scotland.

Captain Jones—And there are a lot of people, Mr. Carnegie, a d—— sight more delighted than you when they are assured you are safe beyond the sea.

The laughter continued quite a while after the departure.

John Brashear, a close friend of Mr. Carnegie, one day asked him if he still wished to die poor? "Assuredly so, Brashear," was the reply. Then John was somewhat nonplussed and embarrassed.

Finally Mr. Carnegie said: "Don't you think I am doing pretty well, John?"

Brashear, who had just read of some of the steel dividends, answered: "Well, yes, but you can 'speed up' a little more without danger."

NATHANIEL P. SAWYER.

WHEN Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Sawyer brought out a small daily morning Democratic paper, the *Republic*, in opposition to the *Post*, the only Democratic daily in Western Pennsylvania, the *Republic* being in hearty accord with Johnson. Stephen Mercer was Business Manager and George W. Leonard City Editor. The paper was short lived, but enabled Mr. Sawyer to control a large part of the federal patronage until the Johnson reign was terminated. The paper did not make any money, but in its brief life called forth fireworks from the editorial columns of the *Post*, which were paid in more than kind in the *Republic*.

Mr. Sawyer was a successful business man, a staunch Democrat and a substantial friend, but many of his former admirers broke with him when he espoused the cause of Andrew Johnson.

ROBERT D. ELWOOD.

ROBERT D. ELWOOD, of Verona, did not earn the title of "captain" in honor of nearly four years of service in the Civil War—but by "real effort" as captain of a Pennsylvania canal boat running between Blairsville and Pittsburgh. When he took charge of the boat he was just 19 years old. He found on board two other men who claimed to be captain and in order to show them three captains were too many for a little canal boat he bought it and became "really captain." And he has the title yet—more than 60 years.

On one occasion "deckhands" helped themselves to a lot of plug tobacco shipped from Pittsburgh to a dealer in Blairsville. He braced "Stump" and asked him why he had taken the tobacco, but had no evidence against him. "Stump" said "he didn't take it all," and gave the names of the culprits. On pay day there was a big drop in their wages on account of the deduction for the tobacco. "Stump" threatened to mutiny, but the captain quieted him by telling him the next time he raided a tobacco consignment he should ascertain in advance the market price of "plug tobacco."

Captain Elwood was always fond of horses, also hunting and fishing, and in his dealings with men credited without reserve, "hunters and fishers with truthful records."

A customer owed the captain over \$100 and Jeff Elwood, a son, offered to take on account a horse, bargaining for him at about \$55.00. The captain went and looked the horse over, closed the purchase and on the grounds that it was more than he expected to realize, closed out the account entirely, thus paying twice the price for the horse.

Captain Elwood's entry into the Civil War came about in this wise: His patriotic little mother, picking up the town paper, noted that the son of so and so had enlisted. She said: "Robert, there's a patriotic, brave boy gone to be a soldier for his country."

Robert—"Mother, do you think he is a brave, noble boy?" "Yes," was the answer.

Robert—"Well, mother, there is another noble and brave boy in town." And off he went to the recruiting office. And there was not a prouder mother in the crowd that waved good-bye to the soldier boys in a few days than his patriotic little mother. She never shed a tear, but waved to him until he could no longer see her.

Three years and four months later he was quite proud as he stood before her in the new uniform of the 78th P. V. She said to him: "Robert, get me a bucket of water." "Let Jeff get you the water," said the captain. Mother—"If I had wanted Jeff to get the water I would have asked him," and with that the brave soldier, still obedient to command, procured the bucket of water.

JOHN N. NEEB.

JOHN NICHOLAS NEEB was the Managing Editor of the *Freiheits Freund*, the only Republican paper published in Pittsburgh in the German language, and his popularity landed him in the Pennsylvania State Senate. He was genial, energetic, a most capable newspaper man, and therefore a good legislator.

On one occasion while in the Legislature he was presented with a gold-headed cane by admiring friends. And thereby hangs a tale. The presentation took place at the Press Club headquarters on Sixth avenue, at 1 p. m., and the gentleman who made the presentation speech "spread himself." The Senator made a very witty and timely response, as he had about as much use for a cane as for a threshing machine. But at 2 p. m. the same day another prominent newspaper man arrived, and under the applause of quite a crowd, presented the cane for the second time. At 3 p. m. a third "spell-binder," by previous arrangement with the committee, came in and again presented the cane—the fourth and last presentation occurring an hour later.

While in the Pennsylvania Senate, Mr. Harry A. Neeb occupied the position of editor of the paper, and it may be said that the Senator and Mr. Harry Neeb furnished the most up-to-date newspaper ever published in Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Harry Neeb is still President of the company publishing the *Volksblatt-Freiheits Freund*, the editorial and business management of which is under the capable management of Louis and Isaac Hirsch.

OLIVER S. HERSHMAN.

FROM office boy on the *Evening Telegraph*, established in 1873, to the ownership of the *Pittsburgh Press*, as memory's milestones recalled Oliver S. Hershman. "Ollie" was the best boy that ever sat behind the business counter of a newspaper office, courteous, obliging, punctual, honest, and every duty imposed upon him was discharged with fidelity. When he absorbed the *Telegraph* and *Chronicle*, he decided to take along the old *Chronicle* contingent, hence he associated with him Mr. Joseph G. Siebeneck, whose stock gave him absolute control. When Senator Oliver purchased the paper from Mr. Hershman he at once secured the *Press*, which had been established by Col. Thomas M. Bayne, Thomas J. Keenan, Charles W. Houston, John S. Ritenour and others, and it was under his remarkable management that the *Press* attained its wonderful circulation and influence. But those who watched this orphaned lad "grow" envied not his success, but they rather rejoice that by "sheer merit" he won his way to his present influence and power. Colonel Hershman is wont to say the author of this volume was his "boss"—but to his credit be it said he never needed a "boss."

HON. EDWIN H. STOWE.

HON. JUDGE EDWIN H. STOWE was among the greatest of students, and spent many hours in the law library when engaged in the trial of important causes. He was stern and severe, but in sentencing to death the old colored man, Louis Lane, for the murder by arsenical poisoning of his wife, tears rolled over his face and he almost collapsed.

It recalls another occasion when his indignation was as great as his sympathy on this occasion, and after consultation with him, I published the incident as a warning. He was about to impose sentence upon an offender who deserved punishment, and it was noticed he was greatly agitated. The prisoner answered he had nothing to say, and the Judge said: "Well, I have, and it is this: I am in receipt of a letter from one who signs himself a 'brother fraternity man,' asking for leniency for this prisoner. I wish to say I may be, therefore, a little more severe than I might otherwise have been, but if I could discover the author of the letter and could reach him I would make an example of him."

JAMES BLACKMORE,

MAYOR of Pittsburgh, "sat by the fire with me," and told how the city got rid of the organ grinder nuisance. The mayor lived on the (then) fashionable Wylie avenue, near Logan street, and got a surfeit of the dulcet strains of the grinder, especially at night, when he would

"Hear the sweet voice of the Roman, which the night winds repeat as they
roam;

The clock in the steeple strikes thirteen, ere the minstrel returns to his home."

So it was decreed they should go, but that did not mean they went without a contest.

It was urged for them that they had given us many gems of song, of which I need but mention a few—"Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," "Bob Ridley," "Old Folks at Home," "Daisy Dean," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," "Tim Finnegan's Wake," "Lanagan's Ball," "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," and "What Will the Robin Do Then, Poor Thing?"

The organ grinders did not produce music by rote, or note, or air, but by "wear and tear," and a great deal of it, too, wearing out organs and tearing into shreds the patience of listeners wherever the gentle zephyrs wafted the discordant strains. Give them a start and at once they were metamorphosed into a buzz saw mill that could be subdued only by an explosion of dynamite. They grind and grind, reminding one that the mills of the organist grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly long, and relief only was secured by refusal to reward the portable calliope.

The present generation has but a faint idea of this intolerable nuisance of 50 years ago.

HON. H. B. SWOOPE.

A TERROR in Court was the former Federal Attorney at Pittsburgh, H. Bucher Swoope, of Clearfield County. He was hated by fellow attorneys, and feared by criminals, even putting a judge in proper place, and he also became a thief taker.

Mr. Swoope was unrelenting in his prosecution of criminals. He pursued them mercilessly and seemed to take a fiendish delight in their conviction. His answers to voluminous harsh criticisms invariably were that he was not responsible for the rigorousness of the United States laws; but it was his duty to see that they were strictly enforced; to convict and insist on the maximum sentence of the law, demanding as part of the sentence, if he saw fit, prison punishment. Many of the attorneys then practicing in Pittsburgh called him a persecutor—instead of a prosecutor—but he seemed to revel in his record of criminal trials, because of the exceedingly few cases where the alleged criminal had escaped, except where Mr. Swoope side-tracked “judgment day.”

He would emphasize his determination to rigidly enforce the laws, when called to account, by profanity which was so eloquent as to really be robbed of its harshness.

Most of his cases were tried by His Honor, Judge Wilson McCandless; but on one occasion His Honor, Judge William McKennan, of Washington County, was on the bench, and there was a wordy wrangle between Mr. Swoope and counsel in a case, where every effort of the defense to appeal to the sympathy of the sleuth of the government had been unavailing. Finally, in answer to a deep thrust at the vindictiveness of the United States Attorney, Mr. Swoope said every man in prison on his motion deserved all he got. The remark angered the Judge. Court had adjourned and there was no one present but the Judge, Mr. Swoope, the clerk, Stephen C. McCandless and the representative of one of the city papers. The Court and attorney were still quite warm and suddenly the Judge said:

“There are men now in the penitentiary who would not be there if I had been on the bench.”

Whirling around suddenly Mr. Swoope approached the bench, pounded it with his fist and repeating the language demanded to know if that was what had been said.

Judge McKennan tried to pacify the attorney without success, and leaving the bench retired to his private rooms. Mr. Swoope followed and the open transom over the door to the Judge's chamber disclosed “a hot old time.”

Suffice it to say that Mr. Swoope satisfied the Judge that he had made a mistake—that if displeased with his course, complaint should be made to the Attorney General of the United States; that the United States Attorney was a co-ordinate branch of the United States Government and not an officer of the District Court in that he was under the direction or control of the Judge. And, furthermore, that he had decided he was amenable only to the Attorney General of the United States, and that ended it.

Next day the storm had passed, and both attorney and Judge were in good humor, and in the open court mutual apologies were offered. Mr. Swoope took occasion to analyze some of the criminal laws of the United States in

FAMILIAR FACES



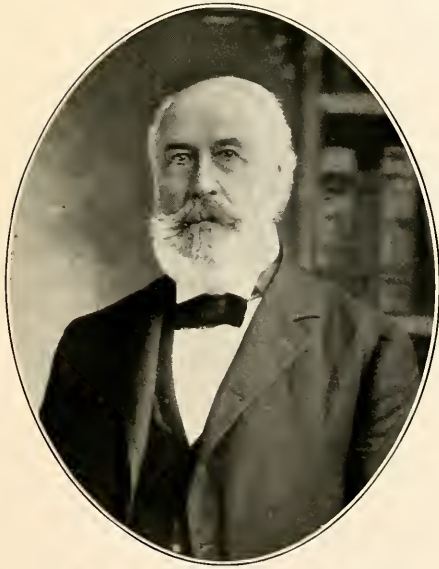
***WILSON McCANDLESS**

JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF PENN-
SYLVANIA, 1859-1876.



***WILLIAM W. McKENNAN**

JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT
OF PENNSYLVANIA.



***JAMES PATTERSON STERRETT**

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF
PENNSYLVANIA.



***EDWIN M. STANTON**

SECRETARY OF WAR.
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S CABINET.

*Deceased.

FAMILIAR FACES



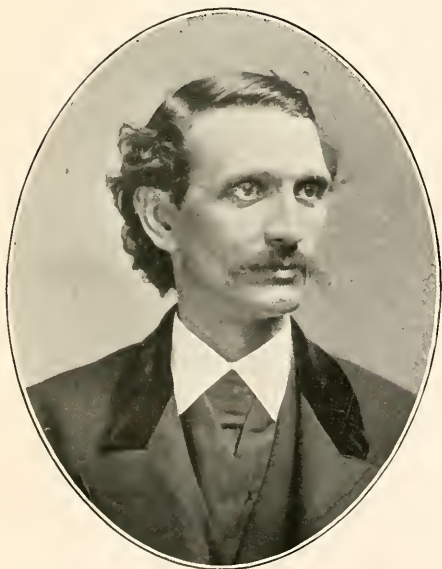
WILLIAM FLINN

STATE SENATOR; CHAIRMAN BOOTH & FLINN,
LIMITED, BANKER AND CAPITALIST.



*CHRISTOPHER LYMAN MAGEE

STATE SENATOR; BANKER AND CAPITALIST.



*ROBERT W. MACKEY

STATE TREASURER, 1873.
ALLEGHENY NATIONAL BANK.



*JAMES S. McKEAN

PRESIDENT OF THE UNION TRUST COMPANY.
1896.

*Deceased.

order to show their severity. He followed by explaining that after conviction, motions for judgment were entirely in his discretion, subject to the approval of the Attorney General, and the Court could not direct him to present anyone for sentence until he was ready to do so, when he would so paint the prisoner as to secure a salty sentence.

Judge McKennan said under the laws then existing he was satisfied that the attorney was a co-ordinate branch of the government, vested with most extraordinary power, and that his caustic remarks of the day before would not have been made had the Court been more fully acquainted with the powers and duties of the attorney. And thereafter they were the best of friends.

While attorneys hated and criminals feared him and the public generally believed him to be without heart, those who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Swoope found in him a few traits at least greatly to be admired.

For instance, after he had secured the conviction of a young fellow who, when school was not in session, loafed about the postoffice in an adjoining county, and robbed it, a most remarkable display of his power was shown. The uncle of the lad was the postmaster—most respected and highly esteemed. The postoffice robberies were mortifying, indeed, for the uncle never dreamed that his nephew was the thief, and consequently the lad had the entire freedom of the postoffice. But Swoope convicted him, notwithstanding there was very little direct evidence of guilt, and everybody interested believed he would be acquitted.

Pending sentence the mother of the lad, a bright fellow, was laid low with an illness brought on by the sad misfortune to her boy. Swoope heard of it, and going up to the jail released and accompanied him on a visit to his mother. The meeting was a sad—most pathetic—one and the mother, tearfully and with an almost broken heart, thanked Mr. Swoope for his kindness and forethought. Suddenly he said to her: "Suppose I leave your boy with you for awhile. Will you promise that he will come to me when I send for him?" She so promised. And then to the boy: "Will you do what your mother promises?" And the sobbing boy answered, "Yes."

He hurriedly withdrew from the home, returned to Pittsburgh, and evidently with the consent of the Attorney General, forgot to "move for judgment," as he never sent for the boy.

On the other hand, when he got his hands upon a supposed criminal he rarely escaped if he made up his mind he would get him. Mail robberies between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh had utterly baffled the authorities, and in their extremity the postoffice inspectors turned to Mr. Swoope. He became inspector and detective, but despite his remarkable ability he despaired of capturing the offender. One day the chief mail agent on the Harrisburg-Pittsburgh run came to him; said he was aware that the crews on the postal cars were all under surveillance on account of robberies, and proposed that if he be taken into the confidence of Mr. Swoope the thief could not much longer evade detection and arrest.

Well, the scheme worked smoothly, but the thefts continued without locating the thief.

One day Mr. Swoope went to the old Union Depot Hotel, accompanied by a deputy United States marshal and a friend, and on the arrival of the suspected train from Harrisburg, about 2 p. m., had the deputy marshal accost the chief postal agent and bid him meet Mr. Swoope in the parlor of the hotel, on the second floor. Mr. Swoope, with much agitation, said to his friend, "I may be mistaken, but I am going to end the investigation of these robberies today, successfully, or return the case to the inspectors."

By this time the deputy marshal and the postal chief were in the parlor. Swoope fastened his piercing black eyes upon the man and then, slowly and deliberately, said: "B——, I have discovered that you are the thief. You are under arrest."

Instantly a shudder went through the entire frame of the fine-looking fellow; he paled in face; his lips quailed, and like a big, blubbing schoolboy, he confessed to the crime.

His adroitness in the thefts had completely baffled the inspectors. He had outwitted Swoope also, who, without a scintilla of evidence against him, put up his bold bluff, as a last resort. He explained as his reason for this final chapter of the chase that the very day on which he came and voluntarily offered his services to Mr. Swoope to catch the thief, Swoope had decided in his own mind that the thief was talking to him. And upon this theory he worked; but at every step almost the trail was lost, and had the bluff failed, detection may not have followed.

The agent had been on the postal cars for a long time and had a good record. He pleaded guilty and was sent to the penitentiary.

MARSHALL SWARTZWELDER.

THIS eminent criminal lawyer told a good story on Mayor Wm. C. McCarthy, for whom he acted as counsel. The Mayor had refused to do a certain thing in the matter of a criminal prosecution, and afterwards seemed to doubt the rightfulness of the decision. He thereupon referred it to his counsel, who courteously informed him he had erred, and results from the wrong action might possibly ensue.

The Mayor glanced significantly at his counsel, whistled fragments of some old tune, and then said:

"Well, Swartz, that's where you and I differ."

Mr. Swartzwelder was somewhat of a humorist and told this story of a collision on Fifth avenue between two men. Whether accidental or otherwise, one was knocked clear over the curb into the street. Looking at the obstruction, he said, "You might at least offer an apology." Said the other, "What is your name?" "John Smith," was the response. "John Smith is a generic term; it may mean a horse or a cow. Good day, sir."

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

THIS world famous musical composer and song writer was a Pittsburgh product, born on the 4th day of July, 1823. His brother, Morrison Foster, had all of his musical compositions from his first effort, the "Tioga Waltz," and in 1896 the author of this volume published "The Biography and Songs" of this remarkable man—a volume including music plates of over 300 pages—double the size the publisher counted on.

Pittsburgh's purchase of the Old Homestead for a Foster Memorial brought him to me as I "sat by the fire," and the story of his life is most interesting. But the latest unpublished matter of interest in his life is appended.

The Suwanee River.

A traveling gentleman, who discovered that the Suwanee River empties into the Gulf of Mexico, fourteen miles from Cedar Keys, thus refers to it, in connection with the Foster Memorial in Pittsburgh:

"It is strange that with all the sentiment that for generations the song, 'The Old Folks at Home,' has created about the Suwanee River, it is a neglected attraction, and as I have since discovered, one that the world at large does not know that Florida possesses. Famous the world over as the Suwanee River is, I found only one person in fifty that I asked about it on a trip to Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh and New York who knew where it is. Many that I questioned are Southern men high in official life in Washington.

"'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber,' next to 'Home, Sweet Home,' has set more heart-strings throbbing than any other song in the world. It has been heard by every man, woman and child in the United States. There is no one who has heard the song who has not felt a desire to see the Suwanee River. Many thousands of the hundreds of thousands of tourists who visit Florida every year would take a boat ride upon the Suwanee River if there were accommodations for tourists on the river.

"Stephen C. Foster, the author of 'The Old Folks at Home,' has done more to perpetuate the melodies of the South in the songs of the Nation than anyone else.

"While in Pittsburgh I took occasion to call upon Mr. Percy F. Smith, who was a personal friend of Morrison Foster, a brother, and who published the 'Biography and Songs of Stephen C. Foster.' Very few copies of the book are in existence. I had the pleasure of reading one in the library at Washington, D. C.

"It would be a fitting thing for Florida to pay a deserving tribute to the man who made the Suwanee River famous; but more than all the man who has written so many Southern melodies and preserved for future generations so much of the charm and the poetry of the old South. A state park or a highway along the Suwanee River, with 'the old log cabin in the bushes,' to be known as the Stephen C. Foster park or highway, would be one of the most fitting ways in which to commemorate the author. Such a memorial would be more lasting than brass or marble and in keeping with the spirit of the man who drew his inspiration from nature and the 'old folks at home.'"

Mr. Ezra P. Young, of Edgeworth adds this on the memorable river:

"There should also be something where the Sea Board Air Line crosses the river at Ellaville, Fla., to show how it has been immortalized by Foster. I have

crossed this river 14 times in an auto coming and going from Pennsylvania to Dunedin, Fla. The new York and Jacksonville highway also crosses it on an iron bridge at this same locality. We have taken kodaks of it, and stopped long enough to sing the melody, "Old Folks at Home." The river is a fine body of water, navigable for good sized boats.

"Just above the crossing, in plain sight, is the Withlacooche river, which takes its rise in Georgia. The tropical foliage fringing the banks of both streams down to the waters edge make it a charming picture. A monument here to Foster would be the right thing and add much to the interest of the place."

J. R. WELDIN.

IT is the natural habit of the average mind to associate a living individual personality with a business house carrying such a name as that of J. R. Weldin & Co. But how many Pittsburghers are there who remember Mr. J. R. Weldin, who always wore a silk hat, and old style stock collar and neckcloth, with coat of long bifurcated skirt? Such apparel is very rare now. Mr. Weldin's name is still first in the title of the well-known book store on Wood street, where it has always been located, but Mr. Weldin died as long ago as 1872, twenty years after taking into his concern as office boy, at the age of 14, his nephew, the late H. Lee Mason, who made his home with his uncle on Ross street.

Mr. Mason developed into a notably successful business man through his careful and successful enterprise, and his faculty for accumulating strong and enduring friendships. He greatly enlarged the scope of the firm's operations. But the firm name has never been changed, being still retained by his son, H. Lee Mason, Jr., who carries on the business with the full measure of success with which it has always been attended. The senior Mr. Mason died in 1912.

Mr. Weldin was a man of some peculiarities, of course, like other unusual characters, and one of these, as told by Mr. Mason, was shown in the trouble he often caused by doing one thing while thinking of another. Frequently on frosty winter mornings on entering the store he would go to the big barrel stove and give the fire a vigorous shake-up—so energetic as to dump all the hot coals into the ash pan. Promptly he would go to the nearby office of a banker with whom he was on friendly terms, where he would stay until sure that young Lee Mason or somebody else in the store had renewed the fire and restored a sense of warmth.

Mr. Weldin and Mr. Mason will always live in memories of the bookstore lore and life of Pittsburgh, along with Dr. Smythe, Jim Hartzell, John Pittcock, Henry Miner, Tony Lewis, James M. Wilkinson, Wm. Read, Jno. B. Dorrington, Samuel B. Davis, Alexander McIlwaine, W. A. Gildenfenny, S. A. Clarke & Co., R. S. Davis and others.

Mr. McIlwaine was father-in-law of F. C. McGirr, the lawyer, and in his day esteemed the finest Shakespearean scholar in this city. He conducted a book auction room on the upper side of Smithfield street, a few doors north of Fifth avenue, where the Mellon bank stands now, and it was the habit of many lawyers, including men as learned and able as the late Tom Marshall, to visit these auction rooms of evenings to listen to Mr. McIlwaine's talks on books and authors. McIlwaine died in 1875.

FAMILIAR FACES



ALBERT JOHNSON LOGAN

A. J. LOGAN & CO., UPHOLSTERERS; COL. 17TH
REGT., NATIONAL GUARD, PENNSYLVANIA.



*ALBERT P. BURCHFIELD

JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,
DRY GOODS.



*THOMAS M. KING

OF B. & O. R. R.

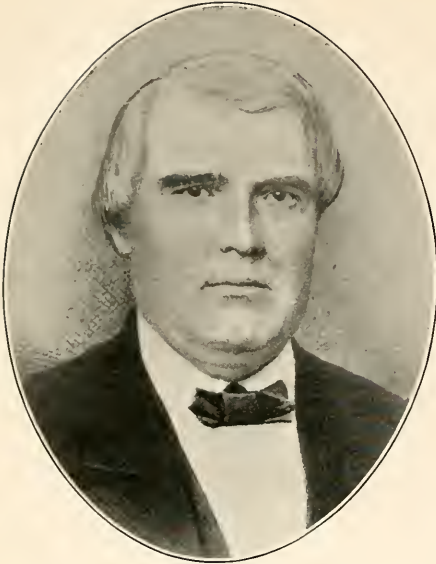


*JOHN SULLIVAN SCULLY

PRESIDENT OF THE DIAMOND NATIONAL
BANK, PITTSBURGH.

*Deceased.

FAMILIAR FACES



***WILLIAM PHILLIPS**
PRESIDENT OF THE ALLEGHENY VALLEY
RAILROAD.



***RICHARD REALF**
EDITOR AND POET; AUTHOR HYMN OF
PITTSBURGH.



***JOHN W. PITTOCK**
FOUNDER OF THE PITTSBURGH LEADER.



***ROBERT WOODS**
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PITTSBURGH.

*Deceased.

JAMES P. BARR AND THE POST.

UNDER the able management of James P. Barr, the *Post*, the only Democratic daily in Western Pennsylvania, enjoyed a State and even a National reputation, and with the exception of the Andrew Johnson administration, Mr. Barr was one of the most prominent factors in Democratic politics. Gen. Geo. W. Cass, President of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway Company, Frank N. Hutchinson, and men of like caliber were among the Democratic leaders with whom Mr. Barr's paper exerted a wide influence. The paper was up-to-date in its news department, for years managed by Mr. John S. Ritenour, and bristled with hot stuff in the editorial columns, as it was reeled off by the veteran editor, James Mills.

There is one funny incident in connection with the *Post* which a live wire employed as a news reporter told.

A man had been arrested for an offense, against whom there was no indictment or even an information.

His name was given, he sued for libel and was awarded nominal damages. Counsel for the defense was told that if the word "alleged" had been used there might have been a loophole of escape. The writer of the libelous article was censured severely and warned about "safety first" in the use of the word "alleged."

A few days afterward he wrote an item about a highway robbery on the Monongahela wharf, in which he asserted "an alleged" man had robbed Thomas O'Brien of his pocketbook. The proof reader passed it up and the reporter walked the "gang plank."

Mr. Barr was a quiet, unobtrusive man, and a kind employer. He was full of good humor. Complaints made by readers against a publication were most diplomatically handled. He would assure the subscriber he could not stand for uncalled-for comments, and on being confronted with the offending reporter, would explain that the best interests of the paper required his dismissal. An efficient reporter thus dealt with on one occasion took his hat and retired; but he did it most gracefully, as this was about the sixteenth time he had been so fired.

The Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick, then District Attorney, was one of the most radical of Republicans and made himself exceedingly obnoxious to Democrats during the Civil War.

The *Post* took every occasion to score him and finally, when elected to the bench, this editorial appeared: "Now that the Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick has been elected Judge, we presume he will study law."

A PROBLEM IN ARITHMETIC

COUNTY Superintendent Hamilton propounded to a class of youngsters a problem in arithmetic very simple indeed. He proposed 2 apples for Mary, 2 for Sarah and 2 for Julia. How many apples? No reply, the mortified teacher asked the superintendent to repeat the question, and clapping her hands, said every one can answer. Still no response when little Edna raised her hand, was recognized, and said: "Please, Mr. Superintendent, we do our examples in potatoes."

WILLIAM C. SMYTHE.

THE versatile "Billy" Smythe, manager of the Academy of Music, newspaper reporter, lecturer, and cheap popular excursion manager—who does not recall him, reinforced as he always was with the "smile that would not come off"? But he will never be forgotten by those engaged in educational affairs in 1876. Smythe conceived the idea of taking the school children of Pittsburgh to the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia—the one hundredth year of our Independence. He was laughed at, of course. But he hammered the proposition through the Central Board of Education, and after lengthy interviews satisfied the P. R. R. management it was practicable. The rate per child was nominal—\$3.00—round trip, and the teachers were to be included.

The day came; the citizens en masse supplied the children with cakes, candies, milk, fruit, etc., and from Liberty street, speeding eastward, train after train load departed.

David M. Boyd was General Passenger Agent of the Railroad Company, and in person superintended the arrival and unloading of the trains at the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia.

Mr. Smythe was in charge of the eleventh section, and on meeting with Mr. Boyd was told there were 10 sections following. Twenty-one sections of 10 cars each—210 car loads.

Mr. Boyd told Mr. Smythe it was the greatest undertaking in the history of passenger traffic on the Pennsylvania Railroad; but he doubted if it would ever again be attempted.

The children swarmed through the Centennial buildings and grounds, had a most wonderful and instructive outing, clung to Smythe and their teachers, and were returned to Pittsburgh in the best of spirits without the slightest mishap of any kind.

OLIVER T. BENNETT.

OLIVER T. BENNETT was the first shorthand reporter employed on a newspaper in Pittsburgh, the *Commercial* having secured his services. He was a talented fellow, and not only furnished the most elaborate reports of conventions and other great events, but could have been a court reporter had he not preferred journalism. On the occasion of the observance of the first Decoration Day—Memorial Day—in Pittsburgh young Bennett contested with Bartley Campbell and other local, as well as outside poets for the prize poem to be read on Decoration Day. R. Biddle Roberts, lawyer; Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick and one other prominent citizen was the committee to select the winner, and Bennett was awarded the medal. I give only the opening stanza, as the poem was quite lengthy:

"Half mast the flag and muffle the drum,
And march with a solemn tread.
An hour most sacred to freemen has come,
When with garlands we honor the dead."

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY.

MR. WILLIAM T. LINDSEY was for many years Clerk of the United States District Court at Pittsburgh. Widely known as the friend of everybody, he was almost a brother to the author. He furnished me a poem written when Rev. David K. Nesbitt, Rev. Maxwell Cornelius and Mr. Lindsey were at school, in Haysville, Ohio, but he declined to indicate which of the trio was the author. So by general consent it was attributed to the "Syndicate." The victim's best girl had jilted him and he sent her this anathema:

"In the Garden of Eden she met with a man,
And there, I believe, her first flirting began.
Adam was young—hadn't been much with the girls,
And was smit all at once with the young lady's curls.
She fondled around him and acted the dove,
Till she got the innocent creature in love;
Then to be independent and make his heart ache,
She turned from her lover to talk to a snake.
And ever since then, when she fell from that level,
She'll quit any lover to talk to—well, anyone she chances to meet."

JOHN W. PITTOCK.

EVERYBODY knew "Johnny Pittock," the news dealer, stationer and publisher, better, perhaps, as the newsboy, whose special notoriety dated with the publication of the *Sunday Leader*. His editors were James McIver, James Mills, C. E. Locke and others, and the only Sunday paper in Pittsburgh was eagerly looked for and read with interest.

Bartley Campbell, the writer and afterwards the great playwright, contributed a story, "Almost Lost," furnishing each chapter weekly—sometimes not until Friday evening—and in the days when there were no Mergenthaler linotypes. Pittock once laughingly said he was "almost lost" himself in getting to the end of that story.

Pittock soon hitched up with R. P. Nevin & Sons, Col. John I., Jos. T. and Theodore Nevin, and the Evening *Leader* made its appearance under the name of Pittock, Nevin & Co. In later years it became the property of the Nevins, until acquired by its present owner, Mr. A. P. Moore.

It at once made its way into popular favor, as it differed entirely from the *Chronicle* and the Evening *Gazette*—it was distinctly Pittock & Nevin—the first having an eye to business, and the Nevins furnishing the best obtainable writing talent.

It was fearless. Pittock had already been in a libel suit, which had ended in his vindication, his counsel, Thomas M. Marshall, having turned the proceeding into a burlesque. And the paper got a wonderful advertisement. Pittock almost shed tears as he jocularly related Marshall's plea in behalf of the poor little Pittsburgh newsboy, "Johnny Pittock."

An "all sorts" column by W. W. Clark, and other features inaugurated by able editors, soon advanced it to the front rank in independent journalism—a position it has maintained throughout its existence.

The Nevins sold the plant to Mr. A. P. Moore, its present principal owner, for a very large sum of money, and it is still one of the most fearless journals published.

Mr. Robert P. Nevin afterward launched the *Times*, a morning paper, which later on became the property of Mr. Chris L. Magee and associates, and is now merged with the *Gazette*.

FRANK MURPHY,

OF THE "Old Home" Temperance Work in Pittsburgh—and who will not remember how this wonderful apostle of temperance won his way with the people and the down-and-outs?—simple, indeed—moral suasion. The inebriate who wanted to start life anew, reeling drunk, his stockingless feet showing through his tattered shoes, was not signed up on the moment. Murphy secured him a bath, a good meal, clean clothes, stockings and shoes, and prayed for him, and when the prodigal had fully come to himself, through Mr. Murphy he returned to the father's house. He signed the pledge—he kept it. Why? Because he took "God into partnership with him." That was the story of almost every Murphy convert.

And Mr. Murphy thanked me for my help in his work, through my newspaper reports, and for my addresses, and notably for my help in one of his campaigns at Sterling, Ill. Thousands have said and will continue to say "God bless Frank Murphy."

ROBERT RAIKES.

I WAS very much interested in the notice in the *Gazette-Times* of Robert Raikes and his relation to the Sunday School, as well as the public school system. He was indeed a poor printer of Gloucester, and little noticed. But he was moved with pity at the sight of neglected children playing in the streets of his city on Sunday, and engaged some women to instruct what waifs he could gather into the town halls. At first they were compensated, but soon a host of good women were found who refused to accept pay for this work of love.

Raikes lived only until about 1811, but long enough to see that the wonderful work had spread throughout the whole of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and crossed the seas into America.

But it was not until 1818, or thereabouts, that the church in America recognized the tremendous possibilities of the system growing out of Raikes' first Sunday School. In New England sessions were held in town halls and public buildings, but the church was closed to the work until about 1818. Even then

for quite a while the pupils were allowed only to commit to memory Scripture; no effort was made to promote instruction. But the system grew. Thirst for knowledge could not be stayed, and the "village improvement society" was organized, the function of which is now represented by our playgrounds; temperance organizations among young and old were encouraged and public libraries organized. There was city planning and parks, young and old seeking out neglected lots and street corners, and beautifying them with the permission of the owners.

About 1820 the church recognized the system and adopted it as the "nursery," and New England has the record of a boy who at one sitting recited the whole book of Luke. And, by the way, rules and regulations adopted by Raikes are practically the basis of the present system of Sunday School and also public school instruction in America.

Furthermore the influence of this early system of taking boys and girls off the streets and employing them, now so wonderfully represented in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association and Boy Scouts, was seen nearly 50 years ago, when boys in a New England town requested the abrogation of the strict law prohibiting an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration. The public commissioners were enforcing the law for a "safe and sane Fourth," and were especially determined that the streets should not be littered with the debris of fire-crackers.

A delegation of boys of a Raikes school called upon the commissioners and asked permission to make "Rome howl" on a certain Independence Day. They promised to organize a force of boys and raise the necessary money to clean up the city if allowed to make the "eagle scream." See "Tales that are told."

Permission was finally granted with the understanding that the town must be cleaned up by the evening of July 5, with no expense to the people, and one of the most "glorious Fourths" was observed.

But the spirit of '76 was still strong in New England, and the town commissioners held a "called meeting" and resolved that such patriotism as those boys showed deserved recognition. They directed the street commissioner to clean the streets at the expense of the town, released the boys from their contract, and the people said "Amen."

And some of those boys of Robert Raikes' are now the men of New England, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, who are startling the old world by their purchase of Liberty bonds—the boys and men who will be behind the bonds not to clean up the streets after a "Fourth of July jubilee," but to clean up forever Prussian brutality and tyranny. Pennsylvania's magnificent educational system is a monument to the memory of Robert Raikes.

He was a poor printer; so was Benjamin Franklin. Philadelphia has an enduring monument to Franklin. May I apply these words to Raikes as his monument during the oncoming years:

Only the truth in life he has spoken,
Only the seeds in life he has sown;
These will live onward when he is forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what he has done.

JOSHUA T. COLE.

JOSHUA T. COLE, the Poet Engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who pulled a throttle for 26 years without an accident, and who never was on the carpet but once, for infraction of the rules, was a Christian and had never tasted alcoholic liquors. He was the Whitcomb Riley of the veteran "foot board" men, and found time to put in rhyme notable things which came under his observation. He attended an adult Bible class banquet, in an up-state town and the answer to a toast was "Have you j'ined?"

SAY, are you a member
Of our Men's Bible Class,
Or, like Balaam of old,
Are you riding an ass
And willing to curse,
Always ready to holler
For political fame
Or an ill-gotten dollar?

If not a member,
Why don't you join now?
There's Chairman McClain,
Who will show you just how
To get next to men
Who on one common level
Are doing their best
To defeat the old devil.

Our Chairman McClain
Handles all weighty matters;
He can talk like a parrot,
But he never chatters;
He has figured it out,
All theories exploded;
It's an impossibility
To get the class overloaded.

We've a jolly good crew,
And a splendid train master,
Who always inspires
Both teacher and pastor.

Many nationalities
In this class represented.
We have men who came sinners
And since have repented;
There are Gentiles and Jews,
Italians and Syrians,
Who with spontaneous joy,
All become Presbyterians.

We have English and Irish,
And a Dutchman or two,
And also one Chinaman,
Who still wears a cue;
Butchers and bakers,
And dealers in lamps;
We also have merchants
Who give trading stamps.

Conductors and trainmen,
And the firemen, too,
Engineers and operators,
We have a full crew;

We have men with bald heads
And some who have hair,
And one we call Burgess,
Some call him the Mayor;
Some wear a mustache,
While others just try it;
And when it looks pale,
Then sometimes they dye it.

We have doctors and dentists,
People say they are fine
At removing your pain
And extracting your coin;
They say that for cramps,
After eating pig's feet,
That Allen's Foot Ease
Can never be beat.

Many men who have talent
And are gifted with song—
You can always depend
They have it along;
While not every fellow
Can sing it by note,
It's a mighty sight better
Than the bleat of a goat.

So each fellow feels
 That he's one of the boys,
 And he opens his mouth
 To make joyful noise,
 Along with the class
 Which to him means so much,
 To elbow with men
 With a true common touch.

Now, we've eat of your banquet
 And drank from your cups
 Till we look like a colony
 Of young pizened pups;
 With the evidence apparent,
 It's so very emphatic,
 Of over-doing your dining room
 And neglecting your attic.

We have men who are married
 And some that I see
 By their lingering glances
 Would sure like to be;
 So twist up your courage
 Till the safety valve blows
 And ask her to marry,
 For Lord only knows

How long she's been waiting
 For you to impart
 The secret locked up
 In your cowardly heart;
 If a man stays a bachelor
 After this splendid dinner
 Expel him from class
 An irredeemable sinner.

THE RUM POWER IN AMERICA.

EX-GOVERNOR J. FRANK HANLY, of Indiana, most highly commended my answer to the question, "The Rum Power in America," pronounced it "good work," and published it in the *National Enquirer*. Here it is as I first delivered it more than forty years ago:

"It is supported by two of the strongest tendencies in human nature. The two pillars that support it are animal appetite and love of money. It defies legislatures; it bribes juries; it breaks through the flimsy cobwebs of municipal laws; it dictates political platforms; it tramps under its cloven hoof the Holy Sabbath and the law of God; it grows rich on the hard-earned wages of poverty; it fattens on the murdered souls of men, and, sitting in its stately palace, or lounging in its filthy den, it laughs at the broken home, sneers at the widows' tears, and mocks the orphans' cry for bread. It steals the son's kind heart and robs the mother of his love. It leads the blooming daughter through the dim alley to the haunts of sin. It transforms the father's loving tenderness into beastly cruelty and murderous hate. It changes the once loved and loving bride into the drudging slave of the drunkard's hut. It sends the husband to a drunkard's hopeless doom, and drags the orphaned babe away from home and friends and casts it into the putrid stream of crime, to float on downward into worse than death. Thus does it sweep the smile from childhood's sunny face; it dims the luster of ambition in the eye of youth, and smears with foul disgrace the hoary locks of age."

H. C. FRICK.

"IN the name of Pittsburgh," Mr. H. C. Frick made a subscription of \$1,500,000 for Liberty Bonds, fourth loan. This is not only the largest personal bond purchase, but one of the strongest illustrations of what the real Pittsburgh instinct means. Mr. Frick helps along the cause of human liberty, assists the efforts of the government, patriotically backs up the boys cutting their way through the miles of barbed wire on the Hindenburg line, but what is most striking is that he places all this in the name and to the credit of Pittsburgh.

Comparatively speaking, it is but a few years since the author saw him "in shirt sleeves," about the clerical business of the company store at Broadford Junction on the old Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad.

Andrew Carnegie admitted he won a great prize when he "annexed" Mr. Frick and his vast Coke interests to the Carnegie Steel Company, and thereby secured his help in administration. But how can one find words to suitably describe the coup a few years later, when the whilom clerk in a country store was one of the foremost men in the organization of the United States Steel Company?

Pittsburgh is justly proud of the fact that the great captains of American industry had to sit at the feet of this young Gamaliel and learn from him.

Mr. Frick's fourth subscription to Liberty Bonds recalls the fact that his days of big things date back for these many years. For to the author of this volume, and James McKean, he testified his admiration for Wm. McKinley and Pittsburgh, by subscribing \$5,000 to the fund to hold the National Convention in Pittsburgh—then added \$5,000 that could be counted on, and finally advised that Pittsburgh should not lose out on the financial end if \$50,000 were needed. His idea then was that Pittsburgh was big enough for any kind of a National Convention.

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK.

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK is recalled by the fact that "six grandsons" are in France, every one a volunteer in the World's War. One brave boy gave up his life "over there" in August, 1918, on his twenty-first birthday. Dr. Clark was a prominent minister in Pittsburgh 50 years ago, and a most lovable man, indeed. He was pastor of the "Old Home" M. P. Church, Fifth avenue, and afterwards editor of the *Methodist Recorder*. He was a remarkable worker, and found time to lecture all over the country. In 1879, while on a lecture tour in the South, he became ill at the Kimball House, in Atlanta. Governor Colquit, who had never met him, had him removed to the executive mansion, where he afterwards died.

Mrs. Clark, now in her eighty-fourth year, and 10 children survive Dr. Clark. Also 38 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

Mr. E. B. Clark, the oldest son, resides in Knoxville, South Side, and has two sons in the service—both volunteers. One, Edward, is sergeant in the Signal Corps in France, and Frank with the Naval Reserves in Buffalo, N. Y. Frank has already seen service and is back in the United States awaiting orders.

LOUIS NEEB.

AN unassuming gentleman was Mr. Louis Neeb, father of Mr. Harry Neeb, of the business department of the *Freiheits-Freund* newspaper, and he was greatly esteemed by all newspaper men who were brought in contact with him. The author recalls one among many incidents of his quaintness in granting a favor. The city required a bond of \$1,000 to insure completion of a contract, and the author asked Mr. Neeb if he would sign the bond. He quickly responded "That is something L. & W. Neeb never do——"

Here the author broke in to say no harm had been done, when Mr. Neeb resumed: "That is something L. & W. Neeb never do; but we will sign your bond, with pleasure, as soon as you have it ready."

ALEXANDER P. MOORE.

EMPLOYED in a brick yard when but nine years of age, Alexander P. Moore, of the *Leader*, concluded wheeling clay in later years would not provide much ease for his dependent mother. He stopped not on the order of going, but unceremoniously quit, and hired as office boy in the *Telegraph*. His best beloved sister thought he had made a great mistake—sacrificing the chance to be a brick maker to become a "printers devil"—but Alex said he intended to be "an editor." His salary was \$3.00 per week; but he speedily annexed one or two legitimate enterprises that swelled his receipts to \$15.00 per week. Editor Harry Byram, soon promoted Alex to be a "reporter," at \$8.00 per week, but the youthful financier was unable to discern the promotion. But mark you, he had to make good his promise to his sister and "reporter" was his title, at the compromise sum of \$10.00 per week—without interruption to his "side" ventures. One day he said to his sister: Tomorrow's *Press* will announce that Oliver S. Hershman and the brick yard boy had purchased the paper, and that Alex was to be the Editor. His sister's answer was, "I knew all the time you would be an editor."

Many incidents might be related of Mr. Moore, did I care to violate his oft repeated request to refrain from alluding to them, but his meeting with President Roosevelt was unique. Calling upon the Chief Magistrate, with a committee, he told him there was an indictment against a banker in Western Pennsylvania, which bid fair to lapse by delay in trial, and said justice demanded prosecution and punishment.

Pointing his finger straight at Moore, whom he had never seen, he fairly shouted: I will direct prosecution at once, and if the facts do not sustain your statements I will expose you. Mr. Moore answered: And if do develop the facts and you do not prosecute the banker, I will expose you.

President Roosevelt grabbed him by the hand, commended his frankness and so it is that ever since there has been a David and Jonathan friendship between them. Mr. Moore has been in the newspaper work continuously for 41 years, and on retiring from part ownership of the *Press*, became the chief owner of the *Leader*.

JOHN S. RITENOUR.

WITHOUT question Mr. John S. Ritenour is the best Superintendent and Manager the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society has had since its organization, and his record is the foundation that is laid for every live newspaper man—an experience that fits for almost any public duty or responsibility.

Here is his record:

Printer's "devil," printer, reporter, copy editor, telegraph editor, city editor, legislative correspondent, managing editor, writing editor, publisher.

Ten years managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Post*; two years managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*; two years managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Daily News*; three years managing editor of the *Pittsburgh Press*; five years city editor of the *Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette*; author of "Journalism As a Profession" (*The Forum*); "Early Newspapers of Southwestern Pennsylvania" (*The Inland Printer*, 1913); publisher (with William T. Lindsey) and annotator of "Doddridge's Notes," edition of 1912, etc., etc. Organized the staffs and successfully launched the *Pittsburgh Press*, *Pittsburgh News*, and *Uniontown Evening Genius*.

Mr. Ritenour was the most accommodating reporter the *Post* ever had, and every time an irate reader complained about a publication, the boss summarily dismissed him, and Mr. R. glided out of the front door, only to return by the rear entrance to his desk in the editorial room.

And he is still the same painstaking, accommodating gentleman.

HON. J. W. F. WHITE.

NOW that there is a rush to change names that "were made in Germany," a story is recalled in the life of Hon. John W. Fletcher White, of the Common Pleas Court. Application had been made by one Marschalie for a change to the name of Marshall. Judge White, without much hesitation, looking over his nose glasses, said: "No, I will not change this name to Marshall, in view of the notables of that name—Chief Justice Marshall, Thomas M. Marshall, and others; but I will approve the petition if the name of Judas Iscariot is substituted."

OLIVER McCLINTOCK.

ONE of the foremost citizens of Pittsburgh in every movement to make the city "useful as well as beautiful," is Oliver McClintock. For nearly half a century he was quite prominent in business circles, yet all the while gave of his time and means in support of every project tending to promote good government in both city and county. Notably has he been in the lead in church benevolences and charities and a number of our most successful institutions for the care of the sick and helpless, missions, etc., have received substantial help, not only from Mr. McClintock, but from a host of his friends whom he took along with him on every movement which had his indorsement.

His chief pleasure was to uphold and defend his native city, yet he has never hesitated to denounce wrong-doing wherever he found it. It has been a delight to have him "sit by the fire" with the author, as he has done for many years.

SAMUEL P. HARBISON.

ALWAYS willing to "err on the side of mercy" was one of the main traits of the life of Mr. Samuel P. Harbison. This had substantial illustration when the court house was dedicated on the anniversary of the one hundredth year of the county. With John B. Jackson and S. S. Marvin, Mr. Harbison represented the Chamber of Commerce on the Finance Committee. The railroad managers had made the concession of a cent a mile rate for visitors to the city during the three days celebration, and also substantial subscriptions to the expense fund.

Mr. James McCrea, Vice President of the Pennsylvania Company, was out of the city when the arrangements for excursions were concluded, and on his return was asked by the committee to make a contribution to the fund.

Mr. McCrea said if he had been in the city, the cent a mile rate would not have been granted on his lines, and he was quite incensed that any committee should ask on top of such a concession and loss, a money subscription.

As every other railroad company promptly co-operated with the Chamber of Commerce in the celebration by liberal subscriptions, there was considerable feeling over Mr. McCrea's blunt reception of the visitors, and the first impulse was to impale him before the public through the newspapers.

Mr. Harbison quickly suggested to the Publicity Committee that not a word of the friction be given, as he felt sure Mr. McCrea would, on reflection, change his mind. If not, the money would be forthcoming from some other source.

And Mr. Harbison was entirely right. His word carried, and Mr. McCrea, after the celebration was over, was so pleased with the results, he sent for the gentleman to whom he was so blunt and made a substantial subscription, which enabled the committee to close its accounts without a deficit.

EDWARD F. HOUSTON.

JUST as "Memory's Milestones" is being put to press, death suddenly called an old friend and familiar citizen, Edward F. Houston, brother of Charles W. Houston, formerly of the *Press*. "Ed" was his title when "Andy" Carnegie was his running mate as messengers of the Western Union Telegraph Company. To him came the distinguished honor of carrying the first message announcing the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He was identified with the oil interests of Pittsburgh in the days of the activity of that industry, and latterly had charge of the estate of David Reighard. He was a Democrat until the Bryan 16-to-1 campaign, when he became a Republican. Of sturdy stock, he was a substantial citizen of the soundest integrity.

HARRY DAVIS.

WHEN fire laid waste the Grand Opera House, Harry Davis promised the public a play house unequaled in America; and that he excelled his best artistic ability is evidenced in the dream in which one finds himself or herself when comfortably ensconced in the house. The enchanting beauty of the interior is never lost sight of, notwithstanding the attractions on the stage are of the most superb character. But I hazard nothing in saying that few outside the writer remembers Harry when he knocked at the door of the "Old Exposition & Loan Society Exhibition," adjoining Smoky Island, in the lower part of Allegheny, more than 35 years ago. Mr. Ezra P. Young was manager, and the strange youth wanted a small space outside the building for an "athletic stunt." A bargain was consummated, Mr. Young secured \$10.00, and Davis assured him that the exhibition would be clean—and by the way his exhibitions ever since have also been clean. The Davis stunt was the setting up of dolls, which were knocked off their pins with base balls, three for five cents. Young was green with envy when he discovered young Davis raking in the "nickels," while the fireworks, day and evening, and balloon ascension were in the discard. This was the Davis start for a marvelous theatrical success, and how much more lucre he might have annexed was cut short by fire, which entirely destroyed the old building and everything in it.

HOW MANY DO YOU REMEMBER?

“OF THE making of books there would be many” did the author pause to note the interesting episodes in the lives of all who “came and sat with him by the fire.” But here are some with whom much good counsel and advice was obtained as he journeyed along the pleasant pathway of a life of swept past the milestones. In the list also are some I still meet almost daily, whose friendships are cemented by the years.

Henry W. Oliver, Sr.,
Col. Henry B. Hays,
James Watson,
James Laughlin, Sr.,
Wilson A. Shaw,
John D. Scully,
Chas. E. Speer,
Col. Jas. M. Schoonmaker,
Hon. J. K. Moorhead,
Robt. McKnight,
Max K. Moorhead,
Campbell B. Herron,
John S. Slagle,
James I. Bennett,
John Graff,
Henry Lloyd,
Frank Sellers,

William Bissell,
Reese Owens,
W. W. Speer,
Andrew Jackman,
William H. Everson,
James Rees,
Thomas P. Houston,
Chas. Donnelly,
Bernard Rafferty,
Geo. H. Yohe,
John Shipton,
Dr. Thomas J. Gallagher,
Dr. E. A. Wood,
David Sims,
John M. Yohe,
David Fitzsimmons,
George Fortune,

Dr. David H. Hostetter,
J. R. Yohe,
Sellers McKee,
Jas. Verner,
Murray Verner,
Wm. McCully,
Jas. McCully,
Benj. Darlington,
Harry Darlington,
James D. Layng,
J. N. McCullough,
Thomas M. Howe,
Dr. Hussey,
C. H. Zug,
R. J. Anderson,
Sil Cosgrave,
Nathan McDowell,

Henry Addison Lysle,
 Alex. Wilson,
 Sam'l Wilson,
 Martin W. Rankin,
 John D. Thompson,
 Reuben Miller,
 Chas. McKnight,
 R. C. McEldowney,
 Thomas J. Keenan, Sr.,
 John A. Bell,
 Cyrus Gray,
 Wm. Metcalf,
 James McKibben,
 John R. Bingler,
 H. C. Bughman,
 James Willock,
 Capt. R. B. Robinson,
 Andrew B. Stevenson,
 R. J. Wilson,
 Samuel Thompson,
 S. Harvey Thompson,
 W. H. Brown,
 Thomas Bakewell,
 Capt. S. S. Brown,
 W. S. Brown,
 Capt. Harry Brown,
 Jacob J. Speck,
 Robert Palmer,
 James Palmer,
 John Palmer,
 Thomas Smith,
 Dr. Cadwalader Evans,
 W. O. Hughart,
 Wm. Walker,
 Wm. Getty,
 James Littell,
 Thomas L. Blair,
 James Bryce,
 Robert D. Bryce,
 John Bryce,
 Jas. B. O'Hara,
 S. Dunc Karns,
 Geo. M. Reed,
 D. T. Reed,
 Dr. C. C. Rinehart,

J. D. McIlroy,
 J. Allison Reed,
 Thomas C. Jenkins,
 Jas. J. Donnell,
 John B. Jackson,
 Geo. Dilworth,
 Wm. Dilworth,
 W. C. Quincy,
 John J. Torley,
 Wm. McConway,
 Capt. Jas. A. Henderson,
 Capt. James Fairman,
 Isaiah Dickey,
 A. Hartupee,
 Sam'l Morrow,
 Joseph Pennock,
 Wm. B. Hays,
 W. J. Friday,
 Geo. W. Schmidt,
 S. Hamilton,
 John H. Mellor,
 C. C. Mellor,
 Paul Zimmerman,
 J. J. Gillespie,
 Geo. R. Duncan,
 James McC. Creighton,
 Geo. Glass,
 J. J. Lawrence,
 A. D. Smith,
 J. G. Bennett,
 Henry A. Weaver,
 Calvin Wells,
 Wm. Miller,
 Col. Wm. A. Herron,
 William E. Schmertz,
 R. S. Hemiup,
 Thos. P. Hershberger,
 A. Garrison,
 John H. Ricketson,
 Arthur Kirk,
 David Kirk,
 John Chislett,
 John H. Perring,
 Col. J. W. Ballentine,
 Wm. Tomlinson,

A. F. Keating,
 Jacob Painter,
 Wm. Singer,
 Wm. K. Nimick,
 Alex. Nimick,
 Jas. Park, Jr.,
 Wm. G. Park,
 Wm. Weyman,
 John Grazier,
 Alex. Murdoch,
 John Murdoch,
 John F. Steel,
 James McAuley,
 Dr. A. H. Gross,
 Jas. Means,
 G. L. Peck,
 W. B. Horner,
 Frank Higgins,
 Geo. Welshons,
 Fred Muller,
 Geo. N. McCain,
 J. W. Orr,
 E. B. Taylor,
 H. W. Bickel,
 James McCrea,
 Robt. Pitcairn,
 J. D. O'Neil,
 J. B. Brittan,
 Dr. Jos. Abel,
 Chas. Meyran,
 Sam'l W. Moody,
 H. K. Porter,
 R. E. McCarty,
 J. W. Renner,
 Dr. John McNaugher,
 J. J. Turner,
 Rev. W. E. McCulloch,
 Dr. J. F. McClurkin,
 Dr. John G. Brown,
 Wm. Thaw,
 Bernard Shea,
 Chas. J. Clarke,
 Benjamin Thaw,
 C. W. Batchelor, and
 many, many others.

BEN FRANKLIN.

AS I "sat by the fire" with this wonderful man—Patriot, Philosopher, Philanthropist, Printer—I noticed a smile on his face as he perused my answer to a toast at a Ben Franklin Club dinner in Pittsburgh a few years since.

A brief outline is appended:

He was the fifteenth child in a family of seventeen, and his father at first intended he should be a minister. But when he heard of the fabulous wages paid printers, he decided otherwise, and at the age of 12 he was apprenticed at the printing trade.

He very early displayed a thirst for reading, and perused everything within reach, finally satiating his thirst when Mr. Carnegie established his free libraries.

Franklin walked from Boston to Philadelphia one December, partly for exercise and partly because stage fares were high, and, the historian says, arrived in the Quaker City "without friends and almost destitute." He was not clad in Quaker coat and knee pants, as we see him in the pictures, nor in a mark-down top coat, arctic overshoes, etc., but wore a seersucker coat and vest and a straw hat. In fact, Ben was the pioneer "tramp printer," a most conspicuous figure a half century ago. But that little "hike" from Boston did not amount to much when you consider the Western Coyote—who thinks nothing of going 150 miles for breakfast and 200 miles for dinner. He would rather be "sight-seeing" than staying at home and living off his friends.

At an early age he contributed articles to the *New England Courant*, his brother's paper, but quarreled with him and a separation followed.

On the day of his freedom—that is the completion of his apprenticeship—he was told to make his home with his boss, to sweep out the office, make the fires and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife do the household work, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get 40 cents per month.

Governor Keith, of Pennsylvania, took a fancy to Ben and suggested he get a printing office for himself. He did so in 1788, going to England for his plant. He stayed there a year and a half, during which time he wrote a book on "Liberty and Necessities; Pleasure and Pain."

But it was when he printed "bank notes," the circulating medium, that "he rose from affluence to poverty."

While editor and proprietor of a paper, which he owned, he published "Poor Richard's Almanac," afterwards "The Way to Wealth."

Governor Keith again suggested his own printing plant, and promised him the State printing, but the Governor hadn't consulted the State Capital "trimmers" and the printing went to a favored political heeler.

It was at this time that Franklin wrote his notable poem on "Of all sad things of tongue and pen, the saddest are these, it might have Ben."

Several times in his life his financial thermometer went down below zero, and he was frozen out and had to take in washing for a living. He had been everything from a newspaper editor down to a cow-catcher on a locomotive, and

if he lived much longer he would find out what mysterious design Providence had in creating him.

He was such an "all around" man in the printing office, you could never find him.

He organized the first fire company in Pittsburgh—the old Vigilant in Third avenue—and also engineered the organization of the Ben Franklin Insurance Company. On account of his connection with trust companies, he was widely known as "Trusty Ben," and he never touched anything intoxicating in his life unless—unless you count whisky.

In 1744 he invented the stove which bears his name, which almost drove out of the market natural gas, but the Philadelphia Company having gobbled all the gas on or under the earth, also secured the traction lines to haul the gas from distant points, and the stove had a limited run.

But every printing office had its Franklin stove, unpolished, but decorated and ornamented with polka dot tobacco juice contributions.

Ben patented the loose-leaf ledgers, and got along right well until members of the Franklin Club, Pittsburgh, "infringed."

He married a Miss Read—I have already said he was a good reader—and after that things prospered wonderfully, as they generally do when one gets a sensible life partner. His wife had laughed at him as she beheld him, from her window, on that hike from Boston. He was lunching on a loaf of bread.

Shortly after his marriage his brother was in jail for publishing articles offensive to the political managers, and Ben started the *Gazette*, Senator Oliver's paper. One day he kicked the "devil"—the office boy—and "Barney" McKenna gave him 30 days in jail.

Mr. W. B. McFall, of the Murdoch-Kerr Co., went up to bail him out, but the jailer said, "You couldn't pump him out."

It was while he was President of the Pittsburgh Printers' Club that Franklin discovered the identity of electricity with lightning and planned to defend houses by "pointed conductors." In modern life the wife is usually the live wire—the real pointed conductress. But to Franklin is due all the electric organizations in America, and as he sat on the stage at a Pittsburgh convention with two of the prominent printers of the city, the gang dubbed them the three graces, and standing, sang an ode, but owing to the lateness of the hour got mixed in their selection, and here is how it sounded:

"There were three crows sat on a tree," etc.

He established the first public library, notwithstanding Mr. Carnegie says "hoot, man."

In Philadelphia, where they wear mourning ribbons on their window shutters and use tombstones for door steps, a historian says of Ben:

In person he was 5 feet 9 or 10 inches and well and strongly made. He had a fair complexion, while his manners were extremely affable.

But, seriously, he filled many public offices, all with eminent satisfaction, just like the all-around printer and newspaper man is doing today in whatever line of public business he is called to follow.

Franklin labored to secure American Independence and saw it successful. He studied the well-being and happiness of his fellow men and few were more

successful in their aim. He was extremely winning and affable and the public generally, and printers of America in particular, look upon him as a great benefactor. He died in 1790, aged 84 years, and Congress ordered mourning for a period of two months.

Poor Richard says:

Beware of little expenses: a little leak will sink a great ship.

Would you live at ease? Do what you ought, not what you please.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

Neglect mending a small Fault, and it will soon be a great one.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Necessity never made a good bargain.

Clean your Finger before you point at my Spots.

If a man could have Half his Wishes, he would double his Troubles.

Glass, China and Reputation are easily crack'd, and never well mended.

Let us endeavor so to live that when we die even the undertaker will be sorry.

Let thy discontents by thy secrets.

Industry need not wish.

Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every new year find you a better man.

Calamity and Prosperity are the Touchstones of Integrity.

As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence.

There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog and ready money.

Better is a little with content than much with contention.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.

Let the maid-servant be faithful, strong and homely.

He that can have patience can have what he will.

God heals, the doctor takes the fee.

Three removes are as bad as a fire.

He that hath a trade hath an estate.

The Wise and Brave dares own that he was wrong.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands.

Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.

Love your Enemies, for they tell you your Faults.

Fish and visitors smell in three days.

The busy Man has few idle Visitors; to the boiling Pot the Flies come not.

If you feel that you must join something, join the Stay-With-Your-Wife Society.

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterwards.

The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?

If you would reap Praise, you must sow the Seeds, gentle Words and useful Deeds.

Lost time is never found again.

'Tis easier to suppress the first Desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.

Pittsburgh's Patriotic Record

Honor—not wealth.

Liberty—not license.

Country—not self.

PITTSBURGH'S PATRIOTIC RECORD.

"KEEP the Home Fires Burning" is the popular song in America, of the World's War, and unbounded enthusiasm follows the music of the "Star Spangled Banner," "America," "The Marseillaise," "God Save the King," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," etc. But the music of the Civil War included all these and many more, such as "Rally 'Round the Flag," "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground," "The Vacant Chair," etc., and while it is gratifying to know of all that is being done in these recent years to "keep the home fires burning" it is gratifying also to recall the patriotic efforts of the "stay-at-homes" during all of our American wars—notably the Civil War.

Briefly, then, is cited below some of the work, gifts, services, sacrifices, etc., of the patriotic men and women of Pittsburgh and vicinity in previous wars, and during the present World's War:

"Drives" may suit other localities—but Pittsburgh always "leads."

Allegheny county furnished two companies for the War of 1812.

Guns and shells for the Mexican War were manufactured here.

Pittsburgh was captured in war twice.

For the Mexican War in 1846, the county furnished four companies.

Twenty thousand soldiers were recruited for the War of the Rebellion in Allegheny county.

Furnished whole regiments of soldiers for the Spanish-American War.

"Old Block House," the outpost of Fort Pitt, now the property of the local Daughters of the American Revolution.

Six days after the firing on Fort Sumter 40 Pittsburghers marched to Washington and offered their services to Secretary of War Stanton.

While the Civil War was in progress the Bank of Pittsburgh was liberal in its loans to the government, giving financial support for the protection of the city and in helping to support organizations formed for the relief of soldiers.

In December, 1860, the loyal citizens prevented the shipment of 150 cannon from the Allegheny Arsenal to the Confederates in New Orleans. This incident forms a chapter given in this volume.

Pittsburgh foundries cast the cannon for three wars. Perry's fleet was supplied with cannon from a foundry established in Pittsburgh in 1803.

City people subscribed over \$100,000 to entertain the Twenty-eighth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in September, 1894, and returned \$10,000 to the donors.

Fac-simile of historic cannon donated by the United States for badges for the G. A. R. Encampment in September, 1894, in Pittsburgh, on exhibition in Soldiers' Memorial Hall.

Between 1861 and 1864 over 2,000 guns for the army and navy, from the great Columbiad, weighing 100,000 pounds and throwing a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds, down to six-pounders, were made here.

Bank of Pittsburgh weathered with honor the several financial crises through which the country passed, 1837, 1857, 1860, 1861 and 1873, and never suspended specie payment. Every transaction was carried through with gold and silver, and when, in 1860, and again in 1861, all the banks in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and many other cities suspended specie payments, the board of directors of the Bank of Pittsburgh, in solemn session, placed on record their determination to follow the precedent set by the bank and to continue specie payment.

The rigging and cordage for Commodore Perry's fleet were manufactured in Pittsburgh.

Scene of Major Grant's defeat in 1758 now occupied by the masterpiece of American architecture, the county courthouse and the new city-county building.

Between 1861 and 1866 the Pittsburgh Subsistence Committee fed, in Old City Hall, Market street, 409,745 soldiers, besides caring for 79,460 sick and wounded heroes in the Soldiers' Home, afterwards the West Penn Hospital. Tablets are in the hall on Market street.

The Sanitary Fair, in 1864, in the Allegheny Diamond, realized \$361,516. The Pittsburgh Sanitary Soldiers' Home expended over \$200,000 of the proceeds of the Fair. The remainder was used as an endowment for the West Penn Hospital, then the Soldiers' Home.

Since the World War began Pittsburgh banks have expanded at a remarkable rate. In each particular they are larger and stronger than ever before. Deposits total \$761,000,000, an increase of \$169,000,000 in a year. Resources increased from \$765,000,000 to \$946,000,000 in a year.

Furnished Fred B. Shipp, of the Young Men's Christian Association, to direct that work in France.

Contributed \$4,000,000 to Red Cross fund on first call—\$500,000 more than sum asked for.

Shipped \$213,000 worth of flour to the Belgian sufferers. Whole sum raised in a few days and special ship laden with cargo speedily dispatched, under the direction of Hon. William Flinn and associates.

Pittsburgh Chapter, American Red Cross, has a membership of approximately 150,000 and the Pittsburgh district during the Red Cross War Fund Campaign in June contributed \$4,000,000.

Final report on second Liberty Loan showed Pittsburgh district paid over \$145,000,000 into the United States Treasury, and the area tributary to Pittsburgh registered \$204,000,000. The sum asked for was \$90,000,000. Great is Pittsburgh with the "h." This is in addition to the \$92,000,000 first loan.

Mrs. James J. Flannery has to her credit the sale of over a million dollars of Liberty bonds.

Enlistments and quota of draftees for war with Germany ranking with the best specimens of soldiery in any of the camps or trenches.

Response of the "Boy Scouts" of Allegheny county to President Wilson was "orders for over two millions of Liberty Bonds."

Asked to subscribe \$90,000,000, Pittsburgh responded by getting under the greatest government the world has ever known with over \$145,000,000 for the second Liberty Loan. Mention money, men, munitions, and the world at once thinks of Pittsburgh, and moreover looks to Pittsburgh.

Women's Committee and Boy Scouts turned in over \$5,000,000 to second loan fund—not necessary to specify Liberty—no other loans are popular just now.

October 24 Pittsburgh district sent a message to the Kaiser—that in one day its citizens subscribed \$25,000,000 to the Liberty Loan fund, had far exceeded its allotment of \$90,000,000, with millions more to follow.

Liberty Bond parade on Saturday, October 13, 1917, one of the most notable in the history of Western Pennsylvania—20,000 city and county officials, bankers and clerks, railroad officers and employes and civic organizations—the whole representing millionaires and laborers, and billions of wealth—marching eight abreast quick step for over two hours, to the time of lively patriotic music, and the waving of thousands of flags. Hundreds of thousands viewed the parade.

Every appeal in behalf of war followed by a generous flow of wealth.

Mrs. William P. Snyder obtained subscriptions for \$3,000,000 Liberty Bonds, by personal effort, the largest individual return made by any woman in the United States.

Splendid spirit of patriotism manifested by the dollar mark.

Seventy-five thousand of our women registered for war work.

Famed for its wealth, it is gratifying to comment on the "State of Allegheny" that it is famed for its readiness to give accordingly for patriotic and benevolent purposes.

Credit for more than 250,000 members of the Red Cross Christmas drive, when 16,000,000 were added to the 6,000,000 already enrolled. "He hath sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat."

Over 500 acres of "war gardens" in the season of 1917.

Just as an extra Christmas offering 350,000 of our people enrolled as members of the Red Cross at \$1 per.

People of Pittsburgh never stand in the rear when called to duty, and the \$100,000 recreation fund will go to provide healthful recreation for the men in the army camps.

The contribution to the cause of Liberty told in terms of millions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of men and women, thousands of tons of explosives, and other forms of concrete patriotism is a volume incalculable.

Soldiers' Memorial Hall, finest in America, cost \$1,700,000.

Holds an exalted place in the minds of war officials in Washington.

Contributions for war relief, outside of the American Red Cross fund, totaled about \$4,000,000—Red Cross alone was \$5,000,000. "And still there's more to follow."

Allegheny county has already sent out 13,000 of its young men for service in the United States Army, and the stories of the Young Men's Christian Association work stimulated Pittsburghers to give more than the \$1,500,000 quota to the "War Necessities Fund."

Chief armorer for American nation, as in past wars.

Patriotism and Democracy more strongly emphasized in our public schools than ever before.

Premier Lloyd George says: "America has the best fighting material in the world—a formidable people with mechanical resources unequaled in the world." And Pittsburgh is also the arsenal of the world's contest for Democracy.

Purse thrown wide open at Nation's plea.

Boy Scouts of Allegheny county sold \$2,586,000 Liberty bonds to 17,587 subscribers.

Pittsburgh leads the nation in Knights of Columbus war work fund—\$400,000—more than whole states contributed.

Above all of its manifold yearly gifts, gave \$10,000,000 to War Relief movement, subscribed more than \$200,000,000 to Liberty Loan, and broke the record of clearing house exchanges by more than a half billion dollars.

Sixty years ago Pittsburgh fittingly celebrated the centennial of the surrender of Fort Duquesne.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon the Bank of Pittsburgh subscribed \$5,000 to the Committee on Public Safety "for the purpose of arming the city."

May 23d, 1862 "the Bank of Pittsburgh appropriated \$100 to aid in defraying the expenses of sending surgeons and nurses to aid our wounded soldiers and assist in transporting them from the battlefield at Pittsburgh Landing."

PAUL BOYTON.

PAUL BOYTON was a well known swimmer in the early seventies, and many of the older inhabitants recall his voyage in a rubber suit, when he floated and paddled from the head waters of the Allegheny river, through Pittsburgh and down the Ohio river.

He arrived in Pittsburgh in the early part of the evening, and this was the heading of an account thereof in one of the Pittsburgh papers next morning. "Paddling Paul Boyton pulls past the Point Pittsburgh a little past six p. m. yesterday."

Civil War Incidents

*"Tenting to-night
On the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer."*

HISTORIC APRIL, 1865.

THE most eventful month in history was April, 1865. Rapid was the succession of events after the Federal forces pierced the rebel lines about Petersburg. The same month saw the surrender of Lee and the assassination of Lincoln, the most dramatic events in our comparatively recent history.

Here is a summary of its thrilling events, as I find recorded in my scrap book:

April 1—General Sheridan attacks and routs the rebels at Five Forks, Va., capturing three brigades.

April 2—Assault along the whole line in front of Petersburg. Generals Wright, Parker and Ord break through the rebel lines and a brilliant victory is achieved. Twelve thousand prisoners and 50 pieces of artillery are taken.

April 2—News received of the burning of the steamer General Lyons between Wilmington and Fortress Monroe, March 31. Four or five hundred soldiers perished.

April 3—The Union forces, under General Weitzel, occupy Richmond, which, with Petersburg, was evacuated by the rebel forces.

April 3—Great rejoicing all through the loyal States on account of the fall of Richmond.

April 4—Fire in Brooklyn, N. Y. Several firemen killed.

April 6—General Sheridan attacks and routs the forces of General Lee and drives them across Sailor Creek.

April 9—Surrender of General Lee and his whole army to General Grant.

April 10—Extraordinary rejoicing throughout the loyal States on account of the surrender of Lee and the end of the rebellion.

April 12—Mobile occupied by the Union forces.

April 12—General Stoneman occupies Salisbury, N. C., after a series of victories, he having advanced on that State from the west. Vast amount of military property captured with the town.

April 14—Assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, and attempted murder of Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. Mr. Frederick Seward badly injured.

April 15—Death of President Lincoln. The whole country in mourning. A very solemn day.

April 15—Andrew Johnson, Vice President, takes the oath prescribed by the Constitution and becomes President of the United States.

April 15—The flag removed by General Anderson from Fort Sumpter in 1861, hoisted by him on the same fort with appropriate ceremonies.

April 16—Great fire in New York. Loss \$2,000,000.

April 18—Second great fire in New York. Loss \$1,000,000.

April 18—Arrest of Payne, the supposed author of the attempt upon the life of Secretary Seward.

April 18—General Sherman concludes a treaty with General Johnston, which is not ratified. He is ordered to renew hostilities at once.

April 19—Funeral of President Lincoln at Washington.

April 21—The reward offered for the arrest of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of the President, is now \$150,000.

April 21—The remains of the late President are taken from Washington on their way to Springfield, Ill., where they are to be finally deposited.

April 26—John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of the President, is shot and killed by a party of cavalry sent out to arrest him. Harrold, an accomplice, is taken.

April 26—General Johnston surrenders to the Union forces with all the troops in his department.

April 27—The boiler on the steamer Sultana exploded on the Mississippi River, setting the boat on fire. Fifteen hundred soldiers just released from rebel prisons were lost.

April 29—President Johnson appoints Thursday, June 1, as a day of national humiliation and prayer.

April 30—Plot discovered to burn the city of Philadelphia.

BOYS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BOYS of New England, many years ago, "sat with me by the fire," to tell me how at one time they were shut out of the old-fashioned "fire-works" display on Independence Day, the "town council" having decided that they would not permit the newly cleaned streets to be littered with exploded crackers, etc. These lads, fired with patriotism, told the council if allowed a regular Fourth, the boys would organize a regiment and clean the streets of the debris.

The boys won and a glorious Fourth followed. Next day at 7 o'clock gangs of boys were being mobilized to "clean up," when the council, moved by the Americanism of these boys, thanked them, ordered them to return to their homes, and at the town's expense effected the clean-up.

The stuff in those boys is showing itself on the Marne and at every front, where Honor is staked before wealth; Liberty before license; Country, not self.

They are among those who know no retreat; no rear; front everywhere; always facing the enemy.

ALPHABET OF THE REBELLION.

THIS alphabet of the rebellion was written in 1865:

A stands for Andersonville—the ghastly monument of the most revolting outrage of the country.

B stands for Booth—J. Wilkes—let his memory be swallowed up in oblivion.

D stands for Davis (Jeff)—the most eminent low comedian in the female character of the age.

F stands for Freedom—the bulwark of the nation.

G stands for Grant—the undertaker who officiated at the burial of the rebellion.

H stands for Hardee—his tactics could not save him.

I stands for Infamy—the spirit of treason.

J stands for Justice—give it to the traitors.

K stands for Kearsarge—for further particulars see Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

L stands for Lincoln—we mourn his loss.

M stands for Mason—(Music by the band. "There came to the beach a poor exile," etc.)

N stands for Nowhere—the present location of the C. S. A.

O stands for "O dear, what can the matter be?"—For answer to this question apply to Kirby Smith.

P stands for Place—nobly won by the gallant soldiers of the Union.

Q stands for Quantrell—one of the gorillas in the rebel menagerie.

R stands for Rebellion—no longer able to stand for itself.

S stands for Sherman—he has a friend and vindicator in Grant.

T stands for Treason—with a halter around its neck.

U stands for Union—now and forever, one and inseparable.

W stands for Washington—the nation is true to his memory.

Y stands for Young America—who stands by the Union.

Z stands for Zodiac—the Stars are all there.

BRING THE MEN UP TO THE COLORS.

THE Starry Flag had fallen in battle several times, the enemy delighting to pick off the color-bearer. A brave fellow seized the fallen emblem and started forward, when the captain cried out: "Bring back those colors!" Said the soldier, waving the Flag, "Captain, bring the men up to the colors!"

The order so given rallied the scattered men, the Flag was planted on the heights and the victory won.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

A REAL "Moving Picture Show" was the grand military allegory, "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," given at the Academy of Music for many consecutive afternoons and evenings, closing with three special performances, December 31, 1868, and January 1 and 2, 1869.

It was given for the benefit of soldiers' widows and orphans, by 200 veterans of the Civil War and 75 ladies of the city, under the management of Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic, and netted a handsome sum, and many of the actors of the cast filled places of honor and trust in public life.

Almost everyone who participated in the allegory were personal friends, who have in groups "sat with me by the fire."

Committee of Arrangements—Gen. Jas. S. Negley, Gen. A. L. Pearson, Gen. F. H. Collier, Gen. J. B. Sweitzer, Col. R. B. Roberts, Col. J. W. Ballantine, Maj. E. A. Montooth, Maj. A. P. Callow, Lee S. Smith, W. B. Cook, W. F. Hood, Geo. B. Gray, A. G. Hatry, W. J. Criswell, G. W. Silvey and W. F. Dalglish.

Cast of Characters—Farmer Howard, D. A. Jones; Mart. Howard (author of the piece), S. J. Muscroft; Harry Howard, Lee S. Smith; Johnny Howard, Mast. F. Miller; Farmer Elliot, Will Clark; Tom Elliot, Geo. S. Woods; Major Rutledge, H. A. Collier; Frank Rutledge, E. R. Temple; Fattie Smith, Will F. Hood; Will Smith, George B. Gray; Uncle Joe, Sam Krewson.

Lady Characters—Old Mrs. Howard, Bella Scott; Mrs. Martin Howard, Mrs. Howe; Miss Jennie Howard, Maggie Scott; Mrs. Major Rutledge, Nellie Finity; Mrs. Elliot, Emma Foster; Goddess of Liberty, Alice Mowry.

Military Characters:

Federals—Major General, commanding Union forces, W. B. Cook; A. D. C., T. P. Houston; Chief of Staff, Harry Moore; A. A. General, W. M. Porter; Inspector General, J. M. Wright; Chief of Artillery, John A. Floyd; Captain of Battery F, A. P. Callow; Chief of Engineers, W. J. Criswell; Paymaster General, J. B. Johnston; Chief of Cavalry, Chas. Henry; Chief Q. M., Sam Anderson; A. D. C., W. T. Easton; A. D. C., R. Stamford; Surgeon General, Dr. A. M. Barr; Officer of the Day, G. W. Silvey; Brigadier General, D. W. Olinger; Commodore, A. G. Hatry; Captain of Gunboat Tyler, W. Howe; Ensign, Dave M. Howe; Colonel Robinson, C. A. Miller; Bugler, W. M. Dalglish; Drum Major, J. T. Harvey; Captain Co. D, J. Martin Schafer; Captain Co. A, Sam A. Barr; Captain Co. C, J. C. Martin; New Prisoner, J. F. Hunter; A. D. C., Sam Kilgore; Orderly, L. W. Mallassey.

Confederates—Lieut. Gen. Johnson, C. Gray; Chief of Staff, Jos. H. Gray; Maj. Gen. Cheatham, J. M. Lanahan; Chief of Staff, S. W. Hill; A. D. C., J. H. Jones; Surgeon General, Dr. R. S. Sutton; Orderly, W. O. Devay; A. D. C., C. Henry Miller; Lieut. and A. D. C. to Beauregard, J. L. Browne; Captain Company G, John S. Edgar; Captain Co. H, John Hoedle.

Orderlies, crews of gunboats, troops, citizens, sisters of charity and tableaux, by 200 ladies and gentlemen of the city.

WILLIAM E. SPRAGUE.

IN THIS connection promise is kept with Mr. Sprague, City Water Assessor of Pittsburgh, that if opportunity ever offered, his testimony in regard to Gen. U. S. Grant at Pittsburgh Landing—"Shiloh"—should be made known by me. "Shiloh" was a log meeting house, between two and three miles from Pittsburgh Landing. General Buell had orders to cross the river at a certain place, but misconstrued them and was late in arriving.

Sprague was one of the engineers of an old Pittsburgh stern-wheel tow-boat, the "Monongahela," and all night ferried Buell's troops across the river. Next day he stood several times close enough to General Grant to touch him, saw him mount his horse a dozen times, notwithstanding he had a terribly injured ankle. His horse had fallen with him a week before and injured his ankle so that the boot had to be cut off.

Mr. Sprague wanted his friends to know that General Grant on that memorable occasion was absolutely sober and the man who asserted the contrary was a monstrous liar. The author of this volume promised Mr. Sprague this should be known, in view of fact that it was a Pittsburgher, a Democrat, by the way, who had asserted that the great General was under the influence of liquor at Pittsburgh Landing. Everybody who knew Mr. Sprague will bank on his testimony.

SOLDIERS' CAMP FIRES.

HON. JACOB F. SLAGLE, Judge of the Common Pleas Court, and Civil War veteran, "sat by the fire" and recalled the "Camp Fires" of the years succeeding '61 and '65. He remarked on the charge that the "old soldier" claim for public office was becoming threadbare. "But," said the Judge, "the men who talk that way do not know what they are talking about. When for four years of hardship you share your blanket with your chum, smoke his pipe and tobacco, drink from the same canteen, divide the last piece of bread, or hardtack, tramp in the weary march, weep with him when bad news came from home and friends so dear—when all this goes on for years, ask yourselves how such David and Jonathan love can be severed, and the lengthened out 'Camp Fires' are the most interesting because of the steady thinning out of the ranks.

"And the love for the soldier will grow in America now more than ever before, and when the boys come home they will find the nation ready to honor and serve them."

ON THE FIRING LINE

A FRIEND, "as we sat by the fire," handed me this incident: A distinguished American General, unable to be present at the marriage of his daughter, sent this beautiful message from the Philippines:

"Congratulations, with love; sorry I cannot be with you tonight; I am on the 'Firing Line' in defense of my country."

From everywhere in France comes the message—not of regret, but of gladness—that our boys are on the "Firing Line" in defense of the Allies against the hosts of Satan.

WAR GARDENS IN 1861.

NOW that winter is approaching, it would be perhaps as well to discontinue haying, and turn your attention to getting in your fall saw-logs. No farmer can consider his fall work complete until he has his cellar well supplied with saw-logs. Seated around the blazing hearth of a winter's night, there is no fruit more delicious.

A correspondent asks us what we think of late plowing. Plowing should not be continued later than 10 or 11 o'clock at night. It gets the horse in the habit of staying out late, and unduly exposes the plow. We have known plows to acquire spring-halt and inflammatory rheumatism from late plowing. Don't do it.

To another correspondent who wants us to suggest a good drain on a farm, we would say a heavy mortgage at 10 per cent. will drain it about as rapidly as anything we know of.

When you make cider select nothing but the soundest turnips, chopping them into sled lengths before cradling them. In boiling your cider use plenty of ice, and when boiled hang it up in the sun to dry.

A pick-ax should never be used in picking apples. It has a tendency to break down the vines and damage the hive.

In sowing your winter apple-jack a horse-rake will be found preferable to a step-ladder. Step-ladders are liable to freeze up, and are hardly palatable unless boiled with sugar.

In cutting down hemlock trees for canning, select only the largest. Don't throw away the chips, as they make fine parlor ornaments, encased in rustic frames of salt and vinegar.

The coming cold weather should suggest to the humane farmer the necessity for a good cow-shed. The following is a receipt for making a good cow-shed: Pour a pailful of boiling hot water on her back, and if that don't make a good cow-shed—her hair—we are no prophet, to anybody.

Now is the time for planting your winter hay. The pink-eyed-Southdowne is probably the best variety, as it don't need poling and begins to lay early.

LOYALTY TO THE LAST.

AT FREDERICKSBURG divisions of United States troops were swung into the contest like as if they were driven by spokes in a wagon wheel. A battery landed on an exposed hillside and was subjected to a withering blast of shot and shell. The commander called to his superior officer, "No battery can live there." Answer—"Then, boys, let the battery die there." And die they did. "In the God of Battles trust—die we may and die we must." And at Gettysburg came the victory, and at the Marne the enemy discovered that American fighters are still willing to battle and die, if needs be, in a cause so just. Their faith is still in the Jehovah of hosts, the real God of battles, who rules in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.

A SURPRISED SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER hurrying to the front after a stormy battle was accosted by a wounded comrade, who begged to be carried back to the surgeons. He said his "leg was shot off," and he feared death in case he fell into the hands of the rebels. The brave soldier did not know what to do; his place was in the front, but the comrade plead that his "leg was off" and he must be taken back. He dropped his gun, raised and threw the wounded man over his shoulder, and started for the surgeon's. Just then a shell took off the head of the injured man.

Presently the soldier encountered his captain, who thus accosted him:

"Where are you going?" Soldier—"To the surgeon's with my injured comrade." Captain—"Why, the man's head is off." Soldier—"Well, Captain, durned if he didn't tell me it was his leg."—Whitcomb Riley at Press Club Dinner, Pittsburgh.

CIVIL WAR EPISODE.

IN DECEMBER, 1860, the loyal citizens of Pittsburgh prevented the shipment of 150 cannon from the Allegheny arsenal to the Confederates in New Orleans. And thereby hangs a tale.

John B. Floyd was Secretary of War under President Buchanan, and after dismantling a number of the Northern arsenals, shipping the arms South, the cannon referred to were ordered South.

The steamer *Crystal Wave* was at the Monongahela wharf; the streets and wharf were icy, and the guns were being rolled over the wharf to the gang planks. Some had already been placed aboard the steamer, when the movement suddenly halted, and loyal patriots sought to get in touch with the authorities at Washington, as they believed somebody had blundered. But a delay of nearly three days elapsed before the order was received directing the return of the guns to the arsenal.

Meantime the "loyalists" had arranged to have men aboard the boat to sink her before she passed Glass House riffle, in case the countermanding order did not come in time.

Those three days of suspense are explained in the *Memoirs of Edwin M. Stanton*, by G. C. Gorham. Stanton was the Attorney General in President Buchanan's cabinet, and a short time later Secretary of War under President Lincoln.

While in Buchanan's cabinet, Major Anderson had evacuated Fort Moultrie and entrenched himself in Fort Sumter, and Floyd endeavored to have him returned to Moultrie. Stanton and other members of the cabinet knew of Floyd's treachery, but were unable to bring President Buchanan to their way of thinking.

It was not until after midnight of the third day's sessions of the cabinet, that Floyd was forced to resign; then came the countermanding order, in obedience to the request of Pittsburgh's loyal citizens, led by the Marshalls, the Diamond alley foundrymen, and others.

Here is the account of that memorable occasion when the traitor, Floyd, was unmasked, as disclosed in Stanton's *Memoirs*:

"Major Anderson, commanding Fort Moultrie, finding his position endangered, passed his garrison by a prompt and brilliant movement over to the stronger fortress of Sumter. Whereupon Mr. Floyd, much excited, called upon President Buchanan to say Major Anderson had violated express orders and thereby seriously compromised him (Floyd), and that unless the Major was immediately remanded to Fort Moultrie he should resign the war office.

The cabinet was assembled directly.

Mr. Buchanan, explaining the embarrassment of the Secretary of War, remarked that the act of Major Anderson would occasion exasperation in the South. He had told Mr. Floyd that as the government was strong, forbearance toward erring brethren might win them back to their allegiance, and that that officer might be ordered back.

After an ominous silence, the President asked how the suggestion struck the cabinet. It was met with a storm of opposition, lasting for several hours, and an adjournment took place from day to day without results. On the 27th of December an evening session was convened, continuing beyond midnight.

The proposition to remand Major Anderson to Fort Moultrie was again the subject of hot debate. Mr. Stanton, Attorney General, believing the President would make the order, had his resignation already in writing.

Here was his final answer to the proposal to return Major Anderson to Fort Moultrie:

"That course, Mr. President, ought certainly to be regarded as most liberal toward 'erring brethren,' but while one member of your cabinet has fraudulent acceptances for millions of dollars afloat, and while the confidential clerk of another—himself in South Carolina teaching rebellion—has just stolen \$900,000 from the Indian Trust Fund, the experiment of ordering Major

Anderson back to Fort Moultrie would be dangerous. But if you intend to try it, before it is done, I beg that you will accept my resignation."

"And mine, too," added the Secretary of State, Mr. Black.

"And mine, also," said the Postmaster General, Mr. Holt.

This opened the moistened eyes of the President and the meeting resulted in the acceptance of Floyd's resignation.

After the death of Mr. Stanton a letter was found among his papers, which was read to Judge Holt. In this letter, in 1863, Mr Stanton wrote to a friend, giving the details of Floyd's retirement.

Judge Holt said it fell far short of what might have been written; but it was correct as far as it went. Mr. Stanton's protest against acceding to the demands of Floyd was even more vigorous than therein represented. He not only said it would be a crime equal to the crime of Benedict Arnold, and that all who participated in it ought to be hung, like Andre; but he also said that a President of the United States who would make such an order would be guilty of treason. "At this point," said Judge Holt, "and I remember the scene as though it had happened only yesterday, Mr. Buchanan raised his hands deprecatingly, and said, as if wounded by the intensity of Mr. Stanton's language and manner, "Oh, no; not so bad as that, my friend; not so bad as that."

Mr. Stanton immediately wrote his brother-in-law, Hon. Christopher P. Wolcott, on the crisis: "The great contest for the Union commenced a few minutes after I parted from you. On reaching my office I found a summons to a cabinet council. On entering the chamber I found treason, with bold and brazen front, demanding the surrender of Fort Sumter. The contest continued until dark, when the dispute ran so high we adjourned until 8 o'clock in the evening. What followed is now history. The details I will give you when we meet."

NEW USE OF INITIALS.

AN IRISHMAN, testifying his devotion to his wife, handed her a pair of partly worn blankets, which he had purchased at a government sale, with the announcement that they bore their name in the lower left hand corner. Pointing to the letters, "U. S." he added: "U for Patrick and S for McCartney."

A HEAVY WAR TANK.

WHILE the elephant Hannibal was passing through Maryland, during the Civil War, an ancient colored lady, who had never seen an elephant, met him on the road and throwing up her hands in admiration, exclaimed, "Bress de Lord, what things dey do get up fur dis war!" The old lady took him for a new Yankee invention, and very likely will go to her grave in the full belief that she had seen the terrible engine which finished the rebellion.

THE CIVIL WAR DRAFTEES.

VERY different indeed was the examination of draftees during the Civil War, and not a great deal of time was wasted, as the queries were principally propounded verbally to the candidate. One day Ed. Wright, the provost marshal, lined up 200 or 300 candidates and at once commenced to call the roll:

"John Alexander," called the clerk, and John came up limping. "What's your excuse, Alexander?"

Alexander—"One leg too short." "All right; exempt," said the marshal.

"Alex. Thompson." "Yes, sir."

"Come forward." Thompson, wobbled to the danger line.

Marshal—"What's your excuse, Thompson?"

Thompson—"Both legs too short."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A YOUNG man from Worcester, a private in the Fifty-seventh Regiment, in the battle of Cold Harbor, was hit by a ball in the chin, which badly fractured the bone and tore out several teeth. Another ball hit the right shoulder, fractured the shoulder blade, and remains undiscovered. The third ball passed through his abdomen and brought him to the ground. His companions dragged him to a hole where his body and head could not be seen by the enemy; but his legs being exposed, one ball passed through the calf of his leg, another cut a deep groove through his shin, another cut through the top of the instep, and another carried away the next to the great toe. He lay in the hole all day, and was then taken prisoner and starved for several months, yet this young man a year after the battle, was in Worcester, erect and in good health, and not perceptibly lame. His name is E. P. Rockwood.

FROM SEA TO SEA.

ON MONDAY evening, May 10, 1869, the *Pittsburgh Chronicle* contained quite a lengthy account of the origin, history and completion of the Union Pacific Railway, prepared by Mr. James C. Purdy, of the *Chronicle* staff, and by the way, the only Pittsburgh newspaper represented on the occasion of the excursion opening the new line. While it was building, money was worth 2 per cent. a month in California, but government aid was extended and on that date ocean East and West was connected. Building and equipping the entire line cost on an average probably \$50,000 per mile, and the government bonds were for \$30,000 per mile. The road was finished a year earlier than its most enthusiastic friends expected. "One of its early results will be to secure us two additional lines—a Northern and a Southern. We need them to develop vast mining and farming regions now lying idle; to end, once for all, the Indian troubles; and to enable us to command that vast commerce of the East for which all the nations are striving."

WHAT BECAME OF THE FORT SUMTER FLAG.

ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1863, Secretary of War Stanton wrote Major Anderson for a report of the disposition of the United States Flag saluted and hauled down by the United States garrison at Fort Sumter upon the surrender of the fort, April 14, 1861. Major Anderson reported as follows:

"On my return to Washington, I mentioned to President Lincoln and Secretary of War Cameron the fact of my having brought the Flag from Fort Sumter, and that it was securely boxed and stored in New York, and that I had never allowed it to be unboxed. I feel that no one can guard the sacred relic as I do, and it is my earnest desire that when Fort Sumter shall—by God's blessing—be again our own I may be permitted by the government to then once more unfurl it; or should I die before that time, that it may be wrapped around my body when it is borne to its last resting place."

General Anderson's wish was gratified.

During the bombardment the Flag was shot away, but immediately raised again by Sergeant Peter Hart, First United States Artillery. Upon the evacuation of the fort, Sunday, April 14, 1861, the Flag was saluted with fifty guns, by order of Major Anderson, and then lowered. March 22, 1865, Secretary Stanton, by order of President Lincoln, issued General Order No 50, as follows:

"That at noon, on the 14th of April next, Major-General Anderson will raise and plant upon the ruins at Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, the same United States Flag that floated over the battlement of that fort during the rebels' assault, and lowered and saluted by him and the small force under his command when the works were evacuated April 14, 1861." It was raised in accordance with this order—saluted by 100 guns, and a national salute from every fort and battery that fired on it when the fort surrendered in '61. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the oration.

Three days after the unfurling of the old Flag, General Anderson wrote Secretary Stanton from Fort Monroe, as follows: "The duty assigned to me has been performed. The Flag lowered at Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861, was, by God's blessing, restored to its old standard. Would to God you had been present to witness the ceremony. Great God—what saddening, crushing news meets us!"

This last sentence of General Anderson's letter referred to the assassination of President Lincoln, which occurred on the night of the day on which the restoration of the old Flag at Fort Sumter took place.

With the lowering of that Flag, April 14, 1861, Abraham Lincoln's life as Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces during the Civil War began, as did the war itself; and with the raising of it, April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln's life went out and the war came to an end.

The Flag is now deposited in the office of the Secretary of War in Washington, enclosed in a handsome mahogany case, carefully folded and tied with bands so as to show as much of the Flag and as little of the bullet holes as possible.

THE SLACKER IN 1861.

HERE is a poem published early in 1861, on "Why Don't I Enlist?"

Why don't I enlist? Ah, you see,
 I have reasons that answer me well;
 But there is my neighbor, young C.,
 Why he stays no person can tell!
 So hearty and rugged and brave,
 And little to do here, we know;
 He hasn't a house nor a field,
 And there isn't a reason to show.

'Tis true, he's a pretty young wife,
 With a sweet little babe in her arms;
 But shall man risk the Nation's dear life
 Because a frail woman hath charms?
 Ah, if he comprehended our need,
 His wife and his babe would be kissed.
 He would tear their white arms from his neck,
 And come promptly up and enlist.

But I have a farm and a house,
 And cattle and sheep on the hills;
 How can I turn from profit and loss
 To think of a sick Nation's ills?
 What money I'd lose if I went—
 What chances of traffic and gain!
 Then think of the comforts of home,
 And the camp and the carnage and slain.

But there is young Truman Leboss,
 Whose mother is widowed and old,
 And he has but little to do,
 Since their farm by the sheriff was sold.
 If he should enlist and get shot,
 As many a one has before,
 His mother could come on the town,
 And ask alms at the wealthy man's door.

'Tis shameful such fellows as he
 Should turn a deaf ear to the call;
 That some should be slain by the fire
 Cannot be the fortune of all!
 If I only stood in his shoes,
 With no fortune or kin to protect,
 If I faltered to shoulder my gun,
 I ought to be shot for neglect.

I am ready to cheer the old Flag,
And toss up my cap in the air—
So long as it costs not a cent,
By the Union I'm ready to swear!
Let the blood of the nation flow out
Like a river to vanquish its foe,
Let each father and brother turn out,
(But the doctor says I cannot go!)

THE CIVIL WAR SONGS.

THE power of a national song which truly reaches the heart of the people, to inspire patriotism in times of peace, or of a thrilling war song to inspire courage and daring in time of war, can not be overestimated.

The leading generals of the Union army, and even President Lincoln himself, testified to the value of the "Battle Cry of Freedom" as a stimulant and inspiration to the soldier during the Rebellion. In some divisions of the army it was ordered sung at the beginning of engagements. The soldiers said of Dr. Geo. F. Root's songs, "If he will write our songs we'll do his fighting." An officer said that the effect of singing the "Battle Cry" during a certain battle was equal to a brigade of reinforcements.

The words and music were written by George F. Root, in Chicago, in 1861. Mr. Root has written in his autobiography that the song started spontaneously to his mind on hearing of President Lincoln's second call for troops. It was written out the same day, and sung at a war meeting in Chicago on the next day, by the great war singers, the Lombard Brothers. Before it was finished a thousand voices had joined in the chorus, and from there it ran like wild-fire through the whole army.

Even the Confederates acknowledged its power, as the following incident will show: A day or two after the surrender of Lee, in April, 1865, a quartet of Union officers met in the room of a friend, in Richmond, and were soon engaged in singing "War Songs." The house opposite was occupied by paroled Confederate officers. Soon the lady of the house handed in a note to this effect: "Compliments of General _____ and staff. Will the gentlemen kindly allow us to come over and hear them sing?"

Of course consent was given and they came. As the general entered the room he was recognized as one who stood second only to Lee and Jackson in the whole Confederacy. After introductions and the usual interchange of civilities, we sang for them glee and college songs, until, at last, the general said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, you sing delightfully; but what we want to hear is your army songs." Then we gave them the army songs with unction—the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body," "We're Coming, Father Abraham," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," through the whole catalogue to the "Star Spangled Banner"—to which many a foot beat time as if it had never stepped to any but the "music of the Union"—and closed our concert with "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys."

When the applause had subsided, a tall, fine-looking fellow, in a major's uniform, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if we'd had your songs we'd have whipped you out of your boots! Who couldn't have marched or fought with such songs? We had nothing, absolutely nothing, except a bastard 'Marseillaise,' the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' and 'Dixie,' which were nothing but jigs. 'Maryland, My Maryland,' was a splendid song, but the old 'Lauriger Horatius' was about as inspiring as the 'Dead March in Saul,' while every one of the Yankee songs is full of marching and fighting spirit." Then turning to the general, he said: "I shall never forget the first time I heard 'Rally 'Round the Flag.' 'Twas a nasty night during the 'Seven Days' Fight,' and, if I remember rightly, it was raining. I was on picket, when, just before 'taps,' some fellow on the other side struck up that song and others joined in the chorus, until, it seemed to me, the whole Yankee army was singing. Tom B——, who was with me, sung out: 'Good heavens, Cap, what are those fellows made of, any way? Here we've licked 'em six days running, and now, on the eve of the seventh, they're singing 'Rally 'Round the Flag.' I am not naturally superstitious, but I tell you that song sounded to me like the 'knell of doom,' and my heart went down into my boots; and though I've tried to do my duty, it has been an uphill fight with me since that night."

The little company of Union singers and Confederate auditors, after a pleasant and interesting interchange of stories of army experiences, then separated, and as the general shook hands at parting, he said to me: "Well, the time may come when we can all sing the 'Star Spangled Banner' again." This last remark was a prophecy which was fulfilled, as the men of the North and South stood shoulder to shoulder in battle array under the Stars and Stripes against a common foe during the Spanish-American War.

During the exciting and trying times of the Rebellion, Dr. Root remained in Chicago, and when events happened that could be voiced in song, or when the heart of the Nation was moved by war circumstances, he wrote what he thought would then express the emotions of the people or the soldiers. "Just Before the Battle, Mother" was written shortly after "The Battle Cry of Freedom;" and in it Dr. Root described what appeared to him would be the thoughts of a soldier on the eve of an engagement.

A CIVIL WAR INCIDENT.

THE warehouse situated at the corner of Penn and Wayne, now Tenth street, was occupied by several parties, including the United States, which had 66,706 small arms deposited, many of which, being loaded, on becoming heated during a disastrous fire were discharged, causing a frightful scene of dismay among all in the neighborhood of the sad disaster, resulting in the death of a young man named Albert Keck.

GETTYSBURG.

ON A beautiful moonlight night in July, 1918, 55 years after the battle, the author of this volume walked for over three hours over the Gettysburg battle fields, completing the trip next day by a drive in an auto for 19 miles. My visit was told at length in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, July 21, 1918, part of which is appended:

"Motoring to Gettysburg, Monday morning, July 14, 1918, on every hand along the Lincoln Highway were to be observed evidences of wartime spirit. Besides the red, white and blue and the 'L' on the telegraph poles, were service flags and the Star Spangled Banner.

"Just beyond Greensburg was a long train of motor trucks labeled '2 M C, U S A,' en route to 'over the seas,' heartily acclaimed by everyone within reach, and it was stated similar motor trains passed over the highway every two or three nights.

"Just west of Chambersburg another train of motor trucks, 37 in all, laden with supplies for camps, etc., was encountered with orders to mobilize at Chambersburg.

"Camp Colt, at Gettysburg, on Monday morning, showed 8,600 soldiers, enlisted men only, in the light and heavy tank service department. That morning 700 were forwarded. Tuesday morning 600 followed to 'Somewhere.' Those boys own the town and come and go as they please, so that they are in camp at 10:30 p. m.

"Only 1 per cent. of sickness among the soldiers in the camp was reported.

"The soldiers get an inspiration as they linger in the National cemetery, or as they while away the hours among the monuments; and get so warmed up as to chafe because they cannot get to the front. Sixteen thousand acres of ground, 25 miles of drives and untold sums of money expended in token of American love for the heroes of the Civil War, certainly inspires the volunteers in Camp Colt.

"The soldiers were very much agitated and depressed over Monday's news of the new Hun drive, but greatly rejoiced on Tuesday by the reports of the brilliant achievements of the American and French soldiers.

"The return was made over the National Highway, reached by a 34-mile ride over a splendid road from Gettysburg to Hagerstown, the very road over which the rebels retreated in their precipitate flight 55 years ago."

THE THREE DAYS BATTLE

THE battle of Gettysburg, the decisive engagement of the Civil War, was fought on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, between the Federal Army of the Potomac, under Gen. George G. Meade, and the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, under Gen. Robert E. Lee. The battle, which ended in a victory for the Federals, came at a critical time in the fortune of both the North and the South, the Federals having suffered a severe defeat at Chancellorsville, while a Southern army was being besieged at Vicksburg by Gen. Grant.

There was severe fighting on the first day, Gen. Reynolds being among the slain, and late in the afternoon the Federals took up a strong position along Cemetery Hill, south of Gettysburg, and both Meade and Lee brought forward

their main armies. On the second day, July 2, there was a comparative lull until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when Gen. Longstreet vigorously attacked the Federal left. There was desperate fighting, prolonged into the night, and the second day closed with the advantage in favor of the Federals.

On the third day Lee determined to assault the Federal center. At 1 p. m. a terrific cannonading was opened by the Confederates, who centered the fire from 138 guns on Cemetery Ridge. This was answered by the Federal artillery of 80 guns, and at the end of half an hour the latter ceased firing in order to save ammunition and cool the guns in preparation for the anticipated Confederate assault. Believing the Federals had exhausted their ammunition, Lee ordered an advance, and Gen. Pickett's division of 5,000 men, with their commander at the head, and supported on the right by Gen. Wilcox with 5,000 men, and on the left by Gen. Pettigrew with 5,000 men, moved steadily forward in three columns.

Suddenly the Federal guns thundered forth again, but the Confederates advanced, their ranks torn by solid shot, shell and canister, until within about 300 yards of the Federal lines. Then the Federal infantry poured in a destructive volley, and the troops of Wilcox and Pettigrew fell back demoralized. The survivors in Pickett's division swept forward, however, and even succeeded in piercing the Federal line, but they were overwhelmed, slain, captured and driven from the field. It is estimated that two-thirds of Pickett's division were killed, wounded or captured in this famous charge. At the same time Stuart's cavalry charge on the Federal right was frustrated after severe fighting.

Thus ended the three-day struggle at Gettysburg. The tide of battle had turned and Lee began his retreat the following night. Thereafter the cause of the Confederates was a losing one. The total losses of the Federals in the battle of Gettysburg have been placed at 3,072 killed, 14,497 wounded, and 5,434 captured or missing; those of the Confederates at 2,592 killed, 12,709 wounded and 5,150 captured or missing.

NEVER JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

A MAN traveling in the far West, towards nightfall, chanced at a cabin on the edge of a dense wood. He was told it would be dangerous to proceed into the wood until daybreak. He did not like the appearance of the cabin, nor was he struck with the hard face of the old man who talked with him, especially as he had about \$600 in cash on his person. But it was Hobson's choice, and the very cordial invitation to remain over night only made him the more nervous.

But about 9 o'clock all anxiety was relieved by the elderly man, who said: "Stranger, we go to bed early here and are up early; so you can leave at daybreak, if you wish. And I don't know what your custom is, but we have prayer before we go to bed, and we would be pleased to have you join us."

He did so, slept soundly all night, and learned the great lesson, "Never to judge by appearances alone."

A TEN YEAR HISTORY IN RHYME.

A BRIEF history in rhyme of the years 1861 to 1872 is appended:

It was in eighteen hundred and sixty-one
That the dreadful war begun;
It was in eighteen hundred and sixty-two
The bombs and bullets swiftly flew;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
They planned to set the Negroes free;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four
Sherman marched to the Atlantic shore;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-five
The rebs were glad to get home alive;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-six
A. J. played his little tricks;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-seven
Equal rights to the States were given;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight
U. S. Grant took the helm of State;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
Boutwell swept away of the debt a mine;
In eighteen hundred and seventy
The Ku-Klux did their deviltry;
In eighteen hundred and seventy-one
The commission began their Ku-Klux fun;
In eighteen hundred and seventy-two
Grant put the Greeleyites and Ku-Klux through.

HE EARNED THE TIP.

A SMALL boy doing utility work in the store of Elder Johnson, every Saturday evening walked a mile to the home of the minister with a basket of produce, and this set speech, "A basket and the compliments of Mr. Johnson." Now it so happened that the boy got nothing extra, either as mileage or a tip from the pastor. But the new boy wouldn't fall for it, and on his first trip dropped the basket with the remark, "A basket of grub for your Sunday dinner."

Pastor—"And you are the new boy?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Pastor—"Now, you be the preacher; I'll be the boy, and I'll show you how to grow up to be courteous, manly and a good citizen."

Pastor—"A basket with the compliments of Mr. Johnson."

Boy—"Just take it back to the Missus in the kitchen and tell her to give you a quarter."

THE ROMANCE OF PITTSBURGH.

WILLIAM ARCHER, the London dramatic critic, writing to the Boston *Transcript*, says:

"To anyone with a spark of imagination the United States is the most fascinating country in the world. Its past is romantic, its present marvelous, its future inconceivable.

"Let me give one instance of the romance of the past that clings to so many places in America. I will not speak of Lexington or Concord; I will not speak of Mount Vernon or Charlestown; I will speak of the place in all America which most people in England, perhaps, think of as the very antithesis of romance—I mean Pittsburgh. It is called 'hell with the lid off,' and I don't say it does not merit that term of endearment; but to stand on the big bluff over against the city and look down upon the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela (most beautiful of words!) is to experience a strange and complex emotion. For the two rivers (each as great as the Rhine or the Rhone) unite to form the magnificent Ohio. And the Ohio rolls on into the mightier Mississippi; and down these gigantic waterways the first French adventurers paddled thousands of leagues through the boundless, sinister wilderness; and Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley sought the city of Eden; and Huckleberry Finn and Jim went drifting through an Odyssey which I, for one, believe to be as surely immortal as any story in this world. A few miles up the Monongahela is the spot where General Braddock, with George Washington and George Warrington in his train, fell into the fatal ambush. And there, at the very tip of the tongue of land between the two rivers, nestling in the shadow of the skyscrapers like a beehive under St. Peter's, is the little octagonal blockhouse, pierced for musketry, which was once Fort Duquesne, and after that Fort Pitt, and from which the city takes its name. Of the titanic, lurid picturesqueness of the scene I shall not attempt to speak. I have merely tried to suggest a few of the historic and literary associations which cluster around the spot itself, and the vast river system to which it is, as it were, the northeastern gateway. How anyone can find America prosaic or uninteresting passes my comprehension."

 THE EDITOR.

AN EXCHANGE says: "Most anyone can be an editor. All the editor has got to do is sit at a desk six days out of the week, four weeks of the month, and twelve months of the year, and 'edit' such stuff as this:

"'Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry.' 'A mischievous lad of Pinktown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday.' 'John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell striking himself on the back porch.' 'While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green several times on the public square.' 'Isaiah Trimmer, of Running Creek, was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda.' 'Mr. Fong, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib.'"

Tales That Are Told

*Tales that will interest little children,
And lure old men from the chimney corners.*

TALES THAT ARE TOLD.

“TALES that will interest little children and lure old men from the chimney corners.”

AN OFFERING OR COLLECTION.

D R. JAMES T. M'CRORY “sat with me by the fire,” to explain the difference between “an offering and a collection.” Little Freddie had a dog Fido, to whom he was fondly attached. One day he began separating some choice pieces of chicken for Fido when his mother admonished him that, the meal over, there would be plenty of bones and left-overs for the dog.

The little fellow said nothing until the repast was concluded, and then, presenting a plate full of scraps to the dog, said:

“Here, Fido; I intended to give you an offering, but you will have to be satisfied with a collection.”

THE READY IRISH WIT.

MARCUS W. LEWIS, the old Captain of the “night watch” in Pittsburgh 40 years and more ago, came and “sat by the fire,” and he rehearsed many incidents of men and women “seeing things at night.” Here is the gem:

There resided in Turtle Creek a waggish Irishman, engaged in raising produce, who in later years filled a position in the Court House. He came to Pittsburgh regularly with his splendid team of horses, disposed of his produce and then “tanked up,” ending with his team impounded in Rody Patterson’s livery stable and himself in a cell in the Diamond alley station house.

A new mayor had just been inaugurated and the first night he saw his friend John behind the bars, he notified Captain Lewis to release him at day break, give him an order for his team and send him home.

Judge of his astonishment when, at the hearing at 7 a. m., John was in line, Captain Lewis reported him unable to go home.

The mayor gave John a good scolding and ordered him sent back until he became sober.

John straightened himself a little and looking intently at the mayor, said:

“Here I am, and badly fitted,
My horses in pound, myself committed;
But for my horses I do not care,
For they’ll be horses when you’re not mayor.”

“Discharged,” said the mayor, and John got his team and returned home.

ODE TO THE MOSQUITO.

WE HAD been in the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, August 21, 1878—that is the Western Pennsylvania Editors and their wives—and on returning to the surface, after the long tour, at an early hour in the morning, the reception by the offensive Southern pest, the mosquito, was almost unbearable.

Marion Ogden, of Pittsburgh, one of the survivors, dashed off the appended ode, for place in an autograph album historical of the trip:

Oh! tiny one with gauzy wings,
That nightly by my bedside sings,
Sweet peans of a fair South land,
With rivers golden and forests grand;
Why dost thou linger by my side,
Unmindful of both time and tide;
Each tuneful effort more and more
Reveals thy horrid thirst for gore.

"OUT THERE."

IT IS true the sermon was a little bit longer than usual; and it may be it was a bit tiresome; but the preacher was right on the observant line. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting" was the text, and just as the eleventh man arose and took his leave, the parson exclaimed in a very loud voice, "That's right; as fast as you are weighed pass out." The exodus was checked.

HOW HE HELD THE AUDIENCE.

WHEN a man begins to talk statistics usually his audience thins out. There is an instance the very reverse of this, however. A lecturer says one afternoon he talked to an audience of 600 men for two hours on the driest kind of statistics, and during that whole discourse not a single man left his chair. It was in the Western Penitentiary.

AND HAY COMES HIGH.

SPEAKING of obstinate jurymen, this story is told by a Court House officer. The jury had been tied up in the jury room for three days, in an effort to agree upon a verdict, one man stubbornly refusing to an agreement. The men were paying for their own meals, of course. At noon on the fourth day the tipstaff inquired, "Dinner again?" "Yes," gruffly said the foreman. "Twelve dinners?" mused the tipstaff. "No, sir," yelled the foreman; "11 dinners; one bale of hay."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

THEY had visited the Zoo and thoroughly enjoyed all the animals, when suddenly Mike called Pat to the cage of monkeys. Watching them for awhile, Mike said: "I like to watch the little fellows. They're so human like."

Pat—"Go along wid yez; they're no more human than I am."

A REMARKABLE ALIBI.

CHANG and Eng, the Siamese twins, joined by a bond of flesh, never had any public trouble, save once, in their lives. There was a great temperance parade, and Chang was looking on, as he was an avowed prohibitionist. Eng suddenly turned up in the vicinity as drunk as a lord, and fired bricks at the procession, with the result that both were arrested. They were not tried for the offense until the next day, as Chang's friends were bound to prove his innocence. So they filled Chang with hot water and Eng with whisky, and a jury agreed that in 15 minutes both were drunk "on hot whiskey punches, by the smell of their breath." Chang was therefore discharged and Eng was sent to jail for 10 days.

A PRIMEVAL FOREST.

THE illustrious Tom Reed, of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., was wont to say when the hot waves swept over the capital, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast primeval forest!" Challenged one day to explain what he meant by a primeval forest, he answered: "A forest where the hand of man has never set foot."

CHANCELLOR S. B. McCORMICK.

JUST here one may put the "greatest story teller," the author of this volume, in juxtaposition with "the best money getter," as seen by Mr. Chas. A. Rook, editor of the *Dispatch*, in a personal tribute to Chancellor S. B. McCormick, of the University of Pittsburgh, whose energy and ability in securing the financing of that great institution is known of everybody. This incident happened in the railroad depot at Harrisburg, where Mr. Rook was talking with several friends, all waiting for a train to this city. As the chancellor passed by mutual greetings were exchanged.

"There goes the best money getter in Pittsburgh," said Mr. Rook, in compliment to Mr. McCormick.

Just at this moment a reflective mood must have swept over the chancellor, for returning to the crowd he said:

"Charley, I've got to go to Philadelphia and I'm a little short of money. Can you let me have twenty dollars?"

"Sure!" And Mr. Rook went down into his jeans.

As the chancellor walked away with the twenty, Mr. Rook turned to his friends, saying, "What'd I tell ye?"

BEFORE AND AFTER.

TALK about McCormick and others' pathetic singing. Charley Case said of his sister Mary that she never sang anywhere, but that there were groups of people crying. In fact, people would frequently cry when it was announced that Mary was going to sing.

DESTINATION OF NO CONSEQUENCE.

TWO ladies got on a Smithfield street car, at the B. & O. depot. One said, "Let me off at Fifth avenue." The other one, "And me off at Sixth avenue."

The new conductor, "No, you'll not, ayther; you both got on together and you'll both get off together."

IDENTIFICATION IMPOSSIBLE.

THE list of war casualties had been published when the marshal's office was invaded by a stranger, who announced he was after information concerning a missing soldier.

Inquirer—"I am looking for one McPherson, of Regiment 180."

Marshal (looking over roster)—"There are 11 McPhersons in this regiment."

Inquirer—"But my mon is Sandy McPherson."

Marshal (after a moment or so)—"There are four Sandy McPhersons in the regiment."

Inquirer—"The mon I am looking for has red hair."

Marshal—"Three of them in the regiment have red hair."

Inquirer (in despair)—"The Sandy McPherson in particular I am after has the itch."

The Marshal—"Why, mon, all the McPhersons have the itch."

The above is one of Judge J. A. Evans' stories that always elicits laughter.

DEFENDERS AT LAST.

MARK TWAIN is credited with having said that no one has ever been found brave enough to take up a gun in defense of his "boarding house." Hoover and George did their best on the offensive in this direction.

AN IRISH BULL.

"SMILING and all the time I was gritting my teeth behind my back." An Irishman's explanation of how to be cheerful under all circumstances.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A PROMINENT Pittsburgh bank president had his eye upon a young fellow, teller in a leading bank, and he asked a friend to look him up and report to his cashier. The report was very good and the cashier was told that added to his other traits of character for a banker he was as "mum as a clam."

Some days afterward the cashier made his report to the president, and the matter was dropped.

Meeting the president later the mutual friend asked if he secured the services of the young man in question.

Surprised, the president answered in the negative, and added, "Your report to the cashier settled it."

"How so?" said the gentleman.

The President—"You said the young fellow was as 'dumb as an oyster.'"

MAKING THE EAGLE SCREAM.

MR. OWENS, opposing Breckenridge for Congress, said: "He who would wear the civic crown and occupy a seat in Congress must approach it with fear and trembling. By the heavens that bend over me, and the hills that seem eternal, I will return it unstained by dishonor."

NOTHING TO SHOOT AT.

AN IRISHMAN, claiming to be an expert with a shot gun, had a chance at two partridges and shot neither. Asked how he accounted for it, he said: "Now, how could I, whin the report of the gun frightened both of thim away?"

A SURPRISING ALTERNATIVE.

THE City Detectives rounded up a rather attractive looking man, of middle age, who they said would not or could not satisfactorily account for his presence in the city. The magistrate, failing to elicit proper answers to questions, ordered the stranger to leave at once for Philadelphia, or go to jail for three months. Grabbing his hat, the man said, "Me for the jail, Judge."

BAD FOR BANGOR.

A DRUNKEN man wandered into a graveyard in Bangor, Me., fell asleep on a mound and was not disturbed until daybreak, when, aroused by the early postman's horn, he rubbed his eyes, looked about him and remarked, "What! No one risen but me? Speaks bad for Bangor."

HOLDING OFFICE.

POLITICIANS call it holding office, because they aren't going to let loose, if they can prevent it.

"WHAT'S THE SCORE?"

A NEW YORK editor has a rule that, no matter how late or early he arrives at his home, he always visits the sleeping room of his boys to see if they are snug and warm. Not long ago, on returning from Pittsburgh, he entered the bed room of two of his boys. It was about 2 o'clock a. m. Just as he laid his hand on the youngest lad he sat upright, rubbed his eyes and yelled out, "What's the score?" His dad had made a home run.

A FELICITOUS REJOINER.

CALHOUN and Webster were engaged in a conversation at the foot of the Capitol steps in Washington City, when a driver came by with a dozen mules tied at the necks with a rope. They were prancing and dancing about and finally rounded up on the sidewalk in violent misbehavior.

Mr. Calhoun—"Mr. Webster, I notice here a delegation of your constituents from Massachusetts."

Mr. Webster—"Yes, Mr. Calhoun, on their way South to teach school."

THE REASON FOR FAILURE.

A COURT HOUSE officer, a close observer in politics, says the reason why so many politicians fail is too much familiarity with John Barleycorn. In fact, as we "sat by the fire," he said:

"A glass in the morning is good for the sight,
And nineteen or twenty betwixt that and night."

MORE SOCIABILITY WANTED.

PAT was lowering heavy tile in a barrel from the top of a 10-story building to the sidewalk. The barrel was overloaded, and so much so that Pat was dragged at the end of the rope to the top of the building. When the barrel struck the pavement it was shattered, and released of its weight, Pat started down at a more rapid gait than he made the ascent. Workmen on each floor gazed in astonishment at the flight both up and down, and when the aviator had landed, called out, "Pat, are you hurt?" "Get away wid ye; I passed you twice in a minute and not one of yez as much as spoke to me; yez are not a bit sociable."

IDENTIFICATION COMPLETE.

A TRAVELING man who tread on and tore the costly dress of a lady as she entered one of the hotels early yesterday, begged her pardon, with "Excuse me, lady. I'm a traveling man from Montreal."

At noon a similar mishap occurred in one of the railway stations, with the pardon and "I'm a traveling man from Montreal." In the evening, while "auto" riding, the lady was again encountered on an interesting stock farm. A vociferous donkey annoyed the visitors greatly, and particularly the traveling man, who made bold to ask the lady, "What is that noisy little animal?"

The Lady—"I think he is the traveling man from Montreal."

NEW MEANING FOR. S. O. S.

WHEN Col. Jasper Smith was running for Congress, literature on all sides emblazoned the letters S.O.S. Ever and anon the question came, "What do the letters represent?" And the answer was, "Save Our Ship"—good; "Save our Schools"—good. But the political enemies of Smith accomplished his political retirement by a card stating the literal meaning of the letters to be "Soak Old Smith."

DENOMINATION NOT MENTIONED.

"WHEN de collection is on, I want all you people down in de pews to contribute accordin' to yo' means," said Brother Jasper. The deacon reported the amount of the collection—39 cents, which was the occasion of a blast from the pulpit.

Minister—"I tole yo' to contribute accordin' to yo' means. I think yo' contributed accordin' to yo' 'meanness.'"

BETTER THAN A SIGN BOARD.

A SMALL boy undertook to direct the traveling preacher to the pulpit he was to fill one Sunday morning. The urchin was encountered at the village blacksmith shop and inquiry was made for the road to Spring Hill Church. Said the lad: "Stranger, go out this road about a mile; then turn to your right, walk three-quarters of a mile and you will come to a little red school house. Take the road to the left just beyond it to the woods just at the top of the hill; and then, then stranger—By thunder! I think you're lost."

WAS IT OVERDRAWN?

TWO young girl friends got married about the same time. Shortly after the honeymoon they were comparing notes, and this conversation ensued:

First Young Woman—"I have the best husband in the world. He tells me everything that occurs to him every day."

Second Young Girl—"And I, too, have a good husband. He tells me a great many things that don't occur."

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

ERASTUS ANDERSON, arraigned for desertion and non-support, demanded of his wife what she had done with his allowance for the previous week, and informed the judge he had given her "a peanut and an onion." This, in view of the high cost of living, was construed by the Judge as a rather liberal allowance. He therefore asked the litigants if he returned them to their home they might not be able to live in peace and harmony. Mrs. Erastus: "Dat's jest the trubble, Jedge; he doan provide the peas and hominy."

LABORS OF LOVE.

ACCORDING to a proverb, the labors of love are light ones. In reality, also, this is often the case, and a good illustration is the story told by Kate Douglas Wiggin. She met, it seems, a little girl in the East Side of New York carrying a huge bundle wrapped up in a shawl. She spoke to the child, and said:

"My dear, where are you going? May I not help you to carry your bundle? It looks too heavy for you."

The child looked up, and with wonder in her eyes, exclaimed:

"Why, it's not heavy! It's my brother!"

ONE AT A TIME.

MISTAKING the hoots and yells, cat calls, etc., for applause, an alleged actor in a Western city bowed again and again, while the manager at the wings was frantically doing his best to wave the fellow into retirement, to end the riot.

"At length," said the alleged actor, "a committee secured a basket of eggs, but when they returned to the theater they could not get close enough to me to present the basket, the stage having been piled full of chairs and other portable furniture; but the men withdrew a distance and threw me the eggs one at a time."

PER CURIAM.

ELSEWHERE reference is had to Judge James P. Sterrett, but two incidents are recalled when his kindly suggestions did not evoke the proper replies.

He was hearing a divorce case in which both the man and woman were above the ordinary intelligence. He thought he could adjudicate the case, and wanted to know why they could not talk it over and settle their differences. The woman jumped to her feet and wildly shouted: "He charges me with incompatibility of temper." "And," said the Judge, "he may have good grounds for his statement."

Again the Judge had shown leniency in sentencing a prisoner, and so informed him. The prisoner, however, didn't quite coincide in this view, and remarked: "Well, Judge, when I come out my whiskers will be as long as yours."

The Judge stroked his long, flowing whiskers, trying to hide a smile, and the sentence not having been recorded, was extended for a year, that full growth might be assured.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

IN THE days when James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling, Charles Sumner and others were in Congress at Washington, there were often sharp passages at arms between those great leaders and lesser lights.

On one occasion, in an attack upon Conkling, his opponent said:

"There was a little Senator,
And he had a little curl,
And it hung down on his forehead,
And when he was good
He was very, very good,
But when he was bad he was horrid."

Conkling's only answer was:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
The shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb."

A SUBMARINE.

RACHAEL, her husband and Ikey arrived at the ferry landing, and after refusing to pay the price for the lad, concluded to swim the stream. Jake was in the lead; next came Rachael, but soon Ikey was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly Jake said: "Rachael, Rachael, where is Ikey?" "Never mind, Jakey; I have got him by the hand."

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

WHEN the conductor told the complaining passenger if he was not satisfied with the speed of the train to get off and walk, he innocently said he would do so were it not that his friends would not be looking for him until the train arrived at the station. He didn't care to loaf at the station lest he might be run in as a slacker by the Work or Fight League.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

AND now the girl that wears thin shoes
In spite of mud and par and mar,
And doth her little feet abuse,
Plays mostly on the "sweet catarrh."

CARRIED TOO FAR.

SUNNY spring and smiling weather
Brings the boys and girls together,
Rambling in the leafy wood
In a gay and pleasant mood.
Bees and birds and buds and things—
And, and—Busted at the last turn of the crank.

AN UMBRELLA STORY.

A MAN entered a down town restaurant, hung up his silk umbrella and attached to it a card reading, "This umbrella belongs to a man who can strike a blow equal to 200 lbs. to the square inch. He will be back in an hour." The fellow who took the umbrella left this card: "The man who took the umbrella can run 10 miles in an hour. He will not be back."

DEAF BUT NOT DUMB.

YOUNG LOVER—"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."
Deaf Old Parent—"You want to borrow my halter. It's already lent."
Clarifying the situation, the young man said: "I've got gold and I'm rich."
Deaf Man—"You've got the cold and the itch, eh? Well, get out of here; we've got the itch ourselves."

A FAMOUS IRISH LETTER.

AT A public school exhibition in Pittsburgh more than 60 years ago, a young girl, still living, recited this famous "Irish Letter":

"Dear Larry:—I haven't sent yez a letter since the last time I wrote yez, bekase we moved from our former place of living and I didn't know whether a letter would reach yez or not. I now wid pleasure take up my pen to inform yez of the death of your own living uncle, Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly, after a lingering illness of six months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lying perfectly quiet and spachless, all the time talking incoherently and calling for water. I had no opportunity to inform yez of his death, except I had wrote to yez by the last post, and it went off two days before he died, and then yez would have to pay the postage.

"I am at a loss to tell what occasioned his death, but I fear it was eating pays and gravy stufed with rabbits, or rabbits stufed with pays and gravy, I can't tell which, but as soon as he breathed his last the docthors gave up all hopes of his recovery. Pore soul, he'll never eat or drink any more. I needn't tell you about his age, for yez know he was 25 years old lacking tin months, and had he lived till that time, he would have been six months dead. Now, you haven't a living relative but what was kilt in the last war. His property devolves to his next in kin, who all died some time ago, so I expect it will be divided between us, and yez know his property was very consitherable, for he had a fine estate, which went to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on a horse race.

"It was the opinion of everybody he would have won the race if the horse he run against had not been too fast for him.

When Terry McGee arrives in Americy ax him for this letter and if he don't know which one it is, tell him its the one that speaks of yer uncle's death, and is saled in black. Don't open the letter for three or four days after yez receive it, by which time yez will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings contained within. Don't brake the sale when yez open the letter. Your auld sweetheart sends her love to yez, unbeknowns to me.

"Your affectionate auld grandmother,

"Judy O'flanagan,

"to Larry O'flanagan, late of Tullymugherthy, Ireland."

UNPREPAREDNESS.

THE groom at the banquet was completely taken by surprise when the toastmaster called on him for a response to the toast "Woman." He endeavored to apologize for being caught unprepared, and turning to the bride, where he evidently expected sympathy, received but a withering glance when he said, "This thing is thrust upon me."

OFF THE TRACK.

TRAVELER—"Conductor, this is an awful rough road."

Conductor—"All right; no one asked you to ride on this road. Get off and walk."

Traveler (half an hour later)—"Conductor, will you have a cigar?"

Conductor—"Thank you; I will smoke it later."

Traveler—"Conductor, we are running a little smoother now."

Conductor—"Yes; we're off the track."

WHERE A BASSO WAS NEEDED.

THE brakeman had a very shrill voice and announced the stations in such a falsetto high key as to annoy an old gentleman, who evidently did not know where to get off. He asked the brakeman several times to more clearly call out the stations, and finally threatened to report him, when the brakeman, in a high, piping voice, said: "Do you think McAdoo can get a basso for this train at \$30 per month?"

THE PESSIMIST LOOSE AGAIN.

THE pessimist is loose again. He is lamenting the decline of the prayer meeting and bewailing the future outlook. "Some years ago," he says, "it was the bicycle, then the automobile, and in the future it will be the flying machine. Then the church members, as they soar over the church spire, will look down and 'Shout while passing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.'"

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A RICH Eastern banker spent a fortune gathering together every known musical instrument to be found. At a great reception to his friends he had present a talented young man who deftly played upon every musical device catalogued, from the harp to the mandolin. At length he asked the host if he did not have an old lyre, whereupon the host said "Certainly," retired and reappeared in a moment with his mother-in-law.

FISH DIET A-PLENTY.

"IS FISH diet a good brain maker, and if so, what quantity should I consume?" inquired a writer of Mark Twain. The humorist answered him: "Judging from your letter, two whales would not be too much for you."

HALF AND HALF.

IT WAS a great banquet attended by distinguished gentlemen from all parts of the United States, and the "feast of reason and flow of soul" was never greater at a public dinner in Pittsburgh. About 2 o'clock a. m. a prominent lawyer of Pittsburgh, an eloquent after-dinner orator, was introduced to respond to a toast. He apologized for the lateness of the hour and said it would be a waste of words for him to say anything, for the reason that "one-half of the banqueters were not sufficiently sober to be appreciative, and the other half not sufficiently drunk to be oblivious."

Everybody enjoyed the sally and the toastmaster especially was grateful for assistance in closing the banquet.

THE X-RAY ON THEOSOPHY.

A WAG was called upon the other evening to explain the real meaning of Theosophy, and took for his subjects, Jones, Brown and Thompson, three of the crowd he was addressing, whom he would regard as dead to the world. He pictured in the most touching language the spirit of Jones in the sweet singing canary bird in the living room and the satisfaction when the explanation of those stirring notes was given, "There's Jones."

Or when one gazed at Carlo asleep on the rug, happy sleeping or awake. "There is Brown."

Or when one, passing down the street, stood beside the motor of the water cart and remarked, "Hello, Thompson; the same old mule you always were."

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

A N IRISHMAN gazing at a monkey, remarked, "What will them Yankees make next?" A Yankee responded, "Why, make this poem on your little friend:

"How doth the frisky monkey
Improve each shining minute?
He scratches his back
From morning till night,
Because there's millions in it."

THE BLIND SEE.

G RANDMOTHER—"Is that you, Tommy, for I cannot see."
Tommy—"Yes, Granny."

Grandmother—"Lord love the child; why doesn't your mother cut your hair?"

A CONCLUSIVE ANSWER.

THE young man was from Washington county and was about to be married. On the afternoon of the day set for the wedding his father found him crying pitifully, and was told of his fright over the approaching ceremony. The father counseled him thus: "Dry your tears, you big booby; I got married at just about your age."

"Yes," blubbered the youth, "but you—you—married Mam, and I have to marry a strange girl."

PROFITEERING IN BREAD.

ONE of Bill George's bakers was on the carpet because he refused the demands of an irate customer to rebate in weight for the holes in a loaf of bread, or to fill the holes. This led to a suggestion to Hoover, how to make an Indian loaf. Give him whiskey.

ORTHODOX SURE

A JUDGE from an adjoining county fell asleep in the B. & O. railroad station while awaiting the time for the departure of his accustomed train. His own county is "dry," and the judge had met some friends in Pittsburgh, who "put it over on him." Suddenly aroused by the train caller, with the demand "where do you belong," the judge answered: "I belong to the First Presbyterian Church, of ———."

WHY NOT?

A YOUNG man, speaking of the popularity of his father, told how, on his first appearance in the leading church of the place, after removal thereto, he was solicited to take up the collection. He responded, and on the succeeding Sunday morning was again requested to be one of the collectors. But the fellow confessed his father was somewhat offended when, just as he was to start the collection, the treasurer of the congregation handed him a "Cash Register."

EVEN SO.

I HAVE not said a word of any of you that I would not be entirely willing you should say of me.

A GOOD INDORSEMENT.

HE IS a very good fellow in many respects and a very much better fellow in every other respect.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

SMALL BOY—"I wish I could go swimmin', but the folks won't let me."
His Pal—"Say, hain't you got no grandmother?"

WILL FIND READY SALE.

AYANKEE has applied for a patent on an ingenious church collection box. When presented before the persons in the pews, if a silver coin of the denomination of one dollar, half or quarter is dropped into it, it is noiselessly recorded. If the coin be a dime, it rings a bell; if a nickel, it fires a shot; if less than a nickel, it will run up a photograph of the contributor. The machine will no doubt find ready sale.

THE CATSKILL ECHO IS TAME.

SAID the traveler, "There is in the Catskill Mountains a place where an echo sounds distinctly at four separate intervals." The listener thought this no comparison to the locality in which he lives. "Before going to bed at night I put my head out of the window, and say, 'William, it's time to get up,' and the echo wakens me sharp at 7 o'clock the next morning."

WHERE THE LAUGH CAME IN.

ALITTLE fellow bitterly cried as he passed down one of our crowded thoroughfares. A benevolent old gentleman sought to comfort him by inquiring the cause of the grief. The lad sobbed out: "My fader, he hit his tackhammer mit his finger." Old gentleman—"Well, that didn't hurt you." Boy—"No, but I laughed."

A LOSS THAT MEANT SOMETHING.

"PLEASE, mum, my brother's lost his new hat."
Lady—"Well, you needn't cry."
Boy—"Please, mum, I was wearing it when he lost it."

WHY DIDN'T HE THINK OF IT?

HE WAS in deep perplexity. His horse had died; all the other horses in the neighborhood were out of commission on account of the "epizootics." There seemed to be no other alternative than to bury the animal on the large front lawn, and there was no place in sight to deposit the earth and even if there were, no horse or wagon to remove it.

And the perplexity was over the large mound that must necessarily be the result of interment on the lawn. Just then McGlinchy, the police force of the place, came and inquired of Mr. Thompson the reason of his perplexity. Thompson told him. "Well," said McGlinchy, "why not dig the hole deep enough to hold both the horse and the earth."

THE MAN IN LOWER TEN.

BEFORE retiring for the night the passenger told the porter to be sure to awaken him in time to get off at Rochester, N. Y., reminding him, "I am a hard sleeper, but you shake me up and tug at me until I am on the station platform—yes, throw me off the train, if necessary. I dare not miss my business connection at Rochester." But the noise, several hours later, of "all out for Buffalo!" threw this passenger into a state of frenzy. Hunting the porter he denounced him in unmeasured terms, demanded the return of the \$2 he had given him, and said he would report him for dismissal. And all the while the porter, instead of being impudently sullen was wondering how badly injured was the poor fellow that he finally put off at Rochester.

THE BEST MAN.

HANK, the roadster, arrived in the village just as a stream of fashionably dressed people were entering the residence of Banker Fitzmorris. It was a wedding occasion. Hank thought he would like to look on the scene and partake of some of the crumbs which might fall from the feast table. He encountered the ushers, who explained to him, but he brushed past them all and finally landed against an athletic fellow, who spilled him all over the lawn.

Hank is sure before he returned to "terra cotta" he had made 11 revolutions in the air without alighting. When bystanders gathered about him to inquire whether he dropped from an aeroplane or had been coughed up by a submarine, he explained that he had tried to attend the wedding, but had been stopped, and when he inquired the cause of the obstruction, the reply was: "I am the best man." And Hank sorrowfully said, "I guess he was."

A SHUTOUT.

JUDGE—"I understand you had some harsh words with you wife."
Husband—"Yes, your honor, but I did not get a chance to express them."

LIKE A STREET CAR—NEVER FULL.

A GERMAN, weighing 280 lbs., seated on the high seat of a brewery wagon, was halted one day and told by a sport that he had just bet \$10 the German could gulp down a wooden bucket of beer at one trial. Fritz hesitated, but said he would let the fellow know by and by. Returning from around the corner he performed the task and when asked why he didn't do it right off the reel, remarked: "I shust went behind the barn to see if I could do it."

AN ALIBI MADE IN GERMAN-Y.

A N EXCITED man tackled old Helfenstein the other morning by threatening to have him arrested for keeping a ferocious dog, setting forth in detail how, the evening before, at 7 o'clock, as he was passing Helfenstein's, the dog sneaked through the open gate and bit him severely in the leg.

Helfenstein, much interested, leaned on the gate, and repeating every word of the indictment, answered thus: "Last night at 7 o'clock the dog vos not at home; my poy hav him out in de woods tree mile away; if he be at home he could not get oudt as de gate is always shut; anyhow, he could not bited you, because he is old und hav no teeth; und he has been dead near four year now; und finally I never haf a dog."

BEFORE THE DAY OF THE DOG CATCHER.

A JUSTICE of the peace in one of our townships a few years since took an information after this fashion, the writer having copied it at the time:

"The deponent charges that the defendant did keep in his possession a ferocious dog, of a willful and ferocious aspect, which said dog did bite me on my leg, and on request he gave me some of the hair of the dog to put on the wound."

SCRATCHED OFF THE LIST.

B IDDY, in doing the work in some lawyers' offices, overheard Murphy, the janitor, gassing as to his ability to whip any Irishman in the neighborhood. She asked him if he knew her husband, and he blurted out his name was first on the list. Straight home went the good woman with a threat of trouble if her mon did not go down and trounce the braggart, and off went Pat to see Mr. Murphy. "Murphy," said he, "I understand yez say yez can lick any man in town, and that my name is first on the list. Well, yez can't lick the one side of me, so look out."

Murphy—"Well, niver moind, thin; I'll just scratch yer name off the list."

A GENUINE RETRIEVER.

ON A Western railroad a woman made repeated unsuccessful efforts to get on the train with her poodle dog and herself in the same car. She must either place the dog in the baggage car, or ride in the smoker. Bribery and everything else failing, she chose the smoker, and was seated just behind a German with a pipe like Fritz Emmet's sauerkraut, that you could smell aloud for 50,000 miles. The woman indignantly demanded that the pipe be eliminated, and after a heated discussion, she suddenly grabbed the pipe and threw it out of the window. The German retaliated by throwing the dog through the window. Consternation reigned for a minute, and soon the conductor had instructions to wire the town marshal at the next stop to arrest the German. A great crowd was at the station; the woman demanded the internment of the German; the latter insisted on remuneration for his pipe, notwithstanding it may have been as dangerous as a submarine, and matters assumed the phase of a riot, when the crowd parted and across the little bridge into the town walked the dog with the pipe in his mouth. Property restored, litigants discharged.

CONCERNING PATRICK HENRY.

"THIS," said the old colored guide, "is the little old church where Patrick Henry made his famous speech." The visitor expressed surprise and ignorance when the old guide said, "Patrick Henry; doan you know who he wuz? De man what said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

"Well," said the visitor, "did he get his wish?"

The Guide—"Yas, I guess he got boaf."

TOO MUCH TERRITORY.

THE defi of a bully who said he could whip any man in the precinct, ward, borough, city or county, was accepted by a stranger, who lived in a remote part of the county, and after the bully had gathered himself together and realized the poverty of the human frame, that he had but two hands to cover a multitude of bruises, he remarked, "I guess I took in too much territory."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A SUBURBANITE, on his way to the station to board his train, startled by the whistle of the train, suddenly felt that he had left his watch under his pillow, and pulled it from his vest pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it.

GETTING EVEN.

AN IRISHMAN engaged to carry a ton of coal to the seventh floor of an apartment in Wilkinsburg for 50 cents completed the task in a jiffy, and the occupant, a woman, wanted him to accept 35 cents. He was justly indignant, but after excitedly relating the contest to a friend, the latter said, "And after all you accepted the 35 cents?"

"Indade, I didn't," said the Irishman. "I carried the coal down again and left it on the sidewalk."

AN ECONOMIC MEASURE.

AT A meeting of the Punkin Center School Board, old Cy Morninglory offered a resolution that they proceed at once with the erection of the new "skule" house; that as a measure of economy the bricks in the old "skule" house be used in the new one, and that the old "skule" house be not torn down until the new "skule" house is up. And it was "unanimously" carried.

"HIS MAGNAMITY."

APITTSBURGHER, certifying to the unselfish action of one of our citizens, said it was on account of his "magnamity."

SO IT WASN'T MADE IN GERMANY.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF who was not well up in English orthography had an order to post a bill for the sale of a small launch, "The Maid of Erin." The chief was quite amused when he read the notice on the wharf, a few minutes before the sale, that he would sell the "Made of Iron."

STILL GUESSING.

"PAT, where are you going?" said a motorist on the Lincoln Highway.

Pat—"How did you know my name is Pat?"

Motorist—"I guessed it."

Pat—"Well, guess where I am going."

THE LOST FOUND.

ABEVY of boys from college met a white bearded old gentleman solemnly trudging along the highway, and one after another they asked if he were Joshua, Elijah, Daniel, or Jeremiah. He surveyed the lads and answered: "I am just the servant of King Saul, searching for his lost asses, and I am so glad I can make favorable report."

REPAIRS IN ORDER.

WHAT is better in a railroad accident than presence of mind? Answer—Absence of body. Which suggests the appropriateness of the reply of the passenger whose presence of body in just such a casualty resulted in the crushing of his leg. A bystander suggested he could sue the company for damages. He profanely answered, "Damages h—l; I will have to sue for repairs; I wouldn't mind it so much save that wood is now soaring high."

SOMETHING MORE DEFINITE WANTED.

"MIKE, what would you do if Casey would stop you in the street and call you a liar?"

Mike—"Casey wouldn't do it; he and I are good friends."

"But if Casey called you a liar, what would you do?"

Mike was aggravated by a repetition several times of the remark, and finally answered, "Which Casey is it—the little fellow or the big one?"

A DOG OF ONE TRAIL.

BILKINS had boasted time and again of what a safeguard his dog was against burglars. One morning he reported thieves had carried off a valuable marble clock. Jones twitted Bilkins about the loss of the clock, with such a valuable dog in the house, when Bilkins replied: "Oh! he is a watch dog."

MORE DOGS THAN DAYS.

MINSTREL DIXEY, disappointed so often in love affairs, gave vent to his feelings in tears, when his popular pal, Hughey Dougherty, consoled him with the statement, "Well, every dog has his day." "Yes," said Dixey, "but some other dog is always getting in on my day; anyhow there are more dogs than there are days."

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

ANENT the days when clothiers gave a Waterbury watch with every suit purchased, a burglar was about to leave the bed room of a Wilkinsburg resident, holding in his arms the only suit of clothing the man had. The thief had already secured the watch—and instead of a valuable gold one, it was only a Waterbury. The owner plead that the thief would leave the clothes, but his laconic reply was "A suit of clothes goes with every Waterbury."

MOONEY AND HIS BALKY HORSE.

MR. THOMAS MOONEY lived at Red Bank, and read the papers. Among the items which excited his interest was one which related how a man with a balky horse got out of his wagon when the animal stopped, and sat on a stump reading the Bible until the animal went on again, which he did in a very short time. Mr. Mooney had a balky horse; so he put a Bible in his pocket and went out to try the experiment. His horse stopped right in the middle of the main street, and refused to budge an inch. Mooney got out and sat on the curbstone and opened his Bible. An immense crowd gathered around and watched him, wondering what in the name of common sense was the matter with Mooney! But Mooney paid no attention to them. He began at Genesis, and he read that Bible clear through to the end of the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha—and there that horse stood as quiet as a statue! Then Mooney read on to the end of Revelations, and perused the preface, and all the foot notes, together with the title page and the name on the back of the cover. Still his horse clung to that one spot, never moving except to bite a fly off of his flank or to kick one from his stomach. Then Mr. Mooney began at Revelations and read clear back to Genesis, including the marginal references. Mooney thought, if there was any good in the system, that must certainly start the steed; but it didn't. It occurred to Mr. Mooney that perhaps the horse might be encouraged to go forward if he would read a few chapters of Deuteronomy out loud to him. So he began and went over about six hundred hard names in fourteen syllables, which so discouraged Mooney's horse that he began to back, and he kept on backing until he jammed the wagon through a pane of two hundred dollar plate glass in a China store, and smashed a window-full of crockery. Mr. Mooney remarked to the proprietor, after he had paid the bill, that he did not regard the experiment as a decided success. He said he would put no more faith in the suggestions of newspapers. He was so mad about it that he stopped his English paper and began to take a German paper, which he can't read, so that there is no danger of his being fooled again.

AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.

POINDEXTER was sure his goat had sufficient intelligence to read. Young Mr. Jackson called to see his daughter one evening, and as they sat upon the front steps, Mr. Jackson placed his high silk hat on the step just above and back of him. On the opposite side of the street was an advertising bill board. Well, the goat happened in the vicinity, and proceeded to eat the hat, all the time gazing at the bill board, where in flaring letters were the words "Chew Jackson's best plug."

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

A MINISTER, putting his hand upon an urchin's shoulder, exclaimed: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the reply.

NO ROOM FOR ARGUMENT.

A COLLEGE youth visited an uncle who kept the country store in a village in one of the counties of Western Pennsylvania. One of the things particularly noticed by the city youth was a demijohn containing *spiritus fermenti*. On the Sunday following, the youth declined an invitation to attend the Presbyterian Church with his uncle, saying he would go to the Second Methodist. Instead he locked himself in the store and partook of the contents of the demijohn. Next Sunday he again said he would go to the Second Methodist.

Meanwhile the uncle had made a discovery, and, emptying the demijohn on Saturday evening, he placed it on the counter where it could be easily seen and attached thereto a large placard. Sunday came, and, as usual, the youth said he would prefer the Second Methodist.

Entering the store, the first thing in sight was the placard on the demijohn: "Second Methodist Closed for Repairs."

A BLOW AT FLATTERY.

WHEN is a dog's tail not a tail? When it is a wag-in. Which reminds me of another incident where it was not wag-in. The village clergyman was a visitor at the Jones home. Tommy, the five-year old boy, presented the visitor with a crude pencil sketch of himself. But the soft sawder preacher commended the child, saying it was a wonderful likeness. The little fellow, however, said he didn't like it. "That he would put a tail on it and call it a dog."

ONE ON DEPEW.

A NEW YORK man, in the presence of his young son, said to his wife, "I heard Mr. Chauncey Depew again at the banquet last night, and he certainly is the greatest story teller in America." Next day Mr. Depew, called at the house and, giving his name, asked the boy if he would remember him to his father. "Oh, yes, I know you. I heard my Papa say you are the biggest liar in New York."

SYMPATHETIC.

PUBLIC men of great prominence were dying on every hand, and it became the duty of parson Poindexter to call the attention of the congregation to these passing events. He did so, concluding with the remark, "and while these good men are departing, let me add that I'm not feeling well myself this morning; in fact I'm powerfully weak."

HIGH ASPIRATIONS.

PAT was about to begin work at the eleventh job the good parish priest had secured for him and had been admonished he must keep sober and support his family. Casually said the priest, "Patrick, what kind of work would you prefer?"

Patrick—"Well, if it makes no difference to your reverence, I'd like to be a bishop."

A DIAGRAM NEEDED.

DO you see that old shoe in yonder alley? Yes, said the bystander; what of it? "Alligator." Good, said he, here comes Jones, I'll work it off on him. Say, Jones, do you see that old shoe? Yes; what of it? "Crocodile." And the laugh was not on Jones.

DIDN'T SEE THE POINT.

MUGGINS enjoyed very much the answer to the conundrum, "What was the biggest contract Booth & Flinn handled?" Answer: "Wheeling, West Va." But he lost out when he told the story to a company of friends that evening. Said he: What was the biggest job ever handled by Booth & Flinn? And when everybody gave it up, he answered Steubenville, Ohio. And he wonders still why there was no laughter and applause.

DIDN'T SOUND A BIT MUSICAL.

DID you hear the new tune? What tune? Spittoon. Now Mrs. Murphy delighted in catching her husband, so when he came home in the evening, she said: Pat, did you hear the new tune? What tune? "Spitbox."

AN ILLUSTRATED ENIGMA.

THIS enigma was given at a gathering where one of the listeners was an Irishman.

My first is a vowel; my second is in every well regulated household; my complete word is a delicious dessert. Answer: O-range.

Pat repeated the enigma to a crowd of friends, as he was mounted upon a chair.

My first is my bowels; my second is in every well regulated kitchen in North America; my whole is the great Sahara desert. Its a lemon. Can you guess it?

A RANK DECEPTION.

A WAR gardener whose premises were raided by a neighbor's hens concluded the trouble arose from the markers "Egg Plant." He erased the label and substituted "Horse Radish," and the garden is not further molested.

SOMETIMES THE OTHER WAY.

A LIGHTING at a western railway station, when the wind was blowing a gale, a Pittsburgh travelling man said to a bystander, "Does the wind always blow this way." "No, stranger, sometimes it blows the other way."

DIGNITY DEFINED.

A PROMINENT Brooklyn minister said a man who cannot bend in his dignity, "hasn't any." His greatest enjoyment at home of an evening is, when he is on all fours, one of his boys on his back and with a rope around his neck, the other boy in horse play driving him.

THE REAL ISSUE.

"WILL you share my lot?" said the stammering young lover to his best girl. Quickly she replied, "What is the size of your lot?"

PART OF IT FRESH.

IS THIS water fresh Willie, said his boss.
"Yes, sir."

Are you sure Willie, this water is fresh?

Willie: "Well, part of it is, anyhow."

PRIDE HAS A FALL.

A HOBO who was doing chores for an East End woman for a sandwich was promised a "pie" if he would saw a lot of wood for the cook stove. The lady prided herself on her ability to make a good pie. The hobo performed his task, was given the pie and tackled it; but in a little while told the lady if she didn't mind, he would "saw the pie and eat the wood."

AS JOHNNY GOT IT.

“**W**HATSOEVER a man soweth is always sure to rip,” is the way Johnny interpreted the teacher in absorbing the well known and familiar text.

HE GOT AN ULTIMATUM.

A YOUNG man nerved himself to ask for her hand in marriage, when she scornfully stated “she wouldn’t wipe her feet on him.” He carried the case to her father, and almost tearfully sobbed her answer, “I would not wipe my feet on you.” “Well,” said the father, “I will wipe mine on you.”

A DELICATE SITUATION.

“**P**A CRIED when I told him you had asked my hand, because he is about to lose another daughter.”

Young man: “Well, tell him he is not losing a daughter, only gaining another son.”

“No, don’t do that,” said the girl, “Pa has two such sons now.”

REAL SYMPATHY.

AN EAST END woman bidding good bye to her son, who was about to return to Yale, was consoled by her German maid, who said she knew how hard it was, because her son had been “in Yale for six monts.”

QUITE VERSATILE.

AN AUSTRIAN prisoner captured by the Italians can drink beer in seven different languages.

DIFFERENT BREEDS.

THE vest pocket directory of a leading city, given to strangers as they alight at the central railway depot, starts off with: Blank City is noted chiefly for its hogs. Said an old Quaker from Pennsylvania, “Which kind?”

A READY REMEDY.

MOTHER—"Now, Willie, are you never going to stop eating? Why, my little boy cannot go to sleep on a full stomach."
Willie—"All right, ma; I'll lie on my back."

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS WAYS.

SOCIAL regulations in the South Sea Islands are somewhat strenuous. At weddings the mother of the bride gives her away and the groom makes way with the mother-in-law, in the shape of a roast for the wedding feast. By this he escapes the daily routine roast of ordinary men.

FOR HER COMFORT.

A DEJECTED looking man applied to the clerk of a skyscraper hotel for a room on "the top floor, entirely cut off from the elevator and fire escape," for his mother-in-law.

NEW DEFINITION OF A CANNIBAL.

HE WAS sad-eyed and there was a tremor in his voice, as he said: "My wife's mother and father are Cannibals." "You mean Democrats." "No; don't Cannibals eat each other." "Yes," was the answer. "Well, my wife's parents 'live off me.'"

NOT A DOUBTFUL STATE.

OUR friend Brown the other night discovered his wife was not a Sphinx. His little boy, hearing election gossip as to the "doubtful state," multiplied his query, "Papa, what is the 'doubtful state?'" Unable to be pestered longer, Brown said: "Matrimony, my son, is the doubtful state; isn't it, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown—"To me it has never been a state, at all; it has always been a 'terror-tory.'"

THE RESULT OF JEALOUSY.

HE WROTE a friend that he had kissed his girl "sub rosa;" but unfortunately when it accidentally came under the notice of the girl, it had been made to read "snub nosa."

NO COME BACK.

THE dispute between the conductor and his German passenger was about the increase in rates. The conductor carried him just the distance the 20 cents regulation required and put him off quite a walk short of his destination. Dutchy started to walk up the track, getting started ahead of the train. Suddenly the engineer discovered the man was in great danger, and the whistle fairly shrieked out the final alarm. Turning about, Dutchy shook his fist at the engineer and said: "You may fassel all you vant; I vont come back."

WHEN LABOR IS DANGEROUS.

COMPLAINT being made to Mike by his employer that he spent entirely too much time over his meals, the Irishman responded by saying "that working between meals is killing off the race."

DANGER SIGNAL OUT.

THE fiery red-headed passenger leaned away out the window of the passenger car and drawled out, "Conductor, why don't the train go on?" "Take in your head, you fool! The engineer will never move with the 'danger signal out!'"

MONEY A CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

SAID a wag the other day: "My father doesn't think anything more of money than a man does of his life. He will take a ten-dollar bill out of his vest pocket and throw it into the middle of the street. But he has a gum band on it and he'll jerk it right back in again."

NO PICNIC.

WHEN the lady had finally got her eight olive plants comfortably seated about her in the trolley car, a benevolent old gentleman kindly asked her, "Are they all yours or is it a picnic?" She replied sharply, "All mine, sir, and no picnic, either."

GOING THE OTHER WAY.

DESCRIBING her trip for the first time from Pittsburgh to Chicago, on a fast train, Grandma told the children the train went so fast she did not see anything but a "hay stack, and it was going the other way."

AN ALTERNATIVE.

A TRAVELER, who stammered terribly, unable to make himself clear to the ticket agent as to where he wished to go, was told to stand aside until the crowd waiting could be disposed of. He later made three unsuccessful efforts to name his station, and leaning away into the ticket window said: "I cannot express myself; I'll go by freight."

HIS OFFENSE DESCRIBED.

HE WAS before the judge for some breach of the public peace, and the court wished to know his offense. The prisoner was terribly frightened and tried to explain, but the court soon discovered that the man stuttered and was so agitated that he sputtered and almost sizzled at every effort to answer. Finally the court said to the crier, "Crier, what is the man charged with?" Crier—"I think he is charged with soda water, sir."

CRITICS DIFFER.

S AID one critic: "I was impressed with the wonderful timbre of the voice of the baritone."
Second Critic: "It sounded to me as if full of knot holes."
First Critic: "Not surprising; he's a blockhead."

NOTHING WOULD SURPRISE THEM.

WHEN the excitement had abated, and it was found that Grandma, who had fallen from the top to the bottom of a long flight of stairs, had escaped unhurt, she remarked, "Law, children; that's the way I allus come down!" Which recalls the old lady in the railroad collision, whom the conductor found busily engaged arranging her bonnet most unconcernedly. He told her that there had just been an awful collision, when she replied, "I thought that was the way you always stop."

ASSUREDLY WELCOME.

THE hostess was a nervous little woman, cordial, but sometimes unable to express herself clearly. On one occasion she was entertaining some of her closest friends and after the usual glad hand, she said: "I am so glad to have you here; you are doubly welcome; everything possible is at your command; I—I—I'm at home and I wish you all were."

Great Statesmen

Birth and Preservation of the Nation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WE COULD not all be present July 4, 1918, at the tomb of the immortal George Washington, at Mt. Vernon, when President Wilson made one of his most memorable addresses. But thousands of our people were in spirit as they recalled that when but 21 years old, Lieut. George Washington, who had been surveying in the mountains of Virginia and Pennsylvania, was in Pittsburgh—and a year later, when 22, was here again, commanding a regiment against the French, who had established themselves at Fort Duquesne, and held Fort Necessity against superior numbers, until compelled to capitulate. The following year, when two regiments of regulars were led against Fort Duquesne, Washington volunteered, and at the disastrous ambush of July 9, 1755, he was the only aid not killed or wounded. He had the record of four bullets through his coat, and two horses were shot from under him. The Indians believed he wore a charmed life, and his countrymen were proud of his courage and conduct. An army of 2,000 men was afterwards raised and he was selected to command it.

His subsequent career is known to every American boy and girl and man and woman, but there are some things in the life of this wonderful personage which at this time should be of special interest to young and old.

He was tall, of great physical strength, fond of military and athletic exercises, and when only 13 years of age, wrote out for his own use 110 maxims on civility and good behavior. No one could help loving that kind of a boy and it isn't to be wondered that he was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Washington on his first visit to Pittsburgh says he left the canoe somewhere near Braddock and went overland, stopping at the highest point on the Southside, now Mt. Washington, where for a considerable while he studied the situation. He then descended to the river, and here is what I find in his record:

"As I got down before the canoe, I spent some time in viewing the rivers and the land in the fork, which I think extremely well situated for a fort, as it has absolute command of both rivers. The land at the point is 25 feet above the common surface of the water and a considerable bottom of flat, well timbered land all around is very convenient for building. The rivers are each a quarter mile across and run here at very nearly right angles, the Allegheny bearing northeast and the Monongahela southeast. The former of these is very rapid and swift running water; the other deep and still, without any perceptible fall."

"A settlement built here is bound to grow and flourish beyond the imagination of men."—George Washington, in his reports to Governor Dinwiddie, November 23, 1753.

How true were those predictions. Was the point well situated for a fort? Yes, verily: It was the center of the contest between the greatest of the monarchies of Europe, France and England, for the possession of this continent. The line of the French had its left at Quebec, its right at New Orleans; but the center was at Fort Duquesne, just where Washington located Pittsburgh.

And the Pittsburgh of today is "the settlement which was bound to grow and flourish beyond the imagination of men"—the settlement that pays a million and a half to two million dollars daily in wages.

The old fort, and the Continentals, by the way, recall "Yankee Doodle." This was an old French air to which words were sung by British soldiers during the French and Indian War, in derision of the American army. The soldiers took up the tune, using American words, and American bands played it on the occasion of the surrender of the British under Cornwallis.

An out-of-date eulogy on Washington, concise, but replete with words of praise, from the lips of Mr. C. Phillips, one of his own countrymen, was exceedingly popular in the public schools of Pittsburgh more than 60 years ago. Here it is as I write it from memory:

"It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim—no country appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared—how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us.

"In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were—splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely chef-d'oeuvre of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

"As a General he marshaled the peasant into a veteran and supplied by discipline the absence of experience.

"As a Statesman he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage, and such were the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and statesman he almost added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason. For aggression commenced the contest and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it.

"If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him—whether as the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But his last glorious act crowns his career and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after emancipating a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created.

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?

Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.

All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,

Far less than all thou hast forborne to be.

"Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy, the temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism."

A great many amusing as well as interesting incidents in the life of Washington are related, some of which will bear repetition here.

An acquaintance, speaking of this great man as an athlete, said he would stand on the porch of the beautiful residence on the Potomac and throw a silver dollar clear across the stream. The listener reminded the narrator that the Potomac at this point is very wide.

"Yes," said he, "but I want to remind you, a silver dollar went farther in those days than it does now."

Mark Twain is on record as defining the difference between Washington and himself. He said: "Washington couldn't lie. I can, but I won't."

An Italian lad in one of the public schools concluded his composition on Washington by saying: "His father was so pleased with the boy after the interview in the woodshed, when he couldn't lie, that he took George over to New York and made him President of the United States."

An eloquent colored friend of Washington, in eulogizing him among his countrymen, added to his wonderful attainments the statement he was "the greatest laundryman" in the world. Asked for a bill of particulars, he said:

"He washed out monarchy with the blood of patriots; he wrung it with the bells of Liberty; he dried it on the lines of declaration, and ironed it with Yankee cannon."

But Americans will forever revere his name, if for no other reason than his whispered order to General Forrest, in the hour of great menace to the Young Republic: "General Forrest, put none but Americans on guard tonight."

HUNTING A PARTICULAR CHURCH.

DEACON JONES assured the pastor that if he persisted every Sunday morning in his demands that the people cough up large sums of money for the church, that he would kill the congregation, close the meeting house, and bury religion.

The parson was thoughtful for a moment, and then said:

"Brother Jones, you tell me where de church am located what is dead because of its contributions of de wherewithal, and I will go to it, even if I have to perambulate to de four corners of de globe. I will climb to de roof of dat church; I will straddle de peak and ascend into de spire, and upon its top I will raise aloft my hands and say, 'Blessed am de dead what died in de Lord.'"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA,

Who died a Martyr to his Country,
Falling under the hands of a Traitor Assassin,
On the night of the 14th Day of April, 1865,
The Fourth Anniversary of the beginning of the great
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

Through which he had led the Nation to a Glorious Triumph,
Just completed, when the Dastardly Revenge of
Vanquished Treason was wrought in his monstrous murder.

The Great Republic loved him

As its Father,

And revered him as the Preserver of its National Life.
The oppressed People of all Lands looked up to him
As the Anointed of Liberty, and hailed in him the consecrated
Leader of her Cause.

He struck the chains of Slavery from Four Millions
Of a despised Race, and with a Noble Faith in Humanity,
Raised them to the admitted dignity of Manhood.

By his Wisdom, his Prudence, his Calm Temper, his Steadfast Patience,
His lofty Courage and his loftier Faith,

He Saved the Republic from Dissolution;

By his Simple Integrity he illustrated the neglected Principles
Of its Constitution, and Restored them to their just Ascendancy;

By all the Results of his Administration of its Government,
He Inaugurated a New Era
In the History of Mankind.

The Wisdom of his Statesmanship was excelled
Only by its Virtuousness.

Exercising a Power which surpassed that of Kings,
He bore himself always as
The Servant of the People,
And never as its Master.

Too sincere in the Simplicity of his Nature to be affected by an elevation
The Proudest among Human Dignitaries,
He stands in the ranks of the Illustrious of all Time as
The Purest Exemplar of Democracy.

While Goodness is beloved,
And Great Deeds are Remembered,
The World will never cease to Revere
The Name and Memory

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A BRAHAM LINCOLN said and did some wonderful things besides the thoughts in his famous Gettysburg address and numerous proclamations. Here are some which will bear repetition, even though you may have read them before:

"I will study and prepare myself and then some day my chance will come."

"Success does not so much depend on external help as on self reliance."

"I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday."

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it."

"I am always for the man who wishes to work."

"I say try; if we never try we shall never succeed."

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

"If God wills that this mighty scourge of war continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."—March 4, 1865. Abraham Lincoln.

"Patriotism is the love of one's flag in action."—Lincoln.

"Lincoln stands in the ranks of the illustrious of all time as the purest exemplar of Democracy. While goodness is beloved and great deeds are remembered, the world will never cease to revere the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln."

"A blend of joy and sadness, mirth and tears,
A quaint Knight Errant from among the pioneers;
A homely hero born of the stars and sod,
A homely prince—a masterpiece of God."—Malone.

This poem was published on April 14, 1865, under the head of "Good Friday":

So deep our grief, it may be silence is
The meetest tribute to the father's name;
A secret shrine in every breast is his,
Whom death may girt with an immortal fame;
And in this dim recess our thoughts abide,
Clad in the garment of unspoken grief,
As fain the sorrow of the heart to hide
That yields no tears to give our woe relief.

"But death is not to such as he," we sigh,
"His heart is still—his pulse may beat no more;
Yet men so good and loved do never die,
But while the tide shall flow upon the shore
Of time to come, a presence to the eye
Of nations shall he be, and evermore
Shall freemen treasure in historic page
The martyr-hero of earth's noblest age."

Secretary Stanton was at the War Department with Mr. Lincoln at the close of the second day's disaster at Fredericksburg. The people of the North were bathed in tears, and almost everybody was ready to "give up the ship." After midnight Mr. Lincoln went to the room over the War Department office and up to 3 o'clock a. m. Mr. Stanton heard the footfalls of the great man as he wearily paced the floor for hours.

That morning at 7 o'clock Mr. Stanton found a note at the breakfast table directing him to push the war vigorously, and the famous call of the President for men went out.

Conversing with one of his generals at Gettysburg some time after the close of the conflict, Mr. Lincoln was asked if he had expected victory. He answered, "Assuredly." "At what time of the fighting here did you reach that conclusion, Mr. Lincoln?" "At no time, particularly, here; but on the memorable night of the disaster at Fredericksburg, as I paced the War Department floor, I then and there settled it with my God."

Mr. Lincoln had a way of carrying the cabinet with him when they could not vote as he did. It was quite unique, indeed. "All in favor say aye," the President voting aye; "all opposed no," and every member of the cabinet on one occasion, at least, voted no. The President: "The ayes have it." And the respect of the members for their Chief was such they acquiesced. Moreover, time developed he was right and the others wrong.

Mr. Lincoln had concluded his Gettysburg address and turned away without the faintest recognition of his words. Next morning a stranger congratulated him on the address. Mr. Lincoln said: "But how did you account for the lack of applause?" "Why, Mr. Lincoln," replied the stranger, "you might as well have expected the multitude to have applauded the Lord's Prayer."

A Southern woman, wife of a Confederate soldier, living in the North, made repeated efforts to get through the lines to her husband, but without success. She finally told Mr. Lincoln that if she could not go through the lines she would die in the North, which she hated. Mr. Lincoln told her the United States was not fighting women and children, and on her personal card wrote the words which enabled her to reach her husband.

A Civil War deserter was about to be shot, and Secretary Stanton pressed the President for his signature to the execution papers. Mr. Lincoln, notwithstanding crowding business, inquired about the case and learned that no one had interfered in behalf of the soldier. Stanton really snapped out, because of his impatience at the President's delay, "He apparently hasn't a

friend in the world." Mr. Lincoln said, "That's what I was trying to find out, and I will be his friend. What is the next business, Mr. Stanton?" The firing squad was ordered off duty.

At the height of the Civil War Mr. Lincoln was asked if he thought the Lord was on the side of the people of the North. His reply was: "I am more concerned as to whether the people are on the Lord's side. That's of more importance."

Lincoln told this good story on himself. He was in the executive office at Washington and, looking out of a window, saw approaching three men who had almost pestered the life out of him for several days, for a certain favor which he had refused. Turning to a friend, he said, "Those men remind me of the little fellow in the Sunday School class whose verse, when it came his turn to read, included the hard names, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego. He did his best, broke down and sobbed as the teacher tried to help him out. Unfortunately, when his turn came to read again his lot fell upon the verse in which the three names are repeated. There was no sobbing in his voice this time, but he ejaculated, "Here comes those three d—— fellows again."

A soldier in Washington, D. C., answering to Lincoln's second call, was about to enter a saloon when the President himself caught him by the hand and, regarding him with those kindly eyes and pleasant smile, said, "I don't like to see our uniform going into these places." He walked away. I would not have gone into that saloon for all the wealth of Washington City, said this soldier.

AT THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

ABE LINCOLN? Wull, I reckon not a mile f'om where we be,
 Right here in Springfiel', Illinoise, Abe used to room with me.
 He represented Sangamon, I tried it for Calhoun,
 An' me an' Abe was cronies then; I'll not forgit it soon.
 I'll not forgit them happy days we used to sort o' batch
 Together in a little room that didn't have no latch
 To keep the other fellers out that liked to come and stay,
 An' hear them dasted funny things Abe Lincoln used to say.
 Them days Abe Lincoln an' myself was pore as anything.
 Job's turkey wasn't porer; but we used to laff and sing,
 An' Abe was clean chuck full o' fun; but he was sharp as tacks,
 Fer that there comic face of his'n was fortified with fac's.
 Some fellers used to laff at Abe because his boots and pants
 Appeared to be on distant terms, but when he'd git a chance
 He'd give them such a drubbin' that they'd clean forgit his looks;
 Fer Abe made up in common sense the things he lacked in looks.
 Wull, nex' election I got beat, an' Abe come back alone;
 I kep' a-clinkin' on the farm, providin' fer my own.
 You see I had a woman, an' two twins that called me paw,
 An' Abe he kept a-clinkin' too, at politics an' law.

I didn't hear much more of Abe out there in ole Calhoun,
 Fer I was out of politics an' kind o' out o' tune
 With things that happened; but 'way back I'd named my two twin boys
 One Abraham, one Lincoln; finest team in Illinois.

Wull, here one day I read that Abe's among the candidates
 (My ole friend Abe) fer President o' these United States;
 An' though I had the rheumatiz an' felt run down and blue,
 I entered politics again and helped to pull him through.

An' when next spring he called fer men to fetch their grit an' guns
 An' keep the Ship o' State afloat, I sent him both my sons,
 An' would have gone myself an' loved to make the bullets whiz
 If it hadn't been I couldn't walk account o' rheumatiz.

Wull, Abe, my little Abe, I mean, he started out with Grant;
 They buried him at Shiloh. Excuse me, but I can't
 Help feelin' father-like, you know, fer them was likely boys;
 There wasn't two such another that went from Illinois.

An' Lincoln, my son Lincoln, he went on by himself
 A-grievin' fer his brother Abe they'd laid upon the shelf,
 An' when he come to Vicksburg he was all thrashed out and sick;
 An' yit when there was fighting, Link fit right in the thick.

One night afore them rebel guns my pore boy went to sleep
 On picket duty; no, sir, 'taint the shame that makes me weep;
 It's how Abe Lincoln, President, at Washington, D. C.,
 Had time to riccollect the days he used to room with me.

Fer don't you know I wrote to him they'd sentenced to be shot
 His namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shame to die and rot;
 The son of his ole crony, an' the last o' the twin boys
 He used to plague me so about at Springfield, Illinois.

Did he? Did Abe? Wull, now, he sent a telegraph so quick
 It burnt them bottles on the pole an' made the lightning sick:
 "Pardon for Lincoln Pettigrew. A. Lincoln, President."
 The boy has got that paper yet, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln an' now I've come down here,
 Firs' time I've been in Springfiel' for nearly sixty year,
 To see his grave and tombstone, because—because you see,
 We legislated in cahoots, Abe Lincoln did, an' me.

HAS THEM ALWAYS.

“**L**ET your small brother play a little while with your marbles,” said the mother.

Johnny—“He wants them always, 'cause he's swallowed them.”

JAMES A. GARFIELD

A FEW of the maxims of the Martyred President are appended:
"I feel a more profound reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I owe him a salute; for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his piece of a coat."

"Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but never to success. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but, nine times in ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and be compelled to sink or swim for himself."

"For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict."

"The privilege of being a young man is a great privilege; and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man in middle life is a greater."

"It is no honor or profit to appear in the arena. The wreath is for those who contend."

"Things don't turn up in this world until someone turns them up."

"If there is one thing on earth that mankind loves and admires better than another, it is a brave man—it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face, and tell him he is a devil."

"Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture."

"Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. If you are not too large for the place, you are too small for it."

"In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, there must be fullness of knowledge; not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency."

"To a young man who has in himself the magnificent possibilities of life, it is not fitting that he should be permanently commanded; he should be a commander."

"Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion; that trust is vain; occasion cannot make spurs; if you expect to wear spurs you must win them."

Those present at the inauguration of President Garfield will remember him as he stood up to take the oath of office. He was "as firm and unbending as the rigid oak, and his fine proportioned form was matchless." And everybody loved him more when, at the conclusion of the ceremonies, he imprinted a kiss on the cheek of his aged mother, and then kissed his wife.

He fell by the hand of the assassin, Guiteau, shot down in the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Washington, D. C., the second President assassinated at the capital.

September 2, 1918, at Long Beach, N. J., a bronze statue of President James A. Garfield, who died there September 19, 1881, was unveiled at the New Jersey-Ohio Garfield day celebration, by Misses Lucretia Garfield and Margaret Stanley Brown, of New York, granddaughters of the former President.

Among the speakers were former United States Senator Theodore E. Burton, who represented Ohio, and Governor Edge, of New Jersey. Fuel Administrator Harry A. Garfield, son of the martyred President, was present.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

BENJAMIN HARRISON was the twenty-third President of the United States, and was defeated for re-election by Grover Cleveland in 1892. During his first campaign the opposition poked a great deal of fun at him and his friends because of their capitalizing the name of his grandfather.

And *Puck*, after his election, answered his calumniators with this stanza:

"His grandfather's hat came down upon his ears,
His grandfather's boots made him lame;
But in his grandfather's vest he did his level best,
And he got there just the same."

By the way, the popular big colored porter on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad who had the good fortune to be with the inaugural trains for several Presidents was discussing them with a friend. Harrison was greatly praised for his kindness; likewise Hayes, but it was apparent that Cleveland had the call. Pressed for a reason for the popularity of President Cleveland, the porter said in addition to kindness, his tip was seldom under \$20.

Ex-President Roosevelt has perhaps the best record of any President for generosity. He usually included all the train men in his remembrances, and especially the engineers and firemen, whom he always grasped by the grimy hand with a "Thank you" they will never forget.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY.

IT WAS President William McKinley who first gave to the traveling salesmen of the United States the title of "Commercial Evangelists." Three hundred visited him from Western Pennsylvania, accompanied by the author of this volume, and were addressed by him on the lawn in front of his beautiful home in Canton, Ohio. Thousands of pilgrims visited him during that unique and memorable campaign from all parts of the country—the beloved man refusing to leave his invalid wife to tour the country.

Crowds called at the home on Sabbath evenings, but on every such occasion found "politics adjourned," and instead there was a service of song, Moody and Sankey's popular hymns being used, in which both Mr. and Mrs. McKinley entered most heartily.

Henry A. Laveley, Pittsburgh's poet, has paid this beautiful tribute to President McKinley: "McKinley, in the last supreme hour of his life, exclaimed, 'I am tired, so tired!' For years he had stood 'in that fierce light that beats upon a throne,' and when 'The Quiet Hour' came he was ready to rest, testifying that it was 'God's way,' and then

'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams,'

he was lulled into the peaceful rest which remains for the people of God. 'May he rest in peace.'"

In this connection it may be stated that Henry H. Hukill, engineer of the inaugural and funeral train of President McKinley and of the funeral train of President Garfield, died Sept. 15, 1918, at his home, Northside, Pittsburgh.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

“THE greatest wisdom is being wise in time.”—Theo. Roosevelt.

No man should wave a flag, sing a song or cheer unless he is willing to help out. He should shoot the way he shouts.

The liquor traffic is one of the most mischievous elements in American social, political and industrial life.

A RINGING MESSAGE.

REPRESENTATIVE MANN, Republican floor leader in the House of Representatives at Washington, before Huerta's insult to the flag, said in the House: “When the bandit Rasuli captured and held Perdicaris, an American, for a ransom, Theodore Roosevelt sent this characteristic message to the Moroccan government: ‘We want Perdicaris alive, or Rasuli dead.’” And Perdicaris was promptly given his freedom.

WOUNDED.

(A tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, by David Reed Miller, Editor of *The United Presbyterian*, Pittsburgh, 1912, and issued in attractive folder form, for personal friends, by Percy F. Smith.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was shot by an assassin Monday evening, October 14, 1912, in Milwaukee, Wis., as he was about to leave for the place of public meeting. At the time the shot was fired he was standing in his automobile acknowledging the greetings of the cheering multitude.

Hounded by insolence and hate of men,
 Maligned by sycophants who once had fawned
 In low servility before him;
 The butt of raucous and of inane wit;
 The target of scurrility;
 Pursued by paragraphers, and little editorial puppets,
 Bound to their narrow groove of thought,
 As Mizraim's ox to its water wheel,
 Whose patriotism strikes no wider range
 Than the line of type in which
 Their spleen is writ;
 Urged by the slanderous animosity of these
 A hand rose out of the throng
 And, aimed by the black nerve of slander,
 Another shot was heard around the world!

He did not cringe nor cry,
But stood as one amazed, aghast,
To what extremes his enemies had gone.
And in his breast he bore the pain
Of man's ingratitude and cruel wrong—
A Cæsar wounded by the hands
He sought in his tense loyalty to save.
And when men's anger like a whirlwind stirred
That stormy throng to vengeance,
And would have rent
The would-be murderer in twain,
His words, in Christ-like pity, stayed their hands:
"Spare the assassin; spare him; hurt him not!"
And when men urged their stricken chief
To stanch the wound, or seek a surgeon's aid,
He resolutely refused, and said:
"I have a message for my fellowmen,
And I will give it or I'll die.
Drive on!"
And while his wound gaped red—
The wound which slander made—
Gaped red and burned in his brave breast—
The wound his thoughtless countryman had made—
He faced the mighty multitude
In that tense hall where 15,000 souls
Gazed horror-stricken by the awful crime
Committed in their midst;
Gazed on him with a reverence most deep
For one who faced death's trumpeters
With heart as fearless as he faced
That sympathetic amphitheater.
And there the dauntless chieftain
Told the story of his wounding
In tender phrase which went to every heart.

He plead likewise for manhood and for the truth,
For civic honor, equity, the rights of all.
He stood before that pitying throng
A miracle, a prodigy, and plead,
Plead for men, and toiling women, too,
Plead for his country, for humanity,
Plead—but not one word for self.
Nor for the hand
That fired the sanguinary shot
Had he one word of reprobation.
No thought of vengeance
Came from those calm lips.
His vision was of one who loved
The land he lived in,

The men he plead for,
 And who would lift the harsh, Edenic curse
 From shoulders bent with toil.
 He showed the stuff
 From which great heroes grow
 And statesmen rise to their high crowning.
 He held his manuscript aloft
 And pointed to the rent leaves
 Through which the lead had passed
 When on its mission to search out his heart.
 "Here," said he, "is where the bullet pierced,"
 And thrice ten thousand eyes burned on the spot.
 He then exposed his breast and showed
 The bloody garment where the wound had left
 Its damning hieroglyphs.
 "'Twas here the fateful ball broke open my flesh
 And entered without leave. It's in me now!"

Spellbound, the host looked on,
 And then a murmur like the low, faint
 Soughing of the forest winds
 Swept the enclosure vast.
 Yet he went on:
 "My life has been a happy one," said he;
 "I have done many things; yet there remain
 Quite many things to do. But as for me,
 It matters not though death may lift the latch
 And enter through the crimson gate,
 The cause for which I bled will still go on.
 What if the soldier fall; another one will
 Spring into the gap.
 The flag may drop; some other hand will fling
 It to the crystal stars and cheer the marchers on.
 Whether I live or die the battle will not fail.
 Not in the dust shall man's bright golden hopes
 Be trailed, nor all his high resolve
 Be dimmed as when a storm blots out
 The shining of the firmamental stars.
 The lowly must not be oppressed.
 Enthroned privilege and bloated opulence,
 Which fattens on the blood
 Sucked from the toilers' veins,
 Shall fall as Lucifer from heaven,
 To rise no more.
 God's image shall remain God's image still."

'Twas thus he plead for all,
 Not knowing but he nevermore might plead
 His country's call before his fellowmen.

Death's crimson phantom stood there by his side,
Hid in each syllable,
Ambushed in each paragraph,
Skulled, Mohawk-like, along the fervent track
Of each inspiring thought,
And sought to pass the gate into the wound
Left open by the madman's cruel lead.
And yet as one inspired he stood,
Upheld by a supernatural strength,
And with the courage of a Hebrew seer,
He spoke a nobleman's ambition—
He stood at Armageddon
And he battled for the Lord.

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

“CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously the thought grows that ‘We are our brother’s keeper,’ and this is forcefully demonstrated by our patriotic societies.

“No single force today is more universal than fraternity. It is extending its beneficent influence everywhere. Every city, town, village, hamlet is coming under its sway.

“To be a fraternalist is a mark of honor. It gives one a certain standing among his fellow men that can be obtained in no other way. Fraternalism encourages thrift, protects the home, looks after the unfortunate and the helpless. It stands by the death couch and says to its occupant that it will look after the widow and the orphan, and will see to it that they are given a fair chance in the world when their protector is gone.

“Fraternalism has consoled, comforted, relieved millions. It is grandly doing that work today, and will be engaged in it in the years to come. It may at times have its enemies, but that cannot prevail against it. Its spirit of helpfulness is too deeply rooted ever to be destroyed. Selfishness is destroyed by it; envy and hate are dissipated. True fraternity suggests love, helpfulness. It minimizes poverty, it lessens sorrow.”

Fraternal organizations’ potent influences for peace were praised by Secretary Bryan in Washington, D. C. He said:

“The fraternal organization is destined to play a larger part than it has heretofore in the advancement of world peace. Many of our orders are now international, and while they may be impotent to check the ravages of war when war has once begun, they can be potent in the earlier stages of discussion before passion has converted invisible boundaries into impassable barriers.”

The World's War

*We stand at Armageddon
And we battle for the Lord.*

THE WORLD WAR.

Retrospect July 4, 1918.

PRESIDENT WILSON says, "The Star Spangled Banner' is the emblem of the right of one nation to save other nations, and Old Glory in the future will stand for Justice to all mankind."

"Thank God I am an American."—Daniel Webster.

LINCOLN GRIEVED—KAISER GRATIFIED.

A LETTER written by the Kaiser to a German woman who has lost nine sons in the war is now going the rounds of the European press. It is particularly interesting to Americans because of its sharp contrast to the famous letter of President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby during the American Civil War. The Kaiser is "gratified," and sends his photograph. Lincoln was grieved, and, as we recall Lincoln's letter, it did not occur to him that his picture would relieve the desolation of Mrs. Bixby. The following are the letters:

The Kaiser's Letter.

"His majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war. His majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature.

"Frau Meter, who received the letter, has now joined the street beggars in Delmenhors-Oldenburg, to get a living."

Lincoln's Letter.

"Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

WE WILL WIN THE WAR.

WHEN we think of this country's resources, faith in our ability to win the war is redoubled. The wealth of the United States is estimated at \$250,000,000,000, with an income of \$50,000,000,000—as much as the British and German empires combined. Our country leads in the production of wheat; grows three-fourths of the world's supply of corn, two-thirds of its cotton, and one-third of its wool, and has more miles of steam railroad than all of Europe combined. Moreover, the American production of steel exceeds that of Britain, France, Russia, Belgium and the Central Empires combined—totaling 42,600,000 tons a year; and incidentally in this great steel production Pittsburgh plays the leading part. [War won since the above was written.]

WHAT THE KAISER MOST NEEDS.

WE ARE surfeited these days with reminiscences of the Kaiser, from his physician, tailor, barber and "shoe shine." But what he most needs just now is an "undertaker." America's finest will see to it that the funeral director be a gifted writer, in order that the coming generations may know just exactly what antics the brutal, crazy monarch performed during the funeral obsequies and interment.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S AMERICANISM.

I MEAN to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country.—Daniel Webster, July 17, 1850.

DEAD OR ALIVE.

OUR business with the enemy is simple. It is to get him dead or alive, though we go to Berlin to do it. When we have taken him he shall be brought, handcuffed, before the bar of humanity and sentenced as he deserves—to the form of death he will least disgrace and to an obloquy eternal. We have paid too much for freedom to have to win it twice.—*New York Tribune*. [We have since trapped him alive.]

OVER THE BLUE AND GRAY.

HERE'S to the Blue of the wind-swept North when they meet on the fields of France.

May the spirit of Grant be over them all as the sons of the North advance.

Here's to the Gray of the sunkissed South when they meet on the fields of France.

May the spirit of Lee be over them all as the sons of the South advance.

Here's to the Blue and Gray as one when they meet on the fields of France.

May the spirit of God be over them all,

As the sons of the Flag advance.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN.

THE following brilliant gems are from the address of President Wilson, in New York, Friday evening, September 28, in launching the Fourth Liberty Loan:

Individual statesmen may have started the conflict; neither they nor their opponents can stop it as they please.

Our brothers from many lands, as well as our own murdered under the sea, were calling to us and we responded fiercely.

It is of capital importance that we should also be explicitly agreed that no peace shall be obtained by any kind of compromise.

Germany will have to redeem her character, not by what happens at the peace table, but by what follows.

All international agreements and treaties of every kind must be known, in their entirety, to the rest of the world.

The United States is prepared to assume its full share of responsibility for the * * * understanding upon which peace will henceforth rest.

Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken.

Germany always finds that the world does not want her terms. It wishes justice and fair dealing.

We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the Central Empires.

They (Central Powers) have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. [The answer was Peace without Compromise.]

THE GLORY OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

ATTU, the most western of the Aleutian Islands, away beyond the lines of Alaska, in June, holds the setting sun until it rises in Maine.

So, years before the United States acquired the Phillipines, it was as true of the Stars and Stripes as it was of the Union Jack, that the sun never set on the country over which it floated. And away beyond Alaska its people last night saw the flag in the "twilight's last gleaming," and almost at the same instant in the "dawn's early light" on the coast of Maine the people of New England beheld it in all of its glory.

You're a grand old flag, tho torn to a rag;
And forever in peace may you wave;
You're the emblem of the Land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Every heart beats true for the red, white and blue,
Without ever a boast or brag;
And, should old acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the GRAND OLD FLAG.

RED CROSS—WHAT IS IT?

RED CROSS differs from all other forms of war work.

Red Cross reaches the heart of the world.

Every cent received is spent for War Relief.

Membership fees pay the general expenses of administration of Red Cross.

Interest in money in bank makes available for relief \$1.02 for every \$1 contributed.

Relief and nursing of soldiers is most familiar Red Cross work.

Red Cross work extends to:

The tubercular.

Invalided soldiers.

Prisoners in Germany.

Dependent families of soldiers.

Civilians and children in the war zone.

Those in reconquered French territory.

Repatriated people returning to France.

Cripples and the blind, who are taught useful occupations.

The work extends to Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Italy and Armenia, as well as in France.

That is why Allegheny county went "over the top" in its Red Cross drives by many millions more than was asked for.

A Pittsburgh lady, returned from Chicago, says the knitters and other Red Cross workers in the Garden City are turning out manufactured goods of the value of \$125,000 monthly. Such results undoubtedly are in the mind of President Wilson when he suggests that we cannot win the war without the women—therefore, in gratitude to them he favored the passage of the suffrage amendment.

Great statesmen conquer nations,

Kings rule a people's fate,

But an unseen hand of velvet

These giants regulate.

The iron arm of fortune

With woman's hand is purled;

For the hand that rocks the cradle

Is the hand that rules the world.

Allegheny county women, young and old, are alert at knitting, keeping the "home machines whirling" on socks, and persons just returned from the front trenches plead with them for renewed effort—as it is very cold "over there" in winter time. [The boys are now bringing the socks home with them.]

PROUD OF AMERICA.

WHEN a man becomes a nation's subject, the nation becomes his servant. Its power is pledged for his defense, its laws are for his protection, its very existence is for his benefit.

That nation is worthless, that will not with pleasure venture all for its honor.
—Schiller.

SAMPLE FOUR MINUTE SPEECH.

NINETEEN hundred years ago Christ said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Kaiser answers that question today by saying: "What value is the soul when you can gain the whole world?" So he has cast his soul out. He says that there is but one law and that is my law. He says the weak have no right against the strong. So he has waged war against the weak nations and crushed them. He has broken the laws of nations, by invading neutrals, promoting massacres and enslaving captives. He has broken the laws of humanity by sinking unarmed ships and attacking undefended towns, slaying women and children. He has broken the laws of God, for he has committed murder, theft, arson, filled the world with lies, sanctioned hideous torture and barbarity.

Germany is the first civilized nation in the world to fire on the Red Cross or sink a hospital ship. But when she fired on the Stars and Stripes, she penetrated into the heart of the whole American Nation, who resented the arrogant insult, and has gone forth with her men and her money to crush Germany, and exterminate Kaiserism from the face of the earth. But this cannot be accomplished without sorrow, without pain, without sacrifice, for to defend our freedom, and the cause of humanity and justice in the world, we must pay the price of war. Our boys who are offering up their lives for our cause on the bloody battle front of France must be cared for. They need a Mother's Love, they need a Mother's Care and Tenderness and the only way they can have this is through the greatest Mother in the world, "The Red Cross." It is rightfully named the greatest Mother in the world, for it carries its mission of Mercy to all suffering humanity. It cares for and comforts the sick and wounded, it feeds the hungry, it mothers the orphans, it clothes the naked, it houses the homeless, and with a mother's love and tenderness it whispers the message of hope and consolation to the dying Soldier who gives up his life for you and for me. Surely you will not deny your boy this comfort, this care, when he gives his all for you. There is no greater heroism than mercy. There is no truer bravery than the bravery of tenderness. You have given much, but there is yet much to give, for this war will not end until the beast of Berlin has been crushed. And the quickest way to end it is to win it, and it is the purpose of the Red Cross to help to win it by caring for those who suffer the tortures of war on the battle front. Let us not forget that out of the crash of war comes a Christ-like sympathy whose symbol of tenderness is the Red Cross. It goes everywhere in the cause of Mercy.

"IN DEEDS OF GLORY THAT EXCEL."

THE Pittsburgh internal revenue district, according to a statement issued by Secretary McAdoo, practically led the country in the payment of incomes, excess profits and miscellaneous taxes for the year 1917, being exceeded only by the New York district.

The internal revenue office in this district collected \$332,159,701, while collections in the great New York district amounted to \$457,058,250. In the Philadelphia district collections were \$200,509,671, and the first Illinois district, in which Chicago is located, reports only \$304,374,930.

IN THE GOD OF NATIONS TRUST.

JUNE 20, 1863, in compliance with the request of the National Reform Association, President Lincoln appointed a day of national humiliation and prayer for the success of the Union armies. And on July 4th came the answer in the victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, the turning of the tide in favor of Northern success.

On Memorial Day, 1918, May 30, in answer to the request of the National Reform Association, President Wilson called the American nation to prayer, and the victories of the Piave and Marne followed in rapid succession, leading General Pershing to say, "Someone has been praying."

Here is a review of the victory at the Piave river:

Italian Victory on the Piave River—The Marne—Commendation of an Editorial.

To the Editor of The Chronicle Telegraph:

"Dear Sir:—Permit me to congratulate you on the editorial in your issue of June 25, on the remarkable victory of the Italians at the Piave river. The people of this deeply religious community, recognizing that 'God rules in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth,' have not forgotten that effectual fervent prayer will avail, and everyone attending the noon prayer services at the First Presbyterian Church have come away convinced that right and not might would prevail in due time.

"One of your readers, who is acquainted with the country of the Piave river, says never before in its history, at this season of the year, has the stream overflowed its banks. Fifteen or sixteen pontoon bridges were swung across the river and the Austrians crossed for the dash that meant the annihilation of the enemy. But the floods descended, the rains came, banks overflowed, winds beat against the bridges, and they were destroyed. The Austrians became panic-stricken and, like the conquests of some of the ancients, the Italians fell upon them and slew them by the thousands, besides capturing a lot of prisoners and vast spoils of war.

"It was 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon' that won a notable victory, with only a small band of untrained men. At times Joshua must 'go forward,' assured of victory; again God's servants were commanded to 'stand still that they might see His salvation.' But the assurance has always been that 'rulers and nations that know not God are doomed to destruction.' Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, Herod were 'found wanting when weighed in the balance,' and the brutal tyrant, the Kaiser, must pass into the same class before we can be assured of a lasting peace.

"I base this conclusion that right and not might will prevail on the last verse of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic':

"He has sounded forth His trumpet
That will never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat.
Oh be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
Be jubilant my feet—
Our God is marching on.'

"Yours sincerely,

"June 6, 1918.

"PERCY F. SMITH."

And how about the Marne victory? The river overflowed its banks, but the enemy covered the place with "pillars of smoke," to hide the operations in bridge building. But Jehovah caused a great wind to blow the smoke away and bombs of the Allies destroyed the enemy's plans and gave the Allies another glorious victory.

And my regret is that I cannot keep open this volume for the crowning event of this World War, the complete overthrow of the Kaiser and every remnant of Prussian militarism, which is but another name for Prussian brutality. [The overthrow has been accomplished.]

EASY TO WIN THE WAR.

A PEDESTRIAN, blocked at a crossing by the passage of a long freight train, read the sign on one of the cars—Capacity 60,000 lbs.; length inside 36 feet; and thus he soliloquized: "It would take over 430,000 of those big cars to transport the 13,000,000 tons of brewery freight in this country this year, and that would make a train over 3,000 miles long—long enough to reach from San Francisco to New York City; from the Golden Gate to Hell Gate. To Hell Gate, thought I, and although the caboose had now bumped by, I had forgotten my hurry, for I was thinking what fools we be to permit our German brewers, the Kaiser's allies in America, to burden our railroads with all that freight, when McAdoo says that transportation will win the war."

A HELL-BOUND QUARTETTE.

LET religious intolerance go, with alcohol, autocracy and militarism, into the same hell from which they came.—Clinton Howard.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

AN ITALIAN bomb not only wounded an Austrian at the Piave river, but shattered his name terribly. Corporal Iveanawfulitch was the best the Italian surgeons could get out of him.

DEAD WEIGHT.

IS IT any wonder the German tanks get nowhere when they have to drag through the mud and mire a name like "Sturmpanzerkraftwagens"? The tank division, we learn, is in command of Gen. Fritz von von der Blinken Stoeften, ony geegan, heimerscroüshorn. Those names would "tank up" anyone.

GRAY KNITTING.

(BY KATHERINE HALE.)

ALL through the country, in the autumn stillness,
 A web of gray spreads strangely, rim to rim;
 And you may hear the sound of knitting-needles
 Incessant, gentle, dim.

A tiny click of little wooden needles,
 Elfin amid the gianthood of war;
 Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
 Who weave the web afar.

Whispers of women, tireless and patient—
 "Foolish, inadequate!" we hear you say;
 "Gray wool on fields of hell is out of fashion."
 And yet we weave the web from day to day.

Suppose some soldier dying, gaily dying,
 Under the alien skies, in his last hour
 Should listen, in death's prescience so vivid,
 And hear a fairy sound bloom like a flower—

I like to think that soldiers, gaily dying
 For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
 May hear the fairy click of women's needles
 As they fall fast asleep.

[This poem deals with a beautiful phase of the great tragedy—with the work of the women who day and night knit clothing for the men who have gone to battle. "Gray Knitting" is perhaps not a classic but surely exquisite in its sincerity and simplicity. May its publication in this form inspire 500,000 of the good women of America to knit socks for our soldier boys.]

UP AGAINST IT.

TO LIVE through an encounter with such enemies as General Blomontoroff, Pershing's boys deserve more than an iron cross.

KIND THOUGHTS ABOUT THE KAISER.

A STRAPPING colored recruit leaving Pittsburgh was asked if he was going to Paris. "No, sah; I'se goin' direc' to Berlin." A fellow in New York, rejected by all enlistment agencies, sought suicide by shooting. His farewell note read that, denied the privilege of going to Berlin to shoot the Kaiser, he was bound to meet him, even if he had to face him in Hades.

THE SERVICE FLAG.

DEAR little flag in the window there,
 Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
 Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
 Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!
 Blue is your star in its field of white,
 Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
 Born of the blood that our forebears shed
 To raise your mother, The Flag, o'erhead.
 And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
 To speak from a window—to speak and say:
 "I am the voice of a soldier son,
 Gone, to be gone till the victory's won.
 "I am the flag of The Service, sir;
 The flag of his mother—I speak for her
 Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
 But hides from the others her unwept tears.
 "I am the flag of the wives who wait
 For the safe return of a martial mate—
 A mate gone forth where the war god thrives,
 To save from sacrifice other men's wives.
 "I am the flag of the sweethearts true;
 The often unthought of—the sisters, too.
 I am the flag of a mother's son
 And won't come home till the victory's won!"
 Dear little flag in the window there,
 Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
 Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
 Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

1917.

—William Herschell in the *Indianapolis News*.

SURE THING.

GEN. SHADRACH NEBUCHUDNEZZAR ZOOTS lost out when he
 shouted to the Austrians in a last grand rally at the Piave river, "Gott
 mitt us!" The distracted Austrians replied, "Yah, we Gott mittens, too!"

HOW TO CONSERVE THE BREAD SUPPLY.

WONDER if it ever occurred to Dr. Hoover that he might better control
 the bread situation through the aid of the United States Patent Office,
 and seconded by McAdoo, who now owns all the locomotives. How so? A
 locomotive is an invention; a loaf of bread a necessity. Necessity is the
 mother of invention.

THE CREED OF COWARDS AND TRAITORS.

THIS excerpt is from a speech of Hon. William E. Borah, United States Senator, March 18, 1918:

"It has often been said, since the war began, that a republic cannot make war. I trample the doctrine under my feet. I scorn the faithless creed as the creed of cowards and traitors. If a republic cannot make war, if it cannot stand the ordeal of conflict, why in the name of the living God are our boys on the western front? Are they to suffer and die for a miserable craft that can only float in the serene breeze of the summer seas and must sink or drive for port at the first coming of the storm? No; they are there to defend a craft which is equal to every conflict and superior to every foe—the triumph and the pride of all the barks that have battled with the ocean of time.

"A republic can make war. It can make war successfully and triumphantly and remain a republic every hour of the conflict. The genius who presided over the organization of this Republic, whose impressive force was knit into every fiber of our national organization, was the greatest soldier, save one, of the modern world, and the most far-visioned leader and statesman of all time. He knew that though devoted to peace the time would come when the Republic would have to make war. Over and over again he solemnly warned his countrymen to be ever ready and always prepared. He intended, therefore, that this Republic should make war and make war effectively, and the Republic which Washington framed and baptized with his love can make war. Let these faithless recreants cease to preach their pernicious doctrine.

"This theory, this belief that a self-governing people cannot make war without forfeiting their freedom and their form of government is vicious enough to have been kenneled in some foreign clime. A hundred million people knit together by the ties of a common patriotism, united in spirit and purpose, conscious of the fact that their freedom is imperiled, and exerting their energies and asserting their powers through the avenues and machinery of a representative Republic, is the most masterful enginery of war yet devised by man. It has in it a power, an element of strength, which no military power, of itself, can bring into effect.

"The American soldier, a part of the life of his nation, imbued with devotion to his country, has something in him that no mere military training and discipline as applied to automatons of an absolute government can ever give. The most priceless heritage which this war will leave to a war-worn and weary world is the demonstrated fact that a free people of a free government can make war successfully and triumphantly, can defy and defeat militarism and preserve through it all their independence, their freedom, and the integrity of their institutions."

THE NEWSPAPER IN WAR TIMES.

"FOUR hostile newspapers are more to be feared than 100,000 bayonets."—Napoleon.

A new rendition of the maxim—"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Did the Kaiser have Napoleon's thought in mind when, with \$50,000,000, he hoped to muzzle the American press in their hostility to his brutal Prussianism?

BRAVE SOLDIERS DON'T FEAR DEATH.

NAPOLEON, about to embark upon a conflict where sure death would be the result, said to his crack regiment, "Every man willing to accompany me into a fight where we must expect to die, will move one step forward." Just then his attention was diverted and when he returned to look upon the men the whole regiment stood at full dress. Napoleon, his voice subdued, said, "Soldiers, did you not understand me? I asked as many of you as were ready to face death in our next battle to move forward one step."

The ranking officer, saluting Napoleon, said, "Your majesty, every man stepped forward."

American soldiers respond similarly when Foch, Haig or Pershing call them to the "Firing Line."

The inspiration is not the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" alone, but back of all the world anthem, "Onward, Christian Soldier."

OUR RETURNING HEROES.

FOR \$2,000,000 Uncle Sam can give a home to every soldier returning from France, whether it be the 1,000,000 now there or the 2,500,000 who will be there next spring, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane told the members of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce in July, 1918.

Secretary Lane states that there are at present 250,000,000 acres of uncultivated land in the United States; that there are 15,000,000 acres of swamp land and as many acres of desert soil and stump land left in the Northwest by the lumbermen.

"Why not rehabilitate this land for the soldiers?" asked the Secretary. "We can meet them at any point on the Atlantic coast upon their return from France and say 'Help build a great dam to irrigate the arid desert soil, or help cultivate the land devastated by the lumbermen and build a home. The United States will support you while doing it and give you 40 years to pay back your debt.'"

He also pleads for the Americanization of foreign workmen "as one means of preventing labor disorders after the war. Teaching them the English language will enable them to read the papers, books and the signs about the shop, and will help increase their earnings. Every shop should have a class in English."

The movement grows in advocacy not only of the above, but for one language in this country, especially in the public schools and newspapers, and the prohibition by the government of the publication of newspapers in foreign languages, because of the fact that as long as immigrants have the opportunity of reading newspapers in their mother tongue they will remain ignorant of the ideals of American citizenship.

Quite naturally this brings up the whole question of Americanization.

Can we become a really strong nation if Americanization is for native-born men and women only, while nothing is done for the foreign-born men and women who constitute our reserve force?

It would seem that the immediate task before us is mobilization and Americanization, the welding of the many races and classes in this country into one enduring, steadfast, efficient nation.

What does Americanization mean to the nation? It means putting the American flag above all others, abolishing dual citizenship, and pledging open allegiance to America.

It means American citizenship for every alien within our borders, or deportation and closing our doors to political scouts and birds of passage, and marks the end of voting by ward bosses. This desecration of American citizenship cannot exist side by side with an aggressive effort on the part of the public schools and newspapers of the country to instruct the foreign-born, adults as well as children, in the real meaning of citizenship.

It means one language for all America and the elimination of illiteracy. Confusion of tongues and ignorance of American institutions and opportunities are a serious menace to the nation.

It means a higher level of intelligence and the establishment of the rule of the English language and of a common citizenship.

It means, not America first and safety first, but Liberty, Justice, Honor and Right first.

Liberty, not license; Honor, not wealth; Country, not self.

This question of Americanization is very grave, and the time is here for action along the line of one language, one school and one standard of American citizenship.

“UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER”

SPEAKING for all the co-belligerents, the United States, on September 16, 1918, 30 minutes after receiving the Austrian government's note from the minister of Sweden, asking for a peace conference, answered:

“The Government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain.”

See how plain are terms given herewith:

“What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

“These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking people of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.”—From President Wilson's Mt. Vernon address July 4.

WE BELIEVE IN OUR COUNTRY.

WE believe in our Country, the United States of America; we believe in our Constitution, our laws, our institutions, and the principles for which the Nation stands. We believe in our future. We believe in our great possibilities, yes, more, our wonderful certainties. We believe in the American people, their genius, their brain, their brawn. We believe in their honesty, their integrity and dependability. We believe that nothing can stand in the way of their commercial advancement and prosperity. We believe in the sacred institutions of our Country, especially the Bible, the Public School and the Flag. We believe further that all who accept positions of trust or otherwise under the Government of the United States and any of its territories, or dependencies, must swear allegiance to it and to popular education. We believe we have room for but one educational system within the borders of this great republic. Frequently we hear it said by good citizens, "We are back of all these institutions"; and that is true in a sense, they may be back of them, but that is not the place for Americans to be. Their place is in front of them, holding the Stars and Stripes around them, saying "Thus far shalt thou go and no further."

Our soldier boys in the Civil War won victories with songs and here are verses from two which always cheered them. They are now out of print.

Rally round the flag, boys,
Give it to the breeze;
That's the banner we love
On the land or seas.
Brave hearts are under it,
Let all despots brag;
Gallant lads will fire away,
And fight for the flag.
All other flags are but as rags,
Ours is the true one.
Up with the Stars and Stripes,
Down with all the new ones.
Let our colors fly boys,
Guard them day and night.
For victory is Liberty
And God will bless the right.

Away down in Dixie,
The war first began;
'Twas down at Fort Sumter,
With Major Anderson;
Who stood by the flag
With a heart brave and true,
And who fought like a man,
For the red, white and blue.

Our Flag is the symbol of Liberty throughout the world. Great was the sorrow, even beyond the sea, when it was struck down at Sumter, and great was the joy when it was again raised over the re-united country at Appomattox. The oppressed of all lands look upon it with such love and affection as we, who were born under it, can scarcely understand. The slave, wherever he may be, and the proscribed for conscience' sake, take courage whenever they see this symbol of human liberty. Men have died for it and there are millions today who would sacrifice their lives to shield it from dishonor.

It wrapped the body of the immortal Lincoln; it rested upon the bier of General Grant, and caught the expiring glances of thousands of heroes, Grant's and Lincoln's comrades, martyrs to freedom, while the shadows of death were falling upon their faces.

This Flag which has cost so much to preserve unsullied, and which has a stronger hold upon the affections of mankind than any other, cannot be displayed too often. The rising generation should be taught to venerate it as a sacred legacy handed down from an age of patriots and heroes. While it flies the hopes of the world will run high. Tyranny cannot stand unabashed before it.

WAVE now, in well-begotten pride!
 Fear not the blasting clash of war!
 The free homes thou dost glorify
 We'll never let a foeman mar.
 E'en foreign children in our midst,
 Who came to seek a gracious hearth,
 Will join with God and thee and us
 To serve thy noble cause on earth.

—Thos. Gillespie, Dormont.

A MACHINE GUN PEACE.

AT Providence, R. I., October 17, 1918, Colonel Roosevelt, speaking at the Fourth Liberty Loan rally, said: "We are going to see this war to a finish if it takes three years more, our bedrock dollar and the last man. We will accept no peace save the peace that follows unconditional surrender, and we will get that peace with the machine gun and not with the typewriter. Germany needn't bother about terms. She isn't going to be consulted. We will settle on terms with our Allies. Germany's part will be limited to saying 'Yes, sir.'"

“AND THUS THE WAR COMES TO AN END”

MONDAY, November 11, 1918, President Woodrow Wilson announced to the world, “And thus the war comes to an end.” He added in a proclamation:—

“My fellow countrymen: The armistice was signed this morning. Everything for which America fought has been accomplished. It will now be our fortunate duty to assist by example, by sober, friendly counsel and by material aid in the establishment of just democracy throughout the world.”

And why did we go to war with Germany:

Because she sank our ships, murdered our citizens, attempted to give us orders limiting our travel on the high seas and tried to stir up other countries against us.

The “high spots” of the armistice terms as President Wilson read them to Congress are as follows:

The naval terms provide for the surrender of all undersea craft, 250 in all, perhaps, 50 destroyers, 6 battle cruisers, 10 battleships, 8 light cruisers and other miscellaneous ships.

All Allied vessels in German hands are to be surrendered and Germany is to notify neutrals that they are free to trade at once on the seas with the Allied countries.

Among the financial terms included are restitution for damage done by the German armies: restitution of the cash taken from the National Bank of Belgium and return of gold taken from Russia and Rumania.

The military terms include the surrender of 5,000 guns, half field and half light artillery: 25,000 machine guns, 3,000 flame throwers and 1,700 airplanes.

The surrender of 5,000 locomotives, 150,000 wagons or railway cars, 5,000 motor lorries, the railways of Alsace-Lorraine for use by the Allies and stores of coal and iron also are included.

The immediate repatriation of all Allied and American prisoners without reciprocal action by the Allies also is included.

German troops are to retire at once from any territory held by Russia, Rumania and Turkey before the war.

The Allied forces are to have access to the evacuated territory either through Dantzic or by the River Vistula. German forces in East Africa may evacuate instead of surrendering.

German troops which have not left the invaded territories, which specifically include Alsace-Lorraine within 14 days become prisoners of war.

The repatriation within 14 days of the thousands of unfortunate civilians deported from France and Belgium also is required.

Freedom of access to the Baltic Sea with power to occupy German forts in the Kattegat is another provision. The Germans also must reveal location of mines, poisoned wells and like agencies of destruction and the Allied blockade is to remain unchanged during the period of armistice.

All ports on the Black Sea occupied by Germans are to be surrendered and the Russian war vessels recently taken by the German naval forces also are to be surrendered to the Allies.

The American Army had reached a total strength of 3,764,677 men when hostilities ceased, according to official figures at the War Department. Of that number 2,200,000 had been sent to France, Italy or Russia. The remainder were under arms in camps in this country.

America's casualties in the war made public up to the hour of the cessation of hostilities totaled 69,420. Of these 12,460 were killed in action.

Thousands more have been killed, wounded or captured and it probably will be many weeks before the last list is compiled. It is generally believed that America's casualties will reach 100,000. As this volume goes to press, the American casualties reach 260,000, only 100,000 having been reported.

The London *Express* estimates the casualties of European nations during the war as follows:

Germany, 6,900,000; Austria, 4,500,000; France, 4,000,000; Britain, 2,900,000; Turkey, 750,000; Belgium, 350,000; Rumania, 200,000; Bulgaria, 200,000.

With the unestimated casualties of Russia and others not included in the above list the *Express* estimates the total casualties of the war at 26,000,000 men.

11th Month, 11th day, 11 o'clock A. M., 1918—Monday.

America, free from the ravages of war, unscathed by the destructive hand of the Hun hordes, looked across the seas to find the battlefields of France and Belgium silent for the first time in four years. Where, for 51 months, giant guns, poisonous gases, and bursting bombs had wrought destruction, there was quiet.

At the close of the unprecedented strife Germany stood alone before the wrath of 22 civilized nations. Those 22 were in arms, five others had severed relations with her government and two others—Russia and Rumania—she had embittered by enforcement of a vicious peace. Her enemies had called to the colors over twenty-three million men during the conflict, determined to crush forever the power that had upset the peace of the world.

Her Allies, Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria-Hungary, had left her when her strength began to weaken and finally her own people, seeing at last the disaster the treacherous emperor and war lord had brought upon them, overthrew his reign and he has fled the country.

In the kaleidoscopic events of the four years of war twenty-four great nations participated in the fighting. Over thirty-three million men were under arms. More than sixteen million men were killed, wounded, or gassed. More than one hundred billions of dollars was consumed in the struggle.

It resulted in revolutions in Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Germany. Five monarchs and heirs were driven from the throne. The military dynasties of the Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Hapsburg of Austria, and King Ferdinand, and his son of Bulgaria tottered and fell. The pro-German King Constantine of Greece fled before the wrath of his people. Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary sees his dual empire a heap of ruins, and Germany, revolting, is proclaiming republics within its borders.

It was America's privilege to turn the tide of the war. Her entrance as a belligerent in April, 1917, has been followed by the shipment of over 2,200,000 Yank fighters to Europe, loaning of over \$7,500,000,000 to her associates in the war and expenditure of over \$20,500,000,000 during her nineteen months in the fight.

The French bill against the Hun is 68 billions of dollars. The struggle cost the Allies 200 billions; the Huns 64 billions of dollars.

The Federal Reserve Board estimates that upward of two hundred billion dollars was spent on the world war. That is seven times the value of all the gold and silver produced from the beginning of the world and twenty-five times the total of all the paper money ever issued by all nations.

A dramatic scene, rendered doubly impressive by the simplicity of its setting, was that of this meeting, one of the greatest events in the world's history, between Marshal Foch and his associates and the German bearers of the white flag, as described by the Associated Press. The meeting took place in a railroad car in which the commander-in-chief of the Allied forces had his headquarters. After verification of the Germans' credentials, Marshal Foch read the terms "in loud voice, dwelling upon each word." It does one's heart good to picture Foch "telling it" to the Germans. It recalls the man in the story who exclaimed: "I'm not arguing with you; I'm telling you." The time for argument with the enemy had passed. Foch was now telling them. And then came the German request for a suspension of hostilities "in the interests of humanity." The nation that had tortured and butchered humanity for the last four years, had bombed hospitals and schools, sunk hospital ships, shot helpless civilians, maimed prisoners, committed every atrocity that could be conceived by the mind of man, begged us to stop a fair, stand-up fight with her soldiers "in the interests of humanity" until she could consider the peace terms. Rejection or evasion meant invasion. The forces of civilization awaited the issue with supreme confidence knowing their war is won.

And now for the tremendous part which Pittsburgh community had in the World's War. Some believe, and are able to back their beliefs with figures, that without Pittsburgh the war could not have been won, at all events not so promptly.

In due course of time the figures will be compiled with reference to the vast values of steel products which went to supply the fighting armies at the front. There are experts who estimate the quantity of war material, strictly speaking, which was furnished by the Pittsburgh district as high as 40 per cent of the total provided by the entire country.

In the matter of financial credits it is believed Pittsburgh ranks second only to New York. In banking credits, it is known now that she is second only to that city. Her quotas of the four loans were enormously oversubscribed in each instance. The total subscribed was \$492,382,000, divided as follows: First loan, \$84,258,000; second, \$148,030,000; third, \$95,094,000; fourth, \$177,000,000. The district is also believed to be the second in the country in the amount of income tax levied and paid.

Claims are made that the records of military operations will show Pennsylvania the first state in the Union in the number of her soldier sons who participated in actual fighting. It is said that the completed casualty lists will show the state to have lost in killed and wounded more men than the entire South. In this proud record the Pittsburgh district achieved a high place. The number of sons of Allegheny county who actually entered the service is estimated reliably as being near 60,000. Few, if any, counties in the country exceeded this. Pennsylvania furnished 330,000 soldiers, 250,000 by the draft, 30,000 by the Guard, and 50,000 volunteers.

In Red Cross work, Y. M. C. A., and similar activities an enormous amount of work has been done. Almost everybody has had some part in this as well as in subscribing for Liberty bonds and buying War Savings Stamps. It is believed that when the statistical evidence of all this work has been compiled, this city, county and district will take a rank second to that of no other community in the country.

More than 47,000,000 American people subscribed to the American Red Cross within a period of 11 months, a total aggregating \$313,000,000 in money, and contributed manufactured goods of an estimated value of approximately \$44,000,000.

The losses mentioned above do not include the losses of non-combatants and property destroyed.

The price which the world has paid for peace is appalling, regardless of the fact that the account is yet far from closed. Not until centuries hence will the books of debit and credit be balanced on this great tragedy, in which blood and money have been poured out as never before in all the history of mankind.

The debit side of the account we think we know well. Let us turn to the credit side for a moment's consolation; what is it that we there find? Dynasties have been wiped out or have disintegrated. The Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs are put down, with their arrogance and oppression. Those monarchical idiots by divine right of Bulgaria and Greece have disappeared. Thrones and their heirs have fallen. All over the earth peoples are rising to the blessings of self-government. Mankind never before had so vivid a realization of the preciousness of justice and liberty. New foundation stones have been mined, chiseled and laid for constructive advance in our material civilization.

But all these things, desirable as they are, are not worth the price this world has paid for peace. Let us seek something more. Let us transform supreme evil to supreme good, as "God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him," by using the present unprecedented state of world affairs as a divinely appointed opportunity to inaugurate the reign of the brotherhood of man. The right, as it affects all, must prevail. It must master men who have hitherto set it at naught. It must level greed and privilege and caste as it has leveled thrones and dynasties. Every noble youth who died in this Armageddon of the nations died for liberty, fraternity, equality.

That is the great prize that has been paid for with the lives of the millions of the dead and the billions of money of the living.

Let us write into the world history wherein men's deeds of hate, greed and injustice "tread upon one another's feet, so fast they follow," an epoch of brotherly love in which the first concern shall always be for those who have suffered most and enjoyed least.

Our National Anthems

The One always sure to win, in Peace or War—"Onward, Christian Soldier."

ARMY AND NAVY ACCEPT "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER," THOUGH NONE IS OFFICIAL.

(Published in the *Gazette Times*, May 31, 1917.)

"SIR:—Considerable controversy has arisen of late over the claims of various patriotic songs to consideration as the national anthem of the United States. 'The Star Spangled Banner' and 'America' are the principal claimants for the honor. The controversy cannot be settled, for no song has ever been finally and legally adopted by Congress as the national anthem, but by common consent the place is usually ceded to 'The Star Spangled Banner.' A bill was introduced in Congress in 1916 by Representative Dyer, of Missouri, to make 'The Star Spangled Banner' legally the national anthem, but the bill did not come up for final action. However, the army and navy use 'The Star Spangled Banner' music wherever regulations call for the playing of the 'national anthem.'

"In 1909 the Librarian of Congress was called upon to furnish a report on various patriotic songs, including 'America,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' This report was issued in 1909, and parts of it were reprinted in 1914. It has sometimes been construed to indicate that the Librarian of Congress thought most favorably of the claims of 'America.' But Oscar Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music who signed the report, states that it was no part of the intention of the investigators to decide on the relative claims of the various songs to being considered the national anthem. The report deals with the history of the songs and comes to no conclusion.

"The revised regulations of the United States army, corrected to April, 1917, state in section 378 that 'whenever the national anthem is played * * * all officers and enlisted men shall stand at attention.' In army practice, and in the navy as well, the words 'national anthem' are construed as referring to 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"Meanwhile there is no one song which has been formally designated by Congress as the national anthem. 'America,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' are all fine songs, with many associations, and there are several other patriotic airs in the same class. Any American is following an entirely proper course in rising, uncovering and showing any other mark of respect when any one of them is played.

"The need for some one legal national anthem is felt, however, and it is not improbable that the present Congress will take the matter up when more pressing business has been attended to. What the selection will be no one can say, but 'The Star Spangled Banner' seems the most probable. This is more especially the case because the air of 'America,' the other principal contender, is already being used as the air of the national anthem in England and in other European countries.

"The words of 'America' were written by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, a Baptist minister, February 2, 1832, but the music is much older. It was written by Henry Carey, an Englishman, who died in 1743. The anthem, 'America,' was

first sung in public at the Park Street Church, Boston, Mass., at a patriotic children's service on July 4, 1832. The facts are as follows:

"In 1831 William C. Woodbridge, of Boston, brought from Europe some German song books, used in the German schools. Lowell Mason, choir leader in the Park Street Church, who was introducing the teaching of music in the public schools of Boston, but who could not read German, brought these books to Rev. Samuel F. Smith to look over, with the idea of compiling similar books for use in the Boston public schools. Mr. Smith wrote the words of 'America,' eight verses (see 'Poems of American Patriotism,' by R. L. Paget, of Boston), and applied these eight verses to a tune by Henry Carey, which he found in one of the books brought to him by Mr. Mason.

"'The Star Spangled Banner' was written by Francis Scott Key, born August 9, 1780, as a poem, not a song at all. Key was a young attorney of Washington and wrote the poem on the morning of September 14, 1814, in the harbor of Baltimore, on the deck of an enemy warship which was shelling Fort McHenry. Through the night of September 13, 1814, it looked as though the city was doomed, and under these circumstances, Key, an Episcopalian, of English descent, graduate of St. Johns Episcopal College of Annapolis, Md., a vestryman of St. Johns Episcopal Church, Georgetown, D. C., wrote the poem, which is unofficially referred to as our national anthem. All records agree that Key went on board the ship of his own free will and accord.

"The full text of 'America' is as follows:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our glorious land today,
'Neath education's sway,
Soars upward still!
Its halls of learning fair,
Whose bounties all may share,
Behold them everywhere
On vale and hill.

Thy safeguard, liberty,
The school shall ever be
Our nation's pride!
No tyrant hand shall smite,
While with encircling might
All here are taught the right,
With truth allied.

Beneath heaven's gracious will,
The star of progress still
Our course doth sway!
In unity sublime,
To broader heights we climb,
Triumphant over time
God speeds our way.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

Pittsburgh, May 30, 1917.

Grand birthright of our sires,
 Our altars and our fires,
 Keep we still pure;
 Our starry flag unfurled,
 The hope of all the world,
 In peace and light impearled,
 God hold secure.

PERCY F. SMITH.

Since I penned the above, bills have been introduced in Congress, making "The Star Spangled Banner" the national anthem; also declaring "America" so to be. The first is already the inspiring hymn of the army and navy. Let us have "America" for those who are "keeping the home fires burning" and for the peace era, and crown the two with the world anthem of "Onward, Christian Soldier."

"CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL."

TRACING the earliest use of the above quotation was a task, and the efforts of Hon. Judge John M. Kirkpatrick, Prof. Andrew Burt, of the public schools of Pittsburgh, several newspaper editors and others made it a most interesting contest. It seemed an easy matter to suggest that "Consistency, thou art a jewel" is in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "Othello," and so on indefinitely; only to find that the guessers were chasing phantoms.

One editor secured Bartlett's quotations and read from one of Shakespeare's plays, "Unless experience be a jewel," but he was ruled out, as the search was for an entirely different quotation, not an emasculation.

Finally, after about three months of search and enlisting a small army of those versed in literature, the then editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* came to the rescue and traced it to a point beyond which the inquirers could not go. He located it in a little book entitled "The Jolly Robin Roughhead Series," issued in England in 1684, and the line occurs in this stanza:

"Tush, tush, my lassie,
 All hopes resign;
 Comparisons are cruel;
 Fine pictures have
 Frames as fine;
 'Consistency's a jewel.'"

REMEMBER.

“DO NOT keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them; while their hearts can be thrilled and be made happier by them. The kind words you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way. Remember, we travel the road of life but once—let us try to make the world better for having lived.”

 THINGS WHICH WE SHOULD FORGET.

FORGET the slander you have heard,
 Forget the hasty, unkind word.
 Forget the quarrel and the cause,
 Forget the whole affair, because
 Forgetting is the only way.
 Forget the storm of yesterday,
 Forget the chap whose sour face
 Forgets to smile in any place.
 Forget the trials you have had,
 Forget the weather if it's bad.
 Forget the knocker, he's a freak,
 Forget him seven days a week.
 Forget you're not a millionaire,
 Forget the gray streaks in your hair.
 Forget the home team lost the game,
 Forget the pitcher was to blame.
 Forget the coffee when it's cold,
 Forget the kick, forget to scold.
 Forget the plumber's awful charge,
 Forget the iceman's bill is large.
 Forget the coal man and his ways (weighs),
 Forget the heat on summer days.
 Forget wherever you may roam,
 Forget the duck who wrote this poem.
 Forget that he in social bliss
 Forgot himself when he wrote this.
 Forget to ever get the blues,
 But don't forget to pay your dues.

The Greatest 4th of July

*Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined
Peace and safety we shall find.*

THE GREATEST FOURTH.

“THERE have been other Independence Days, but none so great, so significant as that of 1918,” says Percy F. Smith, whom all *Dispatch* readers know or know of. Mr. Smith, an able writer, has prepared an engrossing article on his subject, and all 100 per cent. Americans should read it.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*, July 20, 1918.

Next day, Sunday, July 21, 1918, the following story appeared in the *Dispatch*, embellished with large portraits of President Woodrow Wilson, Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and McKinley.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1918.

FRIENDS of the United States and Democracy throughout the whole world joined in the celebration of July 4, 1918, making this year's Independence Day the greatest in history. Expressions of good will were received from all of America's allies, and from many other peoples and nations. The nation has had many splendid observances of the day commemorating its birth, but none to compare with that featuring the year of effort to gain freedom for all humanity.

“Our forefathers, 142 years ago, fought for the liberties and inalienable rights of a few colonies. July 4, 1918, the United States joined hands with Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and other allied nations in celebration of an alliance to defend the rights and liberties of humanity against an insolent usurper, who would dominate or destroy the world. The spirit of the Declaration of Independence crossed the seas, and the flag of the United States was greeted with enthusiasm by all liberty-loving nations. America is just beginning to realize what was meant in 1776 when the signers to the Declaration said: ‘To this we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.’

“John Adams mapped out, 142 years ago, the program actually observed July 4, 1918, in celebrating the Nation's birthday anniversary. Let us briefly note the memorable anniversaries.

Fourth of July, 1776.

“In the debate which preceded the Declaration of Independence, John Adams is said by Thomas Jefferson to have excelled all his colleagues. There was a boldness, decision and fire about his speeches which carried conviction to many minds. When the great measure was passed July 2, 1776, he went home and wrote that celebrated letter to his wife:

“‘The day is passed. The 2d of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore.

"'You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see the end is more than worth all the means, and that prosperity will triumph in that day's transaction.'

"Adams spoke of the second of July, but as the declaration was formally approved on the fourth of July, that day has ever been observed as the birthday of the Republic.

Fourth of July, 1826.

"Adams lived to the great age of 90, long enough to see his son President of the United States and hail the dawn of the Fourth of July, 1826. A few days before a gentleman called upon him and asked him to give a toast which should be presented at the Fourth of July banquet, as coming from him. The old man said, 'I give you "Independence Forever."'

"'Will you not add something to it?' asked the visitor.

"'Not a word,' was the reply.

"The toast was presented at the banquet, where it was received with deafening cheers; and almost at that moment the soul of this great patriot passed away. Among the last words that could be gathered from his dying lips were these: 'Thomas Jefferson still survives.'

"But Thomas Jefferson, the principal author of the Declaration of Independence, did not survive. On the same Fourth of July, a few hours before, Jefferson departed this life. Few events have ever occurred in the United States more thrilling to the people than the death on the same anniversary of the Nation's birth of these two aged, venerable and venerated public servants.

From Jefferson's Diary.

"We owe to Thomas Jefferson's diary two or three amusing anecdotes relating to the acceptance of the Declaration of Independence, which was written almost entirely by him. When the members were signing the paper, Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, an enormously corpulent man, looking at the slender, withered form of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, said:

"'Gerry, when the hanging comes I shall have the advantage; you'll kick in the air half an hour after it is over with me.'

"It was about this time, too, that Franklin recorded one of his celebrated witticisms.

"'We must all hang together in this business,' said one of the members.

"'Yes,' said Franklin, 'we must all hang together or most assuredly we shall all hang separately.'

"Jefferson breathed his last at 50 minutes past meridian on July 4, 1826—the day his own hand had signalized.

Fourth of July, 1863.

"This Fourth of July was made memorable by two great events, the surrender at Vicksburg and the victory at Gettysburg.

"'If it should be asked why the Fourth of July was selected as the day for surrender, the answer is obvious. I believed that upon that day I should

obtain better terms. Well aware of the vanity of our foe, I knew they would attach vast importance to the entrance on the Fourth of July into the stronghold of the great river, and that, to gratify their national vanity, they would yield then what could not be extorted from them at any other time.'

"With this General Grant did not agree. Pemberton's first letter for surrender was received about 10 a. m., July 3. 'It then could hardly be expected it would take 24 hours to effect a surrender. He knew his men could not resist an assault, and one was expected on the Fourth. * * * I rode into Vicksburg with the troops and went to the river to exchange congratulations with the navy upon our joint victory. In the afternoon I returned to my old headquarters, outside, and sent the following message to the general in chief: "The enemy surrendered this morning. The only terms allowed is their parole as prisoners of war."

" 'This news, with the victory at Gettysburg won the same day, lifted a great load of anxiety from the minds of the President, his cabinet and the loyal people of the North. The fate of the Confederacy was sealed when Vicksburg fell. Much hard fighting was to be done afterward and many precious lives were to be sacrificed; but the morale was with the supporters of the Union ever afterward.'—From 'Grant's Memoirs on Vicksburg.'

"The victory at Gettysburg came at a critical time in the fortunes of both the North and South, the Federals having suffered a severe defeat at Chancellorsville, while the Southern army was being besieged at Vicksburg. The tide of battle turned at Gettysburg and Lee began his retreat the following night. Thereafter the cause of the Confederates was a losing one. It might have been expected that never again would there be another such memorable national anniversary.

Fourth of July, 1876.

"Thirteen years later the Fourth of July again attracted the attention of all the nations of the world, for on that day nearly 1,000,000 natives and foreigners attended the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia in commemoration of the founding of the Republic 100 years before. And it was indeed a memorable Fourth, as all the nations of the world were officially represented by their dignitaries and by the most magnificent exhibits of the progress of art and invention for 100 years. It was indeed the start of the teaching of art in American public schools.

Fourth of July, 1893.

"The World's Fair at Chicago—the white city by day and night—thanks to the discovery of the electric lights, recorded another memorable Fourth of July, that of 1893, when 750,000 passed the turnstiles to view that wonderful exhibition and to pay homage to the Nation's birthday.

Fourth of July, 1898.

"After a brief lull this Nation and the nations of the world were again called to think soberly of the American Independence Day by the glorious victory in Santiago Harbor in 1898, when Sampson's squadron, in command of Admiral Schley, destroyed Cervera's entire Spanish fleet. Following is Sampson's glorious message:

"The fleet under my command offers the Nation, as a Fourth of July present, the whole of Cervera's fleet. It attempted to escape at 9:30 this morning. At 2 the last ship, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore 75 miles west of Santiago and hauled down her colors. The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo and Viscaya were forced ashore, burned and blown up within 20 miles of Santiago. The Terror and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. SAMPSON.'

"Just 10 Sundays prior to that Dewey had captured or destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. It seemed to be America's province to make Sunday a fateful day for the Spanish.

"And thus it was that the Fourth of July, 1898, was a great day of rejoicing in America, with the knowledge that Spain had started on the conquest with the settled belief that America had nothing but a small army of 'tin soldiers' to resist them, and a navy of skiffs or yawls, armed with horse pistols.

"History had only repeated itself, for years before Philip of Armada had started out to destroy England and lost his entire fleet without the firing of a gun. The storms at sea did the work, like the rains and floods on the Piave river in 1918, which gave the Italians a great victory over the invading Austrian army.

"Then followed memorable Fourths of July at Buffalo, St. Louis and in California at the magnificent Pan-American celebration. But it was reserved for July 4, 1918, to, as it were, blend the achievements of all of them, and to go completely 'over the top' in notable accomplishments, as well as to show to the nations of the world that the future of America is freighted with immense possibilities.

July 4, 1918.

"Summarized, here is the record of July 4, 1918, which vividly recalls the language of John Adams when he proposed the toast, 'Independence Forever—not one word to be added to it.' And how beautifully it fits into the patriotic expressions of President Wilson at the tomb of George Washington, the compatriot of Adams:

"'We must settle once for all for the world, what was settled for America in 1776.'

"'America will sheathe the sword only when the world is freed.'

"But one other suggestion of John Adams should not go unnoticed, viz.: 'It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God'—a thanksgiving day service.

"But can we not indulge the hope that deep down in the hearts of the people this act of devotion was rendered? In all other respects the program as mapped out by Adams was very generally observed.

"Bonfires are blazing and rockets ascend;

No meager triumphs these tokens portend;

Shout, shout the victory for all, all is well;

And there comes the distant murmur—ring, ring the bells.

"Among the notable changes wrought by the war and the program of observance developed is the fact that of our Fourth of July heroes the soldier finished a strong first, the shipbuilder a good second, and the athlete a rather neglected third.

England's Popular Tribute.

"Not since the exciting days of the first weeks of the war had London seen such a wave of enthusiasm—Independence Day was on everybody's lips. The United States navy team beat the army in a game of baseball, 2 to 1, before King George and a vast throng. The king explained the game to Queen Mary. Admiral Jackson, U. S. A., tutored the Dowager Queen Alexandra. Instead of American peanuts, etc., tea was served in the grandstand. Admiral Sims and Major General Biddle, U. S. A., conducted the king to the grounds and introduced the captains and the umpire to his majesty. 'And the decks were cleared for action.'

"The whole of Great Britain is still discussing the American national game since then, having discovered our boys are 'hard hitters.'

"Haig's greeting to Pershing was: 'Warmest greetings on American Independence Day. Fourth of July this year soldiers of America, France and Great Britain will spend side by side for the first time in history in defense of the great principle of liberty, which is the proudest inheritance and the most cherished possession of their several nations. That liberty which the British, Americans and French won for themselves they will not fail to hold not only for themselves, but for the world.'

"Pershing's answer was: 'The firm unity of purpose that on the Fourth of July this year so strongly binds the great Allied nations together stands as a new declaration and a new guarantee that the sacred principle of liberty shall not perish, but shall be extended to all peoples.'

Message to George.

"General Pershing to Lloyd George: 'The American army in France feels special satisfaction in knowing that yours is beside it for the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. I have learned with equal pleasure that the people of England are uniting with our soldiers and sailors to celebrate the Fourth with unusual brilliancy—unity for a manifestation of sympathy and international concord, which will remain a memorable date in the history of our two nations.'

"Marshal Joffre said in part: 'Thanks to American assistance, we shall surmount all the perils of the hour and come out gloriously from the trials of so long a war.'

"French villages where there are Americans presented a truly American appearance, French soldiers and civilians joining the Americans in celebrating the Fourth, and making it the holiday of both nations. Civil and military buildings, and business places and private residences, were decorated with American and French flags and the colors of the other Allies.

"Graves of America's heroic dead were smothered with flowers by old women and little children.

"Belgian's army greetings to General Pershing in associated national fete was in behalf of the troops who for nearly four years have been fighting resolutely for the independence of their country. On this occasion detachments of all arms filed before the American colors floating over the Flanders plain. All hearts are united in the same wish—success to the Allied armies.

The Day in Paris.

"All Allies commemorated Independence Day anniversary of America by meeting in Paris. France poured out her heart to America—a heart of undying love, loyalty and gratitude. For the first time in four somber, weary years, that city was 'gay Paris' again, to do honor to 'L'Amérique' on her birthday.

- "The Earl of Derby, the British Ambassador, and William G. Sharp, American Ambassador, joined in applause at the American Chamber of Commerce luncheon. A feature of the ceremony at the Strasburg statue in honor of Alsace-Lorraine was the action of an American private soldier who suddenly left the ranks and as he walked toward the statue shouted in a ringing voice:

"We will fight until right has been restored. Alsace-Lorraine, according to its desire, will become French again."

"A wreath of roses was placed upon the tomb of Lafayette in the Picpus cemetery by H. Cleveland Coxe, a delegate of the Sons of the American Revolution, Empire State Society.

"French children, decked with flowers and carrying flags, invaded American headquarters in Paris on the Fourth of July morning, bringing greetings. General Pershing kissed the daughter of a French general commanding in the region and made a brief speech. 'Since we arrived in your city we have come to think of this as a corner of America,' he said. 'The same applies to every city, village and hamlet we have occupied in France. Today constitutes a new Declaration of Independence—a solemn oath that the liberty for which France has long been fighting will be attained.'"

Proud to be With America.

"In Fairhaven, Mass., where American-Japanese friendship began nearly three-quarters of a century ago, Viscount Ishii, the Japanese Ambassador, joined in the celebration of Independence Day with a reiteration of his Nation's whole-hearted devotion to the common cause of liberty and a tribute to America's part in the war, and pledged that Japan will do its share in the war, saying, 'Japan is proud to be the ally of America in this sacred war of justice against domination.'"

"The Fourth was celebrated throughout South America in an unprecedented manner. The day had been declared a national holiday in Peru, Brazil and Uruguay, in all of which it was celebrated like their own independence days.

"On the occasion of American Independence Day Chilean newspapers, without exception, hailed with great cordiality the position taken by the United States. Editorials applauded the words of President Wilson in expressing the vows of his Nation to continue the war until victory is achieved.

"The national holiday of the United States was celebrated throughout Algeria with unusual brilliance. A torchlight procession of all the troops in the garrison, with regimental bands, was held. The feature of the decorations of the city was a reproduction of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which was set up in one of the large squares. The Governor General reviewed the troops and, with all the other notables in the city, paid a formal visit on the American Consul General.

"Carranza, Mexican President, to President Wilson: 'I take great pleasure in sending the most cordial felicitations of the Mexican people and government and my most sincere and fervent wishes for the prosperity of the United States and for the very early advent of the everlasting reign of peace and justice in both continents.'

The Day in America.

"In our own beloved America, Woodrow Wilson addressed what will no doubt pass into history as the greatest Independence Day celebration—at the tomb of the immortal Washington at Mt. Vernon. We here recall but one or two excerpts from that marvelous address:

"To the Kaiser—"We must settle once and for all for the world what was settled for America in 1776.'

"There can be but one issue and the settlement must be final.'

"There can be no compromise.'—President Wilson.

"Foreign-born citizens of the United States, 33 nationalities, placed wreaths of palms on the tomb of Washington in token of fealty to the principles laid down by the Father of His Country, and stood with bared heads while John McCormick sang 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"Secretary Baker's Camp Grant speech was an inspiring message to the 2,500,000 who compose the American army. Mr. Baker declared that the thing which distinguished the United States is that the American army realizes that the rescue of the principles of freedom and liberty 'counts more than life, counts more than any other thing, and that whatever the cost or sacrifice, it must be made. Your country is sending you to rescue France from the heel of an invader who represents, we hope, the last principal of the autocratic and despotic upon this earth of ours.'

"The Secretary, addressing a Chicago throng representing 75 nations, prefaced his remarks with 'America is certain to win the war, because our right coat-sleeve contains a right strong arm.'

Secretary of the Navy.

"American ideal of freedom will prevail over Hun, said Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, in his speech in New York. 'Americans and their brave assistants, with immortal hate of "despicable deeds," have the "unconquerable will" and "courage never to submit or yield."'

"North American Indians celebrated with a record of \$13,000,000 subscribed for the Nation's war funds, or \$40 per capita for the entire Indian population. Likewise they are enlisting in all branches of the service in large numbers and making good wherever they take hold.

"Secretary Lane revived the old song, 'Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm,' by this new declaration: That every returning soldier, who cannot or does not care to resume his former avocation, shall have a farm from the government. He said \$2,000,000 will support them while developing it and allow them 40 years to pay for it. Unanimously approved.

Our Growing Navy.

"America's merchant fleet, grown to 10,040,659 gross tons by the construction of 1,622 new ships of 1,430,793 tons in the fiscal year ended June 30,

was augmented on the Fourth by the unprecedented launching of nearly 100 ships.

"This started the day with a thrill for Americans and good cheer for the Allies.

"'We are all comrades in a great cause,' declared President Wilson in a message, as part of the launching ceremonies in 76 yards. From General Pershing came the thanks of the American fighting men in Europe.

"'With such backing we cannot fail to win,' Chairman Hurley said, for the work accomplished. 'You employes will douse the Kaiser.'

"The Schwab plant in California recaptured the laurels taken by an Eastern yard with the Tuckahoe by launching a 12,000-ton steel vessel in less than 40 working days.

"The vast program of launchings in which shipyards from Bath, Me., to Tampa, Fla., and from Tacoma, Wash., to Los Angeles, Cal., took part was started at a minute after midnight when at Superior, Wis., the Lake Aurice, a steel vessel of 3,400 tons, slid down the ways.

"The Philadelphia shipyard district celebrated Independence Day by slipping eight ships into the waters of the Delaware to help win the war.

"All coinage records were broken during the year, the mints being busy on a 24-hour basis most of the year. Over 700,000,000 coin, in value worth \$18,000,000 more than 1917, is the record.

Flashes on Kaiser's Screen.

"Flashes on the Kaiser's screen were: 'The Germans also knew it was America's day from the artillery, machine gun and rifle fire which had increased on the American fronts.'

"'Americans and British smash foe line for huge gains.'

"'The French struck a hard blow against the enemy's front in the west, a hole a mile and a half deep,' was the message to the Allies—the Kaiser got it by wireless.

"'A German aviator bombed a hospital in Paris, wounding two Americans. The large Red Cross flag on the building was plainly visible to the Teuton airman.'

"'Destruction in European waters of five German submarines by British transports, and by American and British destroyers convoying them, was a feature.'

"'Press of Paris and London heartily approve President Wilson's address.'

"And still there's more to follow.

"'Italians beat off counter blows and gained steadily against the enemy.'

"'Foch seems ready to begin drive for Allies' side.'

"'Reports reached London from Dutch sources that the death of the Sultan of Turkey, Mohammed V., was not due to natural causes, and presumably was part of a revolutionary movement in the Ottoman Empire.'

"'Holland takes no chance and sends an armed convoy with a fleet to the East Indies.'

"‘Armenians occupy Erivan in former Russian territory.’

"‘Five American aviators attached to the Italian army were decorated with the Italian war cross by King Victor Emmanuel.’

Red Cross Nurses.

"Red Cross appealed to girl graduates for 25,000 nurses before January, 1919, for the army and navy corps.

"‘The Kaiser threatens a blow via Finland,’ and the band played ‘Annie Rooney.’

"President Wilson asked Congress for authority to take over the telegraph and telephone lines, which, with the railroad and express companies, already commandeered, adds to the historic grandeur and strength of America.

"The National Education Association proposed drafting the American mothers into the schools, thus settling the married teacher problem.

"Other high lights were:

"Birth of new revenue bill to provide \$8,000,000,000 to push the war.’

"Birth of scheme to appropriate \$100,000,000 to extend benefits nationally of public education and to properly recompense the 750,000 teachers who will aid in the work of reconstruction.

"All revenue accruing from new rates of the merged express companies is to go to the employees’ wage account.

Billions Spent.

"Almost \$13,000,000,000 spent for the first year of entrance into war—and then what? Eight billion dollars ‘sizzling’! Another million or two more of men. ‘On to Berlin!’ the slogan.

"Our Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. work unparalleled in the history of the world, and the latter organization gives notice of the need of another \$100,000,000 to be gathered in a few days after the floating of the next \$8,000,000,000 loan of Liberty bonds.

"‘The acceptance of Wilson’s terms will end the war,’ said Premier Lloyd George, and everybody applauded the speech. But meantime, acceptance or no acceptance, 251,000 American troops actually on the fighting line are to be reinforced by millions and with billions of money—from the place where the ‘home fires are burning,’ and ‘leaden rain and iron hail’ will be the welcome of the Teuton hosts at any time they may decide to proceed against the French, English and American walls now being erected on the patriotic soil across the sea.

"The Virgin Islands (once Danish West Indies), America’s new possession, have gone dry. The local legislature has adopted the government proposal for prohibition for the period of the war.

"Thirteen States have ratified, Georgia being the thirteenth. One more than a fourth of all of the States have ratified. One more than a third of the required number are in line for the amendment.

Big Majority.

"Georgia goes over the top; dry amendment ratified in record time, and by a big majority. Senate completes task in four minutes, 35 to 2. House kills a little time in debate, but votes dry, 121 to 24. Thirteenth State to ratify.

"Texas becomes bone dry July 1, and 750 saloons—all that remained outside of 1,800 previously closed up—went out of business—a bone dry Fourth.

"Dry substitute now in United States Senate. It provides for national prohibition January 1, 1919, but the manufacture of beer is to stop in November.

[Since the above was written Congress has enacted legislation declaring the nation shall be dry, fixing the date July 1, 1919, instead of January 1, 1919.]

"Rev. Edward Bridwell offered to the administration to enlist 500 Methodist Kansas families—not persons, but families—in a wheatless diet until the growing crop is ground into flour, if the administration will come over to the war prohibition policy.

"Roll of prohibition States and Territories includes 30, with seven States to vote on the question in 1918.

"The possibility of the formation of a League of Nations, the necessity of such a plan and the agreements necessary to the success of such a league, were fully set forth by Viscount Grey, former British Foreign Secretary.

"The Federated Council of Churches of the World, with envoys in America from the Allies, spread the propaganda for a fund of \$200,000,000 to carry the Gospel to those already thirsting for it as never before, and who will feel the need of it when 'peace, sweet peace, comes.' Soldiers confess the greater the danger the closer they want to be to the Great Captain and Leader held up to them by the chaplains and Y. M. C. A. workers. They willingly offer their lives as a sacrifice that others may live and that 'autocracy' will be eliminated forever; treaties will be recognized as a sacred covenant forever; right and not might will prevail forever, and peace, lasting peace, will be on such a basis that the soldiers' children and their children's children will never again witness such a cruel war.

Fourth in Pittsburgh.

"Thousands of foreign-born persons in Allegheny county paid tribute to their adopted land by a grand parade and assembly in Schenley Park, where Gov. M. G. Brumbaugh gave the message of freedom.

"Twenty thousand Poles attended the celebration in Schenley Park and afterward adopted a resolution which was sent to President Wilson, pledging their loyalty to the United States, their adopted land.

"The Young Women's Christian Association opened its clubhouse for soldiers by a flag raising and patriotic exercises. H. C. Frick donated the house and grounds on Fifth avenue, Schenley Farms. All soldiers in Pittsburgh, either temporarily or permanently, are welcome to make Hospitality House their home. They may go there and entertain their sweethearts and relatives and rest from their drills and school.

"One of the hugest and most modern type of steel barge was launched on the ways of the Dravo Contracting Company, Neville Island. The record performance followed. The barge had hardly left the ways before the workmen had swarmed in after it with hammers. In seven and a half minutes the blocks were replaced and the keel of the steamer Warren Elsie was laid. This beat the best previous record by an even 10 seconds. The third launching in three weeks; program includes for the year six steamers, seven maneuver boats for the government and 15 steel barges.

"Excepting New York City, Pittsburgh led in its payment of incomes, excess profits and miscellaneous taxes, ascertained in time for the Fourth of July celebration: Pittsburgh, \$332,000,000; New York, \$457,000,000; Philadelphia, \$200,000,000, and Chicago, \$304,000,000.

"A cleanup of two holiday straights put our Pirates into fourth place.

Flag in London.

"But we have reserved the best of the wine for the close of the feast. Here it is:

"In London, for the second time in history, the Stars and Stripes waved above the great tower of the Parliament buildings in Westminster, alongside the Union Jack. The American flag was also on the Lord Mayor's mansion in the heart of the city."

"'Lest we forget,' let the following words sink deep into the heart of every American who loves his native land:

"Attu, the most western of the Aleutian Islands, in Alaska, in June holds the setting sun until it rises in Maine. So, years before the United States acquired the Philippines it was as true of the Stars and Stripes as it was of the Union Jack, that the sun never set on the country over which it floated.

"You're a grand old flag, tho torn to a rag,

And forever in peace may you wave;

You're the emblem of the land I love,

The home of the free and the brave.

Every heart beats true for the red, white and blue,

Without ever a boast or brag.

And should old acquaintance be forgot—

Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

"Grand birthright of our sires,

Our altars and our fires,

Keep we still pure.

Our starry flag unfurled,

The hope of all the world,

In peace and light impearled,

God hold secure."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Public School is an American institution and of paramount importance to the future welfare and betterment of the physical, moral and intelligent make-up of our people. The Public Schools are the colleges of the people, in which the boys and girls acquire an education that makes them intelligent men and women, qualifies them to more readily grapple with the stern realities of life, overcome its difficulties and be the better equipped to earn a livelihood.

The corner stone and crowning arch of our American grandeur, stability and position among the nations of the earth is attributable to the unmeasured worth of our free Public School System, and it should be kept inviolate in its formation and purity of teachings, free from all religious or sectarian bias or control.

It is the duty of all America-loving people to continue the Public School with the open Bible, so that when knowledge sits upon the throne of reason, morality may occupy the citadel of intelligence. The excellency of the morality of the Bible has been admitted by the most distinguished of men, among whom are Gibbon, Byron, Carlyle, Lord Bolingbroke, Napoleon Bonaparte, Goethe and Renan.

Benjamin Franklin, five weeks before his death, said: "The services of the Bible in behalf of human rights and freedom, and in reforming and purifying jurisprudence and politics, have been recognized by many of the most distinguished historians, jurists and statesmen."

Moral teaching, coupled with educational instruction, guarantees the upbuilding of a government of the people, for the people and by the people, in the highest conception of the greatest good to all the people.

Colonel Roosevelt, as an after-the-war measure, advocates free night schools to teach English, and recommends that if the foreign-born after five years, "have not learned, then send them home—we can't afford to have this country grow up as a polyglot boarding house."

OUR STEWARDSHIP.

IFE is not for self-indulgence, but for self-devotion. When, instead of saying, "The world owes me a living," men shall say, "I owe the world a life," then the kingdom shall come in power. We owe everything to God but our sins. Fatherland, pedigree, home life, schooling, Christian training—all are God's gifts. Every member of the body or faculty of mind is ours providentially. There is no accomplishment in our lives that is not rooted in opportunities and powers we have nothing to do with in achieving. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" If God gives us the possibilities and the power to get wealth, to acquire influence, to be forces in the world, what is the true conception of life but divine ownership and human administration? "Of thine own we render thee." All there is of "me" is God's estate, and I am his tenant and agent. On the day of our birth a new lease is signed. On the day of our death accounts are closed. Our fidelity is the interest on God's principal. "That I may receive mine own with interest" is the divine intention. So live that when thy summons comes to give an account of thy stewardship, it may be done with joy, and not with grief.—Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

The Quiet Hour

*Life is not for self-indulgence
But for self-devotion.*

WHAT TO READ.

IF YOU HAVE THE BLUES

Read the Twenty-seventh Psalm.

IF YOUR POCKET BOOK IS EMPTY

Read the Thirty-seventh Psalm.

IF PEOPLE SEEM UNKIND

Read the Fifteenth Chapter of John.

IF YOU ARE DISCOURAGED ABOUT YOUR WORK

Read the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Psalm.

IF YOU ARE ALL OUT OF SORTS

Read the Twelfth Chapter of Hebrews.

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR OWN WAY IN EVERY-
THING KEEP SILENT AND

Read the Third Chapter of James.

IF YOU ARE LOSING CONFIDENCE IN MEN

Read the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE wise man admits and laughs at his own folly. The fool gets angry and denies that he has any.

KING SOLOMON.

“AS WE sat by the fire” I recalled Solomon’s words, “Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of a friend.” Contact with men develops the best that is within us. We can learn something daily from everyone we meet. Learning this early in life, I strictly observed it and have greatly profited thereby.

GLADSTONE,

ASKED “as he sat by the fire,” how he so cheerfully undertook the great work of England daily, and to what he attributed his wonderful success, answered:

“Every morning, on opening my eyes, the first thing that greets me, over the foot of my bed, are these words: ‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.’

“Texts like the above, if observed, mark the ‘End of a Perfect Day.’”

MY SYMPHONY.

TO LIVE content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions; hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This will be my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

A TASK.

TO BE honest, to be kind; to earn a little and spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that man has of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HOPE, LOVE AND TRUST—THESE THREE

THE mills of the God grind slowly,
 But they grind exceedingly small.
 So soft and slow the great wheels go
 They scarcely move at all.
 But the souls of men fall into them
 And are powdered all to dust,
 And from the dust spring the passion flowers,
 HOPE, LOVE AND TRUST.

THE TEST OF THE HEART IS TROUBLE.

'TIS easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows along like a song,
 But the one worth while
 Is the one who can smile
 When everything goes wrong.
 For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years;
 But the smile that is worth
 All the praises of earth
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

THAT WHICH ABIDES.

THE true measure of your life is not the space you occupy while living, but the abiding results of your life. You can build on the surface and your work will show at once. But when the frosts come it will be unsettled. But lay the foundation deep in the ground, and on a solid basis, and like the oak which is toughened by the storm, it will successfully resist all tests.

Generations afterward your work will stand and will be found to have blessed every generation as it passed.

BENEFIT OF ORGANIZATION.

THE man with the long lash to his whip was illustrating the wonderful accuracy with which the eye can be trained. He would wield the whip so as to clip a flower from a spiral, a fly from the table, a coin from the ground, and other inconceivable stunts. A boy bystander said to him, "Do you think you could crack yonder clump just under the eaves of the barn?" "Yes," said the man, as he gazed at the hornet's nest. "I could hit it easily, but I won't—they are organized."

A TOAST—A THOUSAND YEARS

HERE'S to you, dear ladies,
 May you live one thousand years,
 To sort 'er keep things lively,
 In this vale of human tears.
 And here's that we may live
 One thousand years, too.
 Did we say "a thousand years?"
 No, a thousand less a day,
 For we should hate to live on earth
 And learn that you had passed away.—Anon.

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU.

IF a person's head measures six inches from side to side between points just in front of the upper part of the ears, where they join the head, it will be found that his ancestors, or some of them, reached 90 years of age. If he measures five inches from the bridge of the nose to the orifice of the ear, some of his ancestors on the mother's side reached 90. If the trunk from the seat of a chair in which a person sits erect, measures 28 inches to the top of the breast bone, he will never show consumptive traits.

THE VALUE OF A KIND WORD.

AS SHE was about to purchase a paper from a half-clad, shivering little mite of a newsboy on an exceedingly chilly day, a kind lady said: "Aren't you very cold, my little boy?" Newsboy—"I wuz, lady, until you spoke to me."

DO YOUR BEST FOR ONE ANOTHER

MAN Y a bright, good-hearted fellow,
 Many a well deserving man,
 Finds himself some time, in trouble;
 So then help him if you can.
 Some succeed at every turning—
 Fortune favors every scheme;
 Others, too, just as deserving
 Have to pull against the stream.
 So then—Do your best for one another,
 Make this life a pleasant dream;
 Help your worn and weary brother,
 Pulling hard against the stream.

BISHOP VINCENT, M. E. CHURCH.

A MORNING prayer and resolution: "I will try this day to live a simple, sincere, serene life, repelling every thought of discontent, self-seeking and anxiety; cultivating magnanimity, self-control and the habit of silence; practicing economy, cheerfulness and helpfulness.

"And as I cannot in my own strength do this, or even with a hope of success attempt it, I look to Thee, O Lord, my Father, in Jesus Christ, my Savior, and ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit."—Topeka (Kan.) *Capital*, first issue; Rev. Sheldon, March 12, 1900.

TOM PAINE.

YES, I "sat by the fire" and said to Paine: "Something over a hundred years ago you predicted that at this time the Bible would be extinct and religion a forgotten thing. Then there were only a few Bibles in circulation, and families had to consolidate because there were not sufficient to go around, individually."

Today there are 600,000,000 of Bibles in circulation in all the known languages of the world, and it is still the best seller of any book ever published.

Meantime Tom Paine's temple was sold at sheriff's sale, and it is Tom that is "extinkt."

INDIA PAPER.

INDIA paper, the fine, beautiful paper used in the Oxford Bibles, is made from old, rough, coarse sail cloth. Even so is character established, however harsh, coarse or unclean one may be, if the molding anew is in the hands of the Master. The transition is as complete as that of the India paper.

FIND YOUR WORK OR MAKE IT.

THE most useful Christians are not always the talented, but Christians with enterprise, courage and consecration enough to find a work or make it. Always keep the main business in view—work for the blessed Master. Don't be deceived by the noise of activity. Make sure that your work is producing something more than noise. Make your work a joy. Get fun out of it. Ask a boy to watch a spot on the wall for five minutes and you will weary him beyond measure; invite him to look at a moving picture and he will clamor for more. Shoveling snow from the sidewalks is work and is fatiguing. Shoveling the same snow to build a fort is fun and the shoveler will keep it up for hours. These facts are parables. Will you allow me to make practical application of them?

If your work is a task you will never get so much done, or get it so well done as you will if you make it a joy. Look at it in the right light. Anything you do in working for your Master should be welcomed as a blessed privilege—never regarded as a duty. Think what it will mean 10 years from now—a thousand years from now! Do your Christian work for the sheer pleasure of helping Jesus Christ; serve as the angels serve, from pure delight to be counted worthy of sharing in God's enterprise. For without doubt religion is the greatest enterprise in the world today.

THE VERY BEST TABLE ETIQUETTE.

MAKE love and good cheer
 Constant guests at your table,
 And the fruit of your knowledge
 And skill will be able
 To fatten both body and soul.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

MY SON, observe the philosophy of the postage stamp. It has the knack of sticking to anything until it "gets there." And then comes the poor porous plaster that is enabled to stick and do a man good, even after he has turned his back to it.

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL.

WILL you kindly see how fast you can read this biography?

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes.—Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, successively saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing stanch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry, sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stuffed sofas, stitched sheets. Simon's six, stout, sturdy sons, Seth, Samuel, Silas, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spice; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Saul sold salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sam showed soon strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sang serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. "Strange, Sam sho'd slight such splendid summer sales! shatter-brained simpleton! strutting spendthrift!"

"Softly, sire," said Sally. "Sam's smitten, Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff!" Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sallie's spectacles, scattered several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling, Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles, sonny, sell saddles sensibly! See Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable, so solicit—secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

 BEAUTIFUL WAYSIDE GEMS

SOME stand today on Nebo,
 The journey nearly done,
 And some are in the valley,
 But all are going home.
 Home—that beautiful place
 He has gone to prepare
 For all that are washed and forgiven;
 And many dear children
 Are gathering there
 For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

BIBLICAL CURIOSITIES.

THE Bible contains 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,173 verses, 773,692 words, 3,566,480 letters.

The word "and" occurs 46,227 times; the word "reverend" occurs only once—in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm; the name "Lord" occurs 6,962 times in the Old Testament; "God" occurs 2,726 times; "Jesus" 625 times in the New Testament; "Christ" 555 times; the word "Selah"—which we believe has never been satisfactorily interpreted—is met with 74 times in the Bible; the word "eternity" but once. The double assertion, "Verily, verily," is to be seen 25 times in John's gospel, and nowhere else. There are 314 interrogatories (?) in Job. The phrase, "And God said," occurs 10 times in the 1st chapter of Genesis. The word "foreordained" is mentioned but once in the whole Bible—I Peter i, xx; "atonement" but once in the New Testament. There is no mention made in the Scriptures of "Adam's fall, original sin," or the "covenant of grace." The words "eternal life" are mentioned but once—Daniel 12, ii. The word "predestination" is not mentioned in the whole book.

The middle and shortest chapter is the 117th Psalm; the middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm; the longest verse is the 8th of the 9th chapter of Esther; the shortest is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John. The 19th chapter of II. Kings and the 34th of Isaiah are alike. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th Psalm are alike; and each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. There are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

 CHARACTER BUILDING.

BOYS are just like pieces of canvas and, with God helping, wherever you are, on each you can put a picture of Christ. You will put it on a live canvas, and it will walk the streets of your city; it will go into your homes; it will go into stores; it will be a real thing.

Character building is the grandest work in the world. Other things crumble and fall to nothing, but when you have helped God build a character, you have built something that is going to live as long as God lives.

 THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM.

"THE world could spare many a large book better than this sunny little Psalm. It has dried many tears and supplied the mold into which many hearts have poured their peaceful faith."—Dr. McClaren.

 COURTESY.

COURTESY is one of the cheapest exercises of virtue; it costs even less than rudeness.—Vanderbilt to New York Central employes.

SOWING AND REAPING.

ALL the loving links that bind us, one by one we leave behind us. But the seeds of good we sow, both in shade and shine will grow, and will keep our hearts aglow, while the days are going by.

A LESSON ON CONFIDENCE.

MIDDLE-AGED woman sat in the seat with a little girl perhaps nine years old. The train was behind its schedule time, and was running at a rapid rate. The lady was very nervous and several times asked the child if she were not frightened. At length the woman almost cried with fright and, gazing at the unconcerned child, said: "Aren't you afraid?" "No," said the child; "my papa's the engineer."

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

THERE'S no time for idle scorning;
Let your face be like the morning;
Oh! the smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue;
Oh! the good we all may do
While the days are going by.

SHE'S SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

H E WAS a handsome, manly boy, ringleader on a crowded street of a gang of wild-eyed playmates. He was having a merry time, in all sorts of athletic stunts, when of a sudden the sport ceased and he was in the middle of the street, escorting to a place of safety an elderly woman, frail, emaciated and very poorly clad.

After placing her in safety he returned to the lads with this remarkable observation: "Boys, she's somebody's mother."

PEACE, SWEET PEACE.

THE kind of peace which President Wilson seeks for the world is represented by that beautiful picture in old Fortress Monroe, where, in the mouth of a huge cannon which had been a mighty engine of destruction during the Civil War, a bird had nested and one day brought forth a brood of songsters, whose sweet notes thrilled the soldiers at the fort. Swords into ploughshares and other weapons into pruning hooks; cannon into birds' nests.

AVOIDING DANGER.

A GENTLEMAN, wishing to hire a chauffeur, asked the first candidate how near he could drive to the edge of a dangerous precipice in going to and from his beautiful home, with his family.

Reply: "I think I could make it by a margin of 12 inches."

Second candidate: "I think I could pass it safely with a margin of two feet."

The third and successful candidate said "he would drive the machine as far to the other side as possible."

MAN CONSIDERED AS A SOCIAL BEING.

WE may live without poetry, music and art,
 We may live without conscience,
 We may live without heart,
 We may live without friends.
 We may live without books,
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books,
 What is knowledge but grieving?
 We may live without hope,
 What is hope but deceiving?
 We may live without love,
 What is passion but pining?
 But where is the man
 Who can live without dining?

—Owen Meredith.

AN OPEN DOOR.

THE six days chain you as captives to the earth and do their best to keep the prison doors shut, that you may forget the way out. The Lord's day sets before you an open door and bids you look forth into your immortality.—Pulsford.

BE CONSISTENT.

IT IS a good thing to investigate great questions for ourselves, but it is not safe to be always stirring up the heart with an interrogation point. Have something settled or you will have nothing to stand upon. It is refreshing always to be consistent.

LITERARY MERIT OF THE BIBLE.

“**L**EST we forget,” let it be understood Mr. H. B. Swoope, U. S. District Attorney at Pittsburgh, while a relentless persecutor—he always insisted “prosecutor”—those closely associated with him found him the possessor of many remarkable qualities, sympathy being notably in evidence.

That he was gifted in more than legal knowledge is shown by an address on the “Literary Character of the Bible,” which he delivered before the Wilmington, Del., Institute, January 8, 1867. He modestly entitled it “A lawyer’s humble tribute to the superior literary merit of the Inspired Volume.”

He wrote under three heads: the history, poetry and prophecy or philosophy of the Bible, but at this time mention is made only of the closing paragraphs. Here they are:

“From the Psalms we turn to the stately diction of Isaiah, whose sublime prophecy is one long rapture, adorned with the richest profusion of imagery, clutched from the empyrean—from the story of Lebanon—the excellency of Sharon—the green forests of Carmel—the willows of Kedron—and the flocks of Nabaioth. Majesty is his most marked characteristic—a majesty more commanding and more uniformly sustained than is to be found in the writings of any other author. He is most lavish of that poetical figure which elevates the style—Personification. Thus the sublime passage in which he describes the downfall of the Assyrian King abounds with personified objects. The fir trees and cedars break forth into exultation on the fall of the tyrant; hell from beneath stirs up all its horrid inmates to give him a fitting reception, and the dead kings are introduced as speaking and joining in the song of triumph. We almost hear his shout of exultation as the grand panorama of the Millenium bursts upon his enraptured vision, and we say in the words of Ezekiel:

Thou art the confirmed exemplar of measures,
Full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.

Poetry of Holy Writ

“We cannot do more than mention the rude vehemence of Ezekiel, the awful allegory of Daniel, the sublime melancholy of Jeremiah, the energy of Hosea, the elegance of Joel, the concise greatness of Micah, the majesty of Nahum, the simple, touching and faultless story of Joseph, surpassing in beauty and moral grandeur the world-renowned epics of Homer and Virgil, nor yet the charming and exquisite picture of nature presented in the little book of the gleaner, Ruth, which is declared by Goethe to be the loveliest specimen of epic and ideal poetry in existence.

“We can scarce do more than refer to the beautiful poetry of Jesus. Indeed, His whole life was a poem—a poem of lowliness and grandeur—of poverty and glory, of humility and power, of angels and men, closing with the fearful tragedy of Mount Calvary, which heaven, earth and hell combined to render terrible.

“He was ever in closest accord with outward nature, and in all the prominent events of His life the work of His hands seemed to sympathize. When He was born the brightest stars in the glittering host stood sentinel over the manger; during His life the winds and waves obeyed Him; when He died the sun veiled himself in darkness, the rocks were rent, the earth quaked, and ‘the

pulse of the universe stood still.' But not only did nature sympathize with Him; He also sympathized with nature, and seemed to seek in external scenery a counterpart for all the various moods of His mind. Hence when He was about to be baptized and proclaimed 'the beloved Son,' He stood on the green-clad banks of the Jordan wherein rippling waters emblemed His purity, and the sweet perfume of the trees and flowers floated around Him. But in the hour of His great temptation, He wandered into the wilderness, where gloom and desolation could harmonize with His sorrow, and where truth and beauty never enter, save in the garb of humility and of tears. Thus He seemed not only to be at home in nature but to be completely identified with it so that though He 'was not recognized by men, the lilies of the field looked up meaningly in His face; the waters perceived Him—they saw Him well; the winds lingered amid His hair; the sunbeams played on His forehead; the landscape from the summit seemed to crouch lovingly at His feet, and the stars from their far thrones sent Him down obeisance.'

The Beatitudes

"But while there was poetry in His life, there was far more in the gems of living beauty that dropped from His lips, which were treasured up in the hearts of His followers and now garnish the pages of the four Gospels. His first recorded words are the Sermon on the Mount, and we feel that every sentence of this magnificent cluster of beatitudes is but an emanation from the great heart of God.

"They include all morality and all religion and are adorned with the most beautiful imagery. The salt of the sea, the light of the body, the fowls of the air, the lilies of the valley, the straight gate and the narrow way, thorns and thistles, fruits and flowers, the hairs of the head and the rocks of the mountains, all combine to add beauty and sublimity to the deep lessons they convey and are like dewdrops glistening on the foliage of the Tree of Life. All the parables, too, of the Savior are poems—poems from which have sprung some of the master pieces of the schools. Dante's vision, Spenser's 'Fairy Queen' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim' are but echoes that have reverberated 'down the corridor of time' from the beautiful way droppings of the meek and lowly Jesus * * *.

"In conclusion, let us each and all resolve to study God's great poem with renewed diligence—to familiarize ourselves with the great events of its history—practice the beautiful teachings of its philosophy—and learn to realize the almost ineffable splendor of its gorgeous imagery. Let us remember that all the lamps of worldly wisdom, concentrated in one focal blaze, cannot light our path so securely as the rays that shine out from the pages of this most wonderful book. It stands a mighty light-house on the shores of Time, flashing its beams far out over the dark ocean of eternity, setting

The clouds on fire with redness,
Leaving on the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose streams as down a river

the ransomed spirit will glide until, disappearing far in the purple distance, it will be lifted high into the land of the hereafter."

"THE DAY."

YOU boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
 And now the Day has come.
 Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,
 Little you reck the numbing ball,
 The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
 As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
 And woke the Day's red spleen.
 Monster, who asked God's aid divine,
 Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
 Not all the waters of the Rhine
 Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;
 Watch how the Day will go;
 Slayer of age and youth and prime,
 (Defenseless slain for never a crime,)
 Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
 False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day,
 Yours is the harvest red;
 Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
 Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
 And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
 The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for the Day
 That lit the awful flame;
 'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
 Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
 That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
 And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
 For the sleepers under the sod,
 And He you have mocked for many a day—
 Listen and hear what He has to say:
 "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."
 What can you say to God?

—Written by Henry Chappell, Bath, England.

Bryan Mawr, Pa., September 3, 1914.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

GENIUS may be the flyer, but labor is the freight that brings the most goods to town.

WHY WILL THE BIBLE NEVER GROW OLD?

WHY will the Bible never grow old? Because it is the Word of God, says the minister. It can never be outgrown, says the secular scholar, because it is a record of life in its relation to universal laws. It gives advice on every subject, from how to obtain salvation for the soul to how to avoid humiliation at a feast—and human nature changes but slowly, if at all. In addition to its many spiritual messages, it is the greatest repository of worldly wisdom. Its writings were not “dashed off”—it is a book that was 1,500 years in writing, and it covers the most remarkable periods in the world's history.

TALENT OF SUCCESS.

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

KEEP OUT.

NO ONE can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—Ruskin.

A SOUND QUARTET.

IF YOU wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

TRAINING FIRST.

GOD trains his people for the duties he has in store for them, and when they are prepared for the service they are called to do it.

GETTING THE BETTER OF SATAN.

“THAT’S right,” said the Methodist minister. “I formerly wrote all of my sermons, but by the time I got ready to deliver them Satan was in the pews and robbed the sermon of its lesson. Now I speak without preparation, and the ‘devil himself don’t know what I am going to say.’”

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

THE seeing eye, the listening ear, the truthful tongue, the faithful heart, the helping hand. Try it out and see how mankind will profit by your enterprise.

A POSER.

A CUSTOM for years in the Bank of England was to "prove" a young man applying for a position in the great institution. After he had satisfactorily answered all questions as to ability, sobriety, experience, morality, etc., he was ushered into the presence of the governor, who, after looking him over, said: "Young man, how do you spend your Sabbath?" His fate hung upon his answer. Lesson: Young man, go and do thou likewise.

CHARIOTS ON THE HILL TOPS.

WHOEVER SEES nothing but increasing wickedness and coming ruin is missing the view point of life. Like the prophet's servant of old, he fails to see the chariots on the hill tops.

But the truer life draws nigher
 And the morning stars climb higher
 Every year;
 Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
 Every year;
 And the heavy burdens lighter,
 And the dawn immortal brighter
 Every year.

THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.

FIREWORKS are brilliant and beautiful, but in a moment they fade into darkness. Tomorrow they will be the same as though they had not been. The men who leave most of good behind them are the greatest.

TRIALS.

TRIALS are tests of character to prove whether we are fitted to receive larger duties and wider influence.

A true and noble act has a far-reaching influence.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

FROM love to matrimony may be but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, still it may be safely ventured upon, even in a case like the following of domestic perplexities:

"I got acquainted with a young widow, who lived in the same house with her step-daughter. I married the widow; my father fell, shortly after, in love with the step-daughter of my wife and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father; my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother, and I am the step-father of my mother-in-law. My step-mother, who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step-brother, because he is the son of my father and step-mother; but because he is a son of my wife's step-daughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother. My wife has also a boy; my step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; my father is the brother-in-law of my son, because he has got his step-sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother-in-law of my own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather."

TIMELY RESOLUTION.

"MARCHING close by the band" is a timely resolution.

IF IT BE A GOOD HOPE.

IF YOU cannot give a good reason for the hope that is within you, you should examine to see if it be a good hope.

AN EASY TASK.

IT IS far easier to destroy than to build up. It requires strong men to erect the house; any idle tramp or fool can burn it down or destroy it.

SUFFERING.

SUFFERING touches the heart and brings out all that is best in human nature.

CURIOUS MEDLEY.

THIS curious medley includes the popular songs of 50 years ago:

By the lake where dropped the
willow,

Row, vassal, row!

I want to be an angel
And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb,
None named him but to praise;

Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells of Schweitzer kase.

The minstrel to the war has gone,
With the banjo on his knee;
He woke to hear the sentries shriek
There's a light in the window for
thee.

A frog he would a-wooing go,
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old gray coat,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

Oft in the stilly night,
Make way for liberty! he cried,

I won't go home till morning,
With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Susannah don't you cry;
Know how sublime a thing it is
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked to
Troy.

One of the few immortal names,
His name was Pat Molloy.

Mary had a little lamb,
He could a tale unfold,
He had no teeth to eat a corn cake,
And his spectacles were of gold.

Lay on, lay on, Macduff,
Man wants but little here below,
And I'm to be Queen of the May,
So kiss me quick and go!

DISCONTENT DANGEROUS.

DISCONTENTED men may be easily converted into dangerous men. Attributing their unhappy condition, real or supposed, to the doings of others, they are filled with resentment and are ready to take revenge.

OUR BEST FRIENDS.

OUR best friends are those who bring out the best that is in us.

AN EARLY SUPERSTITION.

EARLY locomotive engineers would not run in the rain on the theory that the track was slippery and the engine might run off the track. Some people run best when "off the track."

RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "WOMAN."

HON. JUDGE THOMAS EWING, of the Common Pleas Court, Edward A. Montooth, District Attorney, and William Witherow, of the Hotel Duquesne, formed the first trio to "sit with me by the fire." They asked for a repetition of my maiden effort at after-dinner speaking, when I responded to the toast "Woman," at the Press Club dinner, and received their hearty applause and approbation. Here it is with a few slight changes to suit the occasion.

"A gentleman chosen to reply to this charming sentiment, because of his fitness to do it justice, said, 'If one could imagine any condition in which the ladies (woman, if you please), need praise and plaudit, he would be glad to supplement that which others could so well say.' But he pleaded he was too old for sentiment and asked that his gray hairs be spared.

"I agree with this eminent gentleman that woman needs not the praise or plaudits of men. But I will not plead a want of sentiment, and I may be pardoned for digressing here just a little. I consider myself doubly honored tonight by the presence of the ladies who seldom attend the banquets where the lords of creation say so many charming things about them, and I have wished often for such an occasion as this, because it seems to me that when the banquet table is graced by the presence of the ladies, as witnessed here tonight, we have a reflection of the delightful scene pictured by Longfellow, when he says:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.'

"And I am doubly delighted that Pocahontas interfered with her father, Powhattan, and saved the life of my illustrious ancestor, that I might have the distinguished honor of responding to this sublime toast, in the very presence of the ladies.

"For you know, ladies, that it has been the custom of the gentlemen to enjoy the feast of reason and flow of soul over the banquet board, with the ladies at home or at a banquet of their own. Usually the gentlemen come from the sanctum sanctorum, while the women are at home at spankem spankorum.

"But as I stand here to respond to this toast, and gaze into the faces of my eloquent colleagues who, upon previous occasions, have paid the most eloquent tributes to woman, I confess to a feeling that 'the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb.'

"Victor Hugo says: 'You gaze at a star for two motives, because it is luminous and because it is impenetrable. You have by your side a sweeter radiance and greater mystery, woman.' Hugo no doubt gave utterance thus because woman is uplifted in his word painting of love.

"Hear him: 'Love is a portion of the soul itself, and is of the same nature as it. Like it, it is the divine spark; like it, it is uncorruptible, indivisible and imperishable. It is a point of fire within which nothing can limit and nothing extinguish. We feel it burning, even in the marrow of our bones, and see it flashing in the depths of the heavens.'

"Following the thought of Hugo that woman is a sweeter radiance than the stars, I have no trouble in reaching the conclusion that he had in his mind her equally boundless sphere. Someone has said:

" 'They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or Heaven,
There's not a task by mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.'

"Radiant as are the stars, woman is a sweeter radiance, because the name thrills our very souls with ecstasies of pleasure, for it instantly connects our thoughts with those endearing words, 'mother,' 'sister,' 'wife,' 'daughter,' the brightest stars that glimmer and glow and shine, the most precious treasures earth possesses.

"However boundless the sphere of a luminous star, it fails to surpass the depths of love—the inestimable wealth of a mother's love, or the tender affection of a fond sister. What will you compare to the happy picture in your old home, where mother and sisters were its sunshine? How gladly you recall the play hours with sisters.

" 'Ah, yes! There's a charm for me yet in the old log barn,
So tottering old and gray,
Where wildly we loved long years ago
To romp in the new made hay;
For the merry old times that we sported then,
The songs we sung in our play,
Have an image and echo within our hearts
That never shall fade away.'

"The love of a dear mother, or a pure wife or sister, is the greatest and best blessing this side of Heaven, and when the laughing eyes of an innocent daughter greet yours, and you clasp her dimpled hand, you are overwhelmed by a feeling that in this loving, trustful creature there is a casket containing jewels of love of more value than the rarest gems of earth.

"Radiant as are the stars, woman is still a sweeter radiance, for besides the brightness of life by their presence, they make our homes an Eden of pleasure. Where they are, joyous sounds abound, and time itself softly, sweetly glides away, as the stars fade in the morning sunlight.

"The late Mr. Beecher said: 'A mother can kiss an offense into everlasting forgetfulness,' and methinks he must have had in his mind Hugo's beautiful picture of love to which I have already alluded.

"Mother, sister, wife, daughter make love and good cheer constant guests at our tables, and in our homes, and daily bread of this character fattens both body and soul. Can you imagine more radiant beams from the luminous stars? Can you fancy a sweeter radiance?

"The love, the tears, the prayers of devoted mothers give to the world pure minded boys and men, and whole constellations of stars could not shed a sweeter radiance.

"Women write their names in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands they come in contact with year by year. They will never be forgotten. Their names, their deeds, will be as legible in the hearts they leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Yea, their good deeds will shine as the luminous stars of Heaven.

"The woman who can soothe the aching heart, smooth the wrinkled brow, alleviate the anguish of the mind and pour the balm of consolation on the wounded breast, proves in an eminent degree true loveliness of character, not the polished brow, the gaudy dress, nor the show and parade of fashionable life. These are outward marks of beauty, but are not loveliness of character. It is in the heart where meekness, truth, affection and humility are found, where men look for loveliness; nor do they look in vain.

" 'The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of one unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The Book of Life the shining record tells.'

"Their lives are as pure as snow fields, where their footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

"But I must not pass unnoticed Hugo's allusion to woman as a great mystery.

"A mystery, indeed, to the small boy, whose mother did not kiss his offense into the everlasting forgetfulness described by Mr. Beecher. His offenses were everlasting and needed more heroic treatment—some more powerful influence to waft them into the realm of forgetfulness—the rod, for instance. Now, Tommy noticed that the instrument of punishment was always hung beside the motto, 'God is Love,' and here was the particular mystery in which his mother was shrouded. He asked her why the rod was hung there. 'Can you suggest a better place, Tommy?' 'Yes,' said the lad, 'I think it would be better to hang it by the motto, "I need thee every hour."'

"A mystery to the kindly, benevolent old gentleman, on the trolley car, who, noticing a demure little woman on the seat with eight or nine olive plants, pleasantly saluted her with the remark, 'Are they all yours, or is it a picnic?' She quickly replied, 'All mine, and no picnic, either.'

"A mystery to Brown, who suddenly discovered his wife was not a Sphinx. His little boy has been annoying him a great deal since the opening of this Presidential campaign as to what is meant by a 'doubtful State.' At length Brown said, 'Matrimony, my son, matrimony, is a "doubtful state;" isn't it, Mrs. Brown?' With a withering look, she replied, 'To me it has never been a state at all. It has always been a terror-tory.'

"A most profound mystery to Mr. John Jones, of Philadelphia. He was doing the position of host at a brilliant reception in his palatial home. One of the guests, a versatile young man, had performed on the piano, organ, flute, dulcimer, tambourine, banjo, guitar, harp, bagpipes, and all manner of

musical instruments, old and new, and finally said, 'Have you an old lyre?' The good man replied, 'Yes,' stepped into another room and in a moment or so reappeared with his mother-in-law.

"Now, some of the gentlemen present may be more devoted to their mother-in-law and take exception to this alleged mystery. If you do, I only point you to the rare devotion of the South Sea Islander's son-in-law, who received the bride from the mother-in-law, and then displayed his affection for her by roasting and eating the aforesaid mother-in-law.

"I have but a single sentiment in conclusion and it seems to me it most emphatically demonstrates that Hugo was right in his beautiful imagery, 'Woman is a sweeter radiance and a greater mystery than the stars.' Here it is:

"Great statesmen conquer nations;
Kings rule a people's fate,
But an unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's hand is purled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.'"

A PRETTY GOOD SORT OF WORLD.

THIS world's a pretty good sort of world,
Taking it altogether.
In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet,
In spite of the gloomy weather.
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,
And plenty of compensation
For every ache for those who make
The best of the situation.

* * * * *

And if there's a spot where the sun shines not
There's always a lamp to light it,
And if there's a wrong we know ere long
That Heaven above will right it.

So it's not for us to make a fuss
Because of life's sad mischances,
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about
A change in our circumstances.
For this world's a pretty good sort of world,
And He to whom we are debtor
Appoints our place, and supplies the grace
To help us make it better.

—*Tid Bits.*

MISSIONS FOR 108 YEARS.

AMERICAN Foreign Missions were 108 years old when the world's war started, and while the work has been somewhat checked by the clash of arms, here is how missions stood on July 28, 1914:

1806.

One hundred and eight years ago, July 28, 1814, the first step was taken toward establishing the foreign missionary movement. On this day five students of Williams College gathered in a grove near the college to hold an open air meeting. The day was hot and oppressive. In the midst of the meeting a lightning bolt flashed across the sky, announcing the approach of a thunder-storm. Hurriedly collecting their belongings, the students sought shelter beneath a neighboring haystack. Here they continued their discussions while the storm raged. Shouting to make himself understood above the thunder, the young leader, Samuel J. Mills, proposed that they organize "to spread the gospel among the heathen." That was the first step. Two years later Mills organized the "Society of Brethren," requiring each of the five members thereof to solemnly dedicate his life as a missionary. Public opinion being against missions, the organization was kept secret and its constitution was drawn up in cipher. Six years had passed since the historic "Haystack meeting," whose location is now marked with a monument, before the first five missionaries, four of whom were accompanied by their wives, sailed from Philadelphia for India upon the first American evangelistic campaign to foreign lands.

1914.

More than 8,000 missionaries of both sexes from the United States, and 38,000 native converts acting as missionaries are teaching the Christian faith throughout the world. They have converted 1,500,000 men, women and children in all lands, and are bringing 75,000 more into the fold every year. Over 1,300,000 are learning the ways of Christianity in the 30,000 colleges, theological seminaries, training and Sunday Schools that have been established by American missionaries. The modern missionary is not only a spiritual adviser, but undertakes to cure physical ills as well. In the 600 hospitals and free dispensaries established in foreign lands, it is estimated that 3,000,000,000 treatments have been given by the 400 male and female doctors making up the foreign missionary medical staff. In times of famine they distribute huge sums of money. The expenses of this vast campaign are enormous; but no country is as liberal as the United States. Last year the American people contributed nearly \$17,000,000 to promote the work, while all nations are spending about \$38,000,000 to support 24,000 Christians and 112,000 native missionaries who have gathered over 6,000,000 adherents in the faith.

STICK TO THE RIGHT.

IF YOU wish to avoid unnumbered woes stick absolutely to what you know to be right.

MECCA—THE SHRINE OF MOHAMMED.

MECÇA (called the Mother of Cities), is one of the oldest towns of Arabia, is the capital of a province, and the central and most holy city of all Islam, through being the birthplace of Mohammed.

It lies 265 miles south of Medina, and 65 miles east of Jiddah, the well-known port on the Red Sea, in a narrow, barren valley, surrounded by bare hills and sandy plains, and watered by a brook with an unpronounceable name.

The streets are broad and rather regular, but unpaved; are excessively dirty in summer and muddy in the rainy season. The houses, three or four stories high, are built of brick or stone, and are ornamented with paintings. The windows open on the streets. The rooms are much more handsomely furnished and are altogether in a better state than is usual in the east, because the inhabitants rent them to the 100,000 Pilgrims who annually visit Mecca and the House of God, or Chief Mosque, containing the Kaaba, or Temple. This Mosque will hold 35,000 people, and is surrounded by 19 gates, beautifully ornamented with marble, granite, porphyry and sandstone pillars. A great number of people are connected with the Mosque in some kind of ecclesiastical capacity.

No other public building of any importance is to be found in the city, and there are no trees or verdure of any kind. At present it is dependent upon the Sultan and is governed by a Sherif. The population is not over 40,000, compared with 100,000 formerly, and the fact that only 100,000 Pilgrims now appear annually, decreasing the income of the money changers, has drawn thousands to other parts of the country, in search of more prosperity. In former years vast sums of money were left at Mecca by the visiting hordes of Pilgrims, but the great caravans have now been reduced to small companies in comparison, and the population has been scared off.

There is no trade or commerce save the manufacture and sale of chaplets to the pious Pilgrims. The people are lively, polished and frivolous, converse in three or four languages, and are largely what we would now call "Fakirs or Street Arabs."

So much for the city. What use does the Mohammedan have for it?

Every Mohammedan, male or female, whose means and health permit, is bound, once in a life-time, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, otherwise, according to Mohammedan belief, he or she might as well "die a Jew or Christian." Mohammed tried to abolish the ancient custom, but was compelled finally to confirm it, and in doing so destroyed the huge idols surrounding the city, thereby accomplishing at least one reform.

The twelfth month of the Mohammedan year is the time for the solemnities, but the Pilgrims start on their journey one or two months before, according to the distance to be traveled.

They first assemble at variously appointed places near Mecca, in the beginning of the holy month, and the males don the sacred habit, which consists of two woolen wrappers, one around the middle, the other over the shoulders; their heads remain bare, and their slippers must cover neither the heel nor the instep. They must have regard to the sanctity of the territory they tread while in this dress—even the lives of animals encountered are to be held sacred from attack.

Arrived at Mecca, the Pilgrims proceed at once to the Temple, and begin the holy rites there, by walking first quickly and then slowly seven times around the Kaaba, or Temple, starting from the corner where the black stone is fixed. This is followed by walking and running between two mountains, where a duet of great idols formerly stood.

On the 9th day of the rites the Pilgrims stand in prayer on the mountain of Arafat, near Mecca, from morning until sunset. The whole of the succeeding night is spent in holy devotion at Mogdaliaf, between Arafat and Mina mountains.

The next morning at daybreak they visit the sacred monument with Mohammedan name (a place where the prophet stood so long in prayer that his face began to shine) and then they proceed to the valley of Mirra, where they throw seven or 70 stones at three pillars for the purpose, according to their belief, of putting the "devil to flight." The pilgrimage is completed the same day and in the same place by a great sacrifice of animals.

The sacrifice concluded, they shave their heads and cut their nails, burying the latter on the same spot. They then gather up sacred souvenirs, such as dust from the prophet's tomb, water from the well Zem Zem, and the return home of the caravans is watched everywhere with the most intense anxiety, and is celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing. Each Pilgrim is allowed the prefix of Hajji to his name, and while the sick and invalid may be represented at Mecca by a substitute, they cannot enjoy the merits and rewards belonging to the name Hajji.

May it not be that as the "commercial" side of Mecca is dwindling the annual Pilgrimages will sooner or later be entirely abandoned?

THINK BEFORE SPEAKING.

MEN are born with two eyes and with but one tongue in order that they may see twice as much as they say.—Cotton.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

ONE can't run with the foxes and bark with the hounds.

FLOWERS AND WEEDS.

LIFE is full of flowers and weeds, but there are more flowers than weeds. Envy and jealousy see only the weeds; love sees only the flowers.

THE OTHER WISE MAN.

READ over the wonderful words by Henry Van Dyke until you can tell the story in your own words briefly. It will point its own moral.

They said, "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if He should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hasted and worked the faster
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said, "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to,"
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and gray—
And said, "O let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak;
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said, "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot help you today;
I look for a great and noble guest,"
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore on swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him,
And serve Him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me
With a face so sweet and fair—

Sweet, but with marks of teardrops,
And his clothes were tattered and old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I am sorry for you;
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten elsewhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow;
"Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dark alone;
Watched, but no footfall sounded,
No one paused at my gate,
No one entered my cottage door.
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come.
"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home!"
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept;
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet in spite of it all I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And His face was grave and fair:
"Three times today I came to your door
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and un comforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was Thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depth of humility.
And he said, "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For in comforting not the least of mine,
Ye have failed to comfort me."

THE DESTRUCTION OF NATIVE BIRDS.

MORE than 30 years ago, prior to the organization of societies for the protection of birds, Mrs. Percy F. Smith gave the following talk before the Chautauqua Circle, of Ingram, on the "Destruction of Native Birds":

I hear from many a little throat
 A warble interrupted long;
 I hear the robin's flute-like note,
 The bluebird's slenderer song.
 Here build, and dread no harsher sound,
 To scare you from the sheltering tree,
 Than winds that stir the branches round,
 And murmur of the bee.

—Bryant.

All life has its enemies, and the bird is no exception. But as it is not of birds in general that we are going to speak, but only of those who cheer us with their songs and delight us with their beauty and who help us in the destruction of our enemies, we will confine ourselves to their destroyers, and unfortunately they are legion.

First, are: The birds of prey, such as the screech owl gliding through the trees, then the smaller animals, prowling among the branches. These menace on every side the little creature whose only refuge, as it crouches on a slender twig, is the young leaves which screen him.

Again: The reptile, to man the most repulsive of all created things. How well I remember when strolling through the woods one bright day and a companion killed a snake, how distressed we were to find that his last meal had been a nest of young birds, and our only satisfaction was in the fact that he would never again enjoy another such dainty morsel.

And, again: The storm as it spares nothing that opposes its onward march, throwing down even the homes of men, leaves not unmolested the tree whose branch is the home of many a dainty warbler.

Carefully all the Spring we watched the industrious little pair at work on the nest; saw the first white egg and again watched the patient mother as she waited for her brood. And how delighted we were when, one morning, we saw three upturned heads in place of the three white eggs. But, alas! ere night, came a mighty wind, the home was overturned, three wee dead bodies were scattered on the ground and we felt a sense of loss as if some trouble had come to us along with that to the mourners on the tree.

But every day has not a storm, and the other enemies disappear on the approach of man and our tiny friend should be safe. But how strange it seems to write that the last enemy is worse than all the others, and it is against him we are now called to protest. Yes! Against man, whose friend and co-laborer the bird is. The miserly agriculturalist, who grudges him a grain, unmindful of the fact that during the winter rains, he hunted up the future insect; sought out the larvae and destroyed, daily, myriads of future caterpillars, and that he also helps combat the grasshopper. Thinking only of the present, he wages war against the insect-destroying birds until the insect arises and avenges their death.

To illustrate. In the island of Bourbon a price was set on each martin's head. They disappeared and then the grasshoppers took possession of the island and the martin had to be recalled. Let our western farmers take a hint.

What if the little pilferers do take the largest cherry on the tree or select the reddest side of the apple; perhaps there would not have been either cherry or apple had it not been for his care in the past. And as in our homes we are willing to spend money and time on that which only serves to please the eye, surely we could give something to support so much beauty and good cheer. For it does seem as if nature would be incomplete without the bird music, and I do know that I have derived more pleasure during these bright days from the song of one of these little visitors who comes daily, although his song consists of only two or three notes, which imagination turns into "sweet-birdie," than I have from the piano in the parlor.

Of those who kill for sport I can say but little. The subject is so far beyond comprehension. Those who, unable to create and unmindful of benefits received, destroy innocent life. It can only be a remnant of the former ages of barbarism (when to witness pain was pleasure) that has not yet been eliminated from human nature by the progress of civilization.

But, says one, will you object to rifle practice? Must not the child grow skillful in killing that at last he may accomplish the surpassing feat of killing the bird on the wing?

No! We do not object to rifle practice, but we do object to making life the subject of it, both for the sake of the bird and the child. As one writer says, "Delicate Mother! You who would shudder to see your boy with a knife or who would not permit him to tear the wings of a fly in your presence, do not give him a gun to kill at a distance." It is only another form of gratifying the latent cruelty in almost every nature, and too late you will learn the evil of having helped to form a hard heart.

But where shall we find a remedy against all this destruction? "Pass law," suggests one. Very good; but do you know that it is not the passing of laws, but the enforcement of them, that is effectual, and that laws can only be enforced by the people. And the only way in which the people can be made to enforce the law is by educating them to see the necessity for the law. Let us send, brothers Granger, Gardener and Fruitgrower, literature on the subject which will teach them the difference between things that benefit and things that destroy. Agitate until every instructor of youth in the land is interested and the boys can be taught the evil of destroying, and that cruelty to the least of God's creatures in the boy will develop into all that is evil in the man.

But you may fear that the process will be so slow that the birds will be destroyed meanwhile. But begin at once, enforce such laws as we have and each one protect to the best of his ability and there will be enough left with which to begin anew.

But there is one other danger which threatens our "native birds," which has not been mentioned. When this paper was assigned, it was suggested to the writer to "give it to the sparrows." Well! Let the sparrows have "It" with a big capital, whatever "It" may be. Those sparrows; they stay around our houses, dirty our porches, fill the waterway from our roofs with litter and wake us with the "peep o'day" by their noisy manner of arranging their family

affairs, instead of a burst of tuneful melody. In fact, we are so prejudiced against them that it has hardly seemed worth the time to hunt for a word in their favor, although they have their place in the economy of nature. In Holland, for instance, the sparrow alone can wage war successfully against the cockchafers (dorbeetle or Maybug) and myriad winged foes, which reign in the low lying lands, and without him, the country would perish.

And only the other day, I saw one of those enemies of the housewife, the winged moth, caught by a watchful sparrow, in the very act of entering the door. So we may find a place for him yet. But the laws for his protection must be repealed or modified, and his unparalleled increase stayed or we will soon be without any small bird but the sparrow. For by their quarrelsome natures and the strength of union which they possess by their habit of living in colonies, they are rapidly driving all our home birds from the woods and fields. Some may say, is it not all the same? We still have birds. No, it is not all the same. For if only from an aesthetic point of view, we cannot change the beautiful plumage, the dainty form and sweet notes of our native birds for his plain corpulent body and scolding chatter. Could he be driven from the country, where his voice is certainly not in harmony with nature, to the city, where he is perfectly at home, and mingles well with the city's discordant sounds, we might gain something, for he is such a gourmand, that he makes an excellent scavenger, and then he is the only bird which seems to enjoy city life. But, like the negro in the South, he was brought here and the problem of what to do with him will have to be solved by wiser heads than mine. Perhaps if the laws protecting him were changed and the fact made known that some epicures consider him excellent eating, quite equal to the celebrated reed bird, it might help diminish his numbers and add to his usefulness.

But all we can do is to call attention to the evil and the necessary means for his repression will be found by some one.

In this paper, we do not wish to be understood as speaking against all bird killing. There is a wide difference between killing for use under proper restricting laws and destroying. That which is done to obtain food, or even the pretty wing for a lady's hat, may have furnished the means of living to some one. What we want to do is to stop the wholesale, ignorant, and brutal destruction, and thereby obtain the highest use; for we have not yet arrived at that state where we can live without inflicting death on other forms of life (there are possibilities in the future, but we speak of things as they are) and the winged kingdom may as well be used to furnish us food and covering as the animals which we domesticate for the purpose.

Although we feel that if our ladies could be made to understand the enormous number of birds killed (amounting to hundreds of thousands yearly) to furnish them with feathered ornaments, they would from motives of humanity rise as one person to protest against a fashion which causes so much of cruelty, and their protest would be heard in the most effective way, for it would stop the demand. And here we will quote from a recent article by Mr. E. P. Bicknell: "So long as the demand continues the supply will come." Law of itself can be of little, perhaps of no ultimate avail. It may give check; but this tide of destruction it is powerless to stay. The demand will be met; the offenders the disapprobation of fashion, and it is our women who hold this great power. Let our women say the word, and hundreds of thousands of bird lives every

year will be preserved. And, until woman does use her influence it is vain to hope that this nameless sacrifice will cease until it has worked out its own end, and the birds are gone.

In a paper of this length, much must be left unsaid and much hurried over that might be made more full. But we are glad, to help in any way which we can, the progress of this movement for the protection of our birds. For while a bird in a cage excites more than any other a feeling of pity, in their natural state I love them. Their gladness, their perfect enjoyment of the freedom of the moment, without regard to dangers surrounding, and their happy and energetic fulfillment of their little cares. Yes! Let them sing and flit in the sunshine or in more sober moments, when burdened with family cares, let them have a share of our fruit and grain undisturbed, for with so many hungry mouths crying to be filled, is it not nature to take what is nearest, and birdie will see that all is repaid with interest, for our defense has not been by any means a mere matter of sentiment.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.

THE troubles which mellow and sweeten a big heart harden and may sour a little one.

CANNOT TRAVEL TOGETHER.

SLAVERY and freedom cannot travel together along the same road.

ECONOMY.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty and of ease. Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.—Dr. Johnson.

AN ENLIGHTENED GENERATION.

THE express train of the world's progress has swept into a more enlightened generation, vanishing in smoke and dust beyond the hills.

PEACE.

PEACE is such a precious jewel that I would rather give anything for it but truth.—Matthew Henry.

A MOTHER'S WISDOM.

TO MY DEAR SON:—The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, permanent success is an evidence of superiority.

It will be safe for you to observe the following rules, which your affectionate mother prays God will strengthen you to do:

1. Base all your actions upon a principle of justice—preserve your integrity of character, and in doing it, never reckon the cost.
2. Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself, and other depending on you. Or, in other, words, “mind your own business.”
3. Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp our judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.
4. Never attempt to make money at the expense of your reputation, or dishonor will be the consequence.
5. Be neither lavish nor miserly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.
6. Avoid gambling of all kind as a great evil—billiards, especially, because the most fascinating, therefore the most dangerous, the victim being enthralled before he is aware.
7. Always let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is always a friend in need.
8. Avoid borrowing and lending as far as possible.
9. Liquor drinking, smoking cigars, and chewing tobacco are terrible habits to a young man; they impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste. They tend to lower a man, never elevate and lift him up in the regard of the virtuous and good.
10. Be not in the habit of relating your misfortunes to others, and never mourn over what you cannot prevent.
11. Let all see your good breeding, by showing due respect to age. Have dignity and reverence enough of character never to trifle with serious things—respect religion in others—seek it as a treasure invaluable—let it be the foundation on which to build your structure, the possession of which will insure happiness here, and an enduring inheritance hereafter.

NEVER SEPARATED.

THE useful and the beautiful are never separated.

SPEAK OUT.

PEOPLE who think funny things without expressing them are unconscious enemies of the human race.

Wit and Humor

"Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting."
—Washington Irving.

HONEST GOOD HUMOR.

HONEST good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.—Washington Irving.

Some of the stories told by the author of this volume at banquets, public dinners and in general addresses, almost all of which are from memory's tablets are given herewith.

BUSY BEES AND ACTIVE PIGS.

BILKINS, in asking his friend to spend the week-end at his farm in "Punkin Center," promised he should see "the busy bees making beeswax and the little pigs making pig iron."

IDENTIFICATION COMPLETE.

LOWENSTEIN'S twins are the favorites of the neighborhood, and Lowenstein is constantly sounding their praises. He says: "They look so much alike that I can hardly tell them apart by themselves. But Ikey have teeth and Jakey have none, and when I put my finger in Jakey's mouth and he bites me, I just know right away quick that it is Ikey."

PIGS IS PIGS.

A GERMAN farmer had a couple of pigs for sale, one rather small—although old—and the larger one younger. Wishing to explain to the would-be purchaser the difference in value, he said: "The littlest pig is the piggest," when his wife sought to clarify matters by remarking, "My husband, he not speak English as good vot I can; he means de youngest pig is de oldest."

ONCE TOO OFTEN.

IN THE West End live the families of the Mulcaheys and Muldoons. Muldoons owned a black cat; Mulcaheys had a sweet little baby. Here's what happened, and it is best told by Mrs. Flaherty, whose subdued tone in relating the circumstances of a tragedy was the charm of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Flaherty—"Did yez hear of the terrible tragedy what happened at Mulcaheys? Muldoon's old cat crawled into the cradle where the sweet little baby was asleep, sucked the child's breath and the little baby is dead."

Just then Mrs. O'Connor relieved the situation somewhat by announcing "And did yez hear what happened last night? Well, Muldoon came home loaded to the muzzle, fell asleep on the flure, and their old cat came and sucked his breath, and now the 'cat's dead.'"

ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE.

SHE was looking out of the window of a seventh story apartment, when she saw a peddler, with a bag on his back. "Say, Mr. Peddler, won't you come right up here?" and up went the perambulating merchant, much elated over the prospect of sales.

Arriving at the seventh floor, the woman pointed to her little boy with "Say, Mr. Peddler, if Ikey is not a good boy, won't you put him in your bag?"

THOUGHT IT WAS A MULE.

AN IRISH onlooker at a baseball game was suddenly sent headlong over the field by a foul ball which struck him just above the eye. "Foul!" yelled the umpire.

"Phat!" said Pat. "I thought it was a mule."

A SOMNAMBULIST.

JONES left the church while the sermon was being preached. He is a somnambulist.

FORGING AHEAD, EH?

"IS THAT bright young fellow I met with you still forging ahead?" "No; he's been forging a hand."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

"WHO was that gentleman I saw you talking with on Ellsworth avenue yesterday afternoon?"

Boy—"He's no gentleman; he is our school principal."

TRACING LOST FREIGHT.

BY a mistake a little Pike's Peak burro, shipped to a Pittsburgh boy by his father, who was traveling in Colorado, was put off at a way station on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. The loss was reported and tracers sent all along the line. Meanwhile the station agent in question was terribly perplexed in trying to adjust his way bills, and finally notified the auditor that he was "one bureau ahead and one jackass short." The missing link was supplied.

HIGH PRICE OF LIVING.

A FAMOUS Pittsburgh after-dinner talker, at a banquet in McKeesport, and who was none other than the Rev. Dr. Thos. N. Boyle, noticed the "poverty of the bill of fare"—on account of the high price of living, and when called on to speak, said: "Dr. Johnson says a man is at his best on a full stomach; but I hazard nothing in saying I believe there is not a lady or gentleman at the table at his or her best."

A GREAT SURGICAL OPERATION.

THE greatest surgical operation ever known—"Lansing, Michigan."

DEAR TO HIS HEART.

AN IRISHMAN, hod carrier for 30 years, suddenly became endowed with riches, and concluded to invest the entire sum in War Savings Stamps and Liberty bonds—save \$150 for a present for his wife, Biddy. She magnanimously announced the memorial must be for Mike, her hard working husband, and at length he agreed. Mike was to select the present and after going over wrist watches, bicycles, etc., he directed Biddy to procure for him "a mahogany hod."

DO IT WITH LEFT-OVERS.

A YOUNG Irish curate was preaching his first sermon and chose for his text the miracle of the loaves and fishes. He was very nervous and read it, "And they fed five people with five thousand loaves of bread and five thousand fishes."

Thereat one of his rustic hearers murmured, loud enough to be heard:

"That's no miracle, begorra. I could do that myself."

The curate overheard him, and so on the following Sunday he announced the same text; but had it right this time:

"And they fed five thousand people with five loaves of bread and a few fishes."

He paused a second and then leaned over the pulpit and said:

"Could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied: "Sure, yer rivirince, I could."

"And how could you do it?" asked the priest.

"Sure, yer rivirince, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

SAFETY FIRST.

FIRST Negro (to officer)—“How much wah insurance kin I take out, suh?”
 Officer—“Oh, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000.”

First Negro—“Dat’s far enough, boss; just gib me \$500.”

Officer to Second Negro—“And how much insurance do you want?”

Second Negro—“What’s de most I can git?”

Officer—“Ten thousand.”

Second Negro—“Jes fix me up wit dat \$10,000 quick.”

First Negro to Second—“Looky heah, man; what you mean by gettin’ \$10,000 worth ob insurance?”

Second Negro—“Dat’s all right, ’cause when dat ordah comes to go over de top, dey sure are goin’ to be mighty careful of a \$10,000 nigger.”

ECONOMIZING, SURE.

“ARE you economizing?”
 “Yes. I have only one egg for breakfast; and in order to save fuel I now have that fried only on one side.”—Washington Star.

THE LONG GREEN.

JINKS—“I hear your boy in college is opposed to the draft.”
 Jenks—“Well, he did say it would be handier if I sent him the cash.”—Judge.

CORRECTING THE RECORD.

ATRAVELING car conductor rang up all of his passengers until the record showed 83 aboard. He then counted the passengers, and finding 84, cried out, “One of yez will have to get off.”

A SAVING CLAUSE.

“ROBERT, if you eat any more of those preserves I’ll give you a whipping.”

“You wouldn’t whip a sick boy, would you, ma?”

“Of course not.”

“Then I’ll eat enough to make me sick.”—Boston Transcript.

COMPETITION NIT.

THE idea of a union ticket office for all the railroads in the city may be all right from the standpoint of reducing expenses. It has been found from the point of view of the public that it does not work out satisfactorily. In seeking information the agents are so darn neutral that they are afraid to tell you anything for fear of favoring one road over another. A story is told of an agent in a union ticket office in a large city that when anyone asked him the fare to a certain point, he would reply: "Well, you have to go anyway, so what do you care what the fare is."

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

"DO YOU mean to say that your daughter hasn't told you she was engaged to me?"

"Yes. I told her not to bother me with those affairs unless she intended to get married."—Boston Transcript.

MISS IONA BOND.

"WE like the beautiful brunette,
We don't despise the winsome blonde,
But best of all the girls we've met
Is little Miss Iona Bond."

—Springfield News.

TAFT'S SIZE.

"COLONEL ROOSEVELT," said a Washington man, looking up from his paper, "was surely one of the most bellicose presidents we ever had."

"Colonel Roosevelt?" said his wife. "Surely you mean Mr. Taft, don't you?"—Pathfinder.

BEYOND CONTROL.

MRS. WILLIS—"The papers say the government is going to control everything."

Mr. Willis—"Well, it's going to have an awful time with that Jones boy next door."—Judge.

FABLE OF THE FROGS.

THE mill on the pond was blown up one day, and the commotion in the dam caused a prompt convention of the frogs. Three wise old frogs were appointed a committee to go to the surface, investigate and make report. They did so and returned with this report: "We saw a dam by a mill site, but we couldn't see a mill by a dam site." And the young frogs fell upon them and slew them. Moral—Don't presume too much on the friendship, even of friends.

 HER PROXY.

"JONES has got religion."
 Bilkins—"Well, if he has, it is in his wife's name, I'll betcha."

 THE WAY OUT.

ASKED to define a lie, the small boy replied: "A lie is an abomination; a present help in trouble."

 NONE BUT—HER.

BROWN has a lovely baby girl,
 The stork left her with a flutter;
 Brown names her "Oleomargarine,"
 For he hadn't any but her.

—Pathfinder.

 FOR CLASS IN ARITHMETIC.

SPEAKING of war farming, if three feet make a yard, how many will make a garden?

 WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

WIENERS are to be sold by the yard instead of the pound. A doggone good suggestion.

 A SUBSTITUTE.

"JOHN, John, baby has swallowed my latch key."
 Absent-minded Father—"Never mind, dear; use mine."

A READY ANSWER.

THE Irish gardener had been helping himself generously to the choicest fruit in the orchard and the owner wished to be certain as to his conclusions. So very early one morning the master was encountered near the luscious fruit tree, and the confused gardener said: "Master, why are you out so early?"

Master—"Patrick, I am hunting an appetite for my breakfast. Now, answer me, Why are you out so early?"

Patrick—"I'm hunting a breakfast for my appetite."

HIGH FINANCE.

KIND Landlord—"I am going to raise your rent."
"Are you? That's more than I can do."

BUT THERE ARE GENTLEMEN PRESENT.

"BY THE WAY," said the irrepressible story teller, in the presence of Gen. U. S. Grant, "I see there are no ladies present."

"But there are gentlemen present."

And the story did not crystallize. "Go thou, and do likewise."

WAS IT WISE OR OTHERWISE?

MARY had asked her mother for the privilege of setting the next hen and the task came to her within a few days. She rolled out nineteen big eggs and three hours afterwards the mother found that industrious old hen worn to a frazzle, vainly trying to cover the allotment. With a show of temper the mother reproved Mary for her unkindness, and asked, "Now, what made you do such a thing?" She replied, "I just wanted to see the old thing spread herself."

A SAVING CLAUSE.

NEAR the old lock on the Pennsylvania canal, at Fourth avenue and Try street, stood the popular hostelry of Barney Coyle. The parish priest, a noted temperance advocate, one Sunday morning delivered a philippic against the drink habit, and while agreeing with him, Coyle told the priest he could see his finish in business. Next Sunday reference was had to the sermon and its points emphasized, but added the speaker "But if ye will take yer nip, give your fipenny bits to Barney Coyle."

HOSEA GETS SEATED.

THE visiting preacher had occupied two hours discussing the Major Prophets, and then tendered a mild apology as he was about to tackle the string of Minor Prophets. "Now," said he, "where will I place Hosea?" An old gentleman in the front row hammered with his cane on the floor and shouted, "Place Hosea right here where he can hear you, for I'm going home."

STILL THE DANGER SIGNAL.

MURPHY'S life was made miserable until Tim, his boy, was provided with a goat. But when the goat ate the good man's three red flannel shirts, sentence of death was passed on said goat. Murphy tells the story of his departure thus: He tied the goat to a rail on the Pan Handle Railroad a few minutes before the Pacific express was due, and then hid behind a freight car, as he did not wish to be an eye witness of the tragedy. The train bowled along, but alarm after alarm was sounded for brakes and the Pacific express came to a standstill. The goat had coughed up the red shirts and flagged the train.

BREVITY SURE.

PEREMPTORILY ordered to cut down his voluminous and unnecessary reports of wrecks on the division, and to get the road open for train movement, Finnegan next day cleared off a chaotic wreck and then telegraphed the manager:

"Off again, on again,
Gone again, Finnegan."

THE DIFFERENCE.

MARK TWAIN said the only difference between Washington and himself was Washington couldn't lie; "I can, but I won't," said Mark.

A REASON FOR QUIET.

SMALL BOY (on tiptoe, to his companions)—"Sh—stop your noise, all of you."

Companions—"Hello, Tommy! What is the matter?"

Small Boy—"We've got a new baby—it's very weak and tired—walked all the way from Heaven last night—mustn't be kickin' up a row 'round here now."

SPEAKING OF EGGS.

AT a Western town a traveler alighted for breakfast at a railway station. The attentive young woman brought the boiled eggs, broke open one, and courteously asked "Shall I open the other one?" "No," said the traveler, almost gasping, "open the window."

A DROP IN OIL.

AJEW broker was standing on an oil tub at an auction held the other day at Birmingham, England, when, in the excitement of "Going, going, gone!" he stamped the staves loose and disappeared in the oil.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

TWO American soldiers were speaking about the battle of Bull Run. One of them was a Yankee, the other an Irishman.

"Pat," said the Yankee, "were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was," said Pat.

"I'm sure you ran," said the Yank.

"I did," said Pat, "and the man that did not run is there yet."

SPECTACLES WE CAN NEVER FORGET.

"SPECTACLES we can never forget," read an old lady among the war news. "I'd like to know where they sell them, as I am always mislaying mine."

ALWAYS MUSICAL.

TO a mule's ear a mule's voice is always musical.

AN EASY ONE.

"I WOULD like to secure an audience with your wife."

"If you will consent to be the audience it ought to be easy enough."

NO HITCH.

"DID her wedding go off without a hitch?"

"It did, indeed; the man she was going to marry didn't show up."

TOO VOCIFEROUS.

STORE CLERK—"Here's a material, madam, that speaks for itself."
Customer—"Oh, I don't want anything quite so loud as that."—Boston Transcript.

WHY WAS HE LAUGHING?

AND speaking of apparel, here's old Dix Merrit in the *Nashville Banner*, telling of an old gentlemen with white hair, silver gray mustache and Prince Albert coat sitting on the customs house steps laughing at the top of his voice. Why was he laughing? Because—we imagine—someone had stolen all his clothes but the Prince Albert.

DIFFERENT KIND OF DOG.

GRIGGS—"Lost money in that stock deal, did you? Say, let me give you a pointer."

"No, you don't! No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever."—Boston Transcript.

A PHENOMENON.

A GRAY-HAIRED baby has been born at Pine Creek, Ky. The only way we can explain this phenomenon is that it arrived over the B. & O.

JOHNNY WISE.

TEACHER—"Johnny may tell us from what family the skunk is descended."

John—"There ain't no such thing."

Teacher—"As what?"

John—"A de-scented skunk."

THEN WE WENT TO THE GAME.

"LET'S see. Didn't your grandmother die once before this summer?"
"Yes, sir. She—she come pretty near bein' buried alive that time."—Life.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

“**M**A, does pa help to clean the streets?”
“What a question! Of course he doesn’t.”

“But I heard him telling Mr. Jaggs that he fell off the water wagon the other night.”—Baltimore American.

SOME LETTERS HE DROPPED.

HIRAM JONES had just returned from a personally conducted tour of Europe.

“I suppose,” commented a friend, “that when you were in England you did as the English do, and dropped your h’s?”

“No,” moodily responded the returned traveler, “I didn’t; I did as the Americans do. I dropped my V’s and X’s.”

Then he slowly meandered down to the bank to see if he couldn’t get the mortgage extended.—Lippincott’s.

A DEFERRED REPROOF.

“**T**HE next time you spill your coffee on the tablecloth don’t try to hide it by setting the cup on it. I will notice it anyway when I clean up.”

“Yes, but I’m in the office by that time.”—Megendorfer Blatter.

WHOM TO THANK.

“**I** SUPPOSE you feel very thankful to Santa Claus for providing you with such a fine turkey?” said the minister to Uncle ’Lijah’s little boy.

“Naw, sah,” replied the pickaninny. “Uncle tole dis chile ter be than’ful ter Farmer Green fur leavin’ his henhouse dore on de jar.”

NAME YOUR GRUB.

“**H**AVE you any breakfast food?” he inquired in Christian Endeavor accents. “Well, I guess yes,” responded Roaring Pete, the cowboy waiter. “We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spare ribs, mutton chops, corned hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, hot bread, cold bread, corn bread, toast bread, apple butter, peach butter, bull butter, coffee, tea, buttermilk and beer. Breakfast food? Well, that’s our winner. Name your grub.”—Exchange.

NO KICK COMING.

"I FEAR pa will put his foot down when you ask to marry me."
"I don't mind that, dear, as long as he doesn't put it up."—Boston
Globe.

A FRONT LINE SCHOOL.

A BOY in school who couldn't spell "spool" was kicked down stairs by the principal, who told the boy's father he was initiating his son into the mysteries of the solar system. He did it with the sole of his boot. There was an additional complaint against this particular school. A pious lad ran a bradawl into another lad about a yard, and when brought to account about it called it awl-spice. That boy will never be a "school marm."

MUTT AND JEFF.

WHEN the Kaiser had decorated Mutt with an iron cross for bravery, Jeff was next in line, of course. Just as he was about to decorate him, Jeff inquired the value of the cross. "About 50 cents," said the Kaiser. "Well," said Jeff, "if it makes no difference to you, I'll take the 50 cents."

THE CURE.

GROWTH in knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit.

A PERPETUAL TORMENTOR.

ENVY is the perpetual tormentor of virtue.

REAL HEROES.

THE best fighters wear the fewest feathers.

DIE AS A MAN.

ONE may live as a conqueror, magistrate or king, but he must die as a man.

Pittsburgh Briefly Told

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes and faith, he'll print them."

PITTSBURGH BRIEFLY TOLD.

“A SETTLEMENT built here is bound to grow and flourish beyond the imagination of men.”—*George Washington*.

In 1811 Pittsburgh contained 767 houses and had a population of 4,000. Now it is the seat of the greatest industries of the United States; has a population of over 1,000,000 that lives within its environing towns, of which there are three chartered cities and 67 boroughs. The surrounding territory, of which Pittsburgh is the commercial and financial capital, embraces a population approximating 10,000,000.

PITTSBURGH IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A LONG about 50 years ago C. Stanley Rinehart, a talented young Pittsburgh artist, furnished a double page engraving for *Harper's Weekly*, New York, giving a general view of the city, and some special views taken in our iron, glass and steel works. In the center of the engraving was a general view of the city, taken from “Monument” or Seminary Hill. Above was a view of the levee, while at either side were views of steel and glass works. On the lower part was a view of the Pan Handle Railroad and the Monongahela suspension bridges, while at either sides were views illustrating the manner of puddling iron, and the working of the steam hammer. In the lower right hand corner was a view of a “coal flotilla on the Ohio river.” This view, to our mind, is the best of all, and will be of decided benefit in enlightening the solons at Washington on the importance of a free and unobstructed river for coal transportation. It is an excellent illustration, and conveys a correct idea of the tows which our powerful tug boats take down to the lower market. It also gives a correct idea of the unwieldy character of the tow, the large floating space required, and the danger which must ensue if artificial obstructions like the Newport bridge are placed in the river. The views in the glass works and iron mills are also good, but in the general view the city is enveloped in such a dense cloud of smoke that the houses cannot be seen, and the extent of the city left entirely to the imagination. The levee view does not give a correct idea of the hundreds of boats moored there nor of the bustle and activity always apparent. Accompanying the engraving is a brief sketch of Pittsburgh, which we give below:

“On the 28th day of May, 1754, a company of Americans, commanded by a Virginian only 22 years old, fired, in the wilderness of the Allegheny Mountains, upon a party of French soldiers, killing their captain and wounding several of his men. It is safe to say that the echo of this volley will reverberate through history as long as time will last; for the young Virginian who there received his ‘baptism of fire’ was George Washington. The fight was the first act of war in that bloody struggle known as the Old French War, and the immediate object of the contest was the possession of the key of the Mississippi Valley, where now stands the Iron City.

"The present aspect of the spot brought in so memorable a manner within the area of civilization may be learned from the double-page picture of Pittsburgh which we present to our readers with this issue.

"Though born in the throes of a mighty struggle, nowhere else on this continent have such splendid triumphs of peace, industry and commerce been achieved, as the following facts will show:

"Pittsburgh is really a complex of municipalities, embracing two cities and eleven boroughs. The Monongahela river sweeps from the south through the most densely populated district, forming, with the Allegheny flowing from the northeast, the beautiful Ohio. Pittsburgh proper lies between the two former rivers. On the south side are situated the boroughs of Ormsby, East Birmingham, West Pittsburgh, Allentown, Birmingham, Monongahela and Temperanceville. On the north bank of the Allegheny are the City of Allegheny and the boroughs of Etna and Sharpsburg. The total area covered may be estimated at about 25 square miles. Fine bridges cross the rivers and the aggregate population, according to the census recently completed, amounts to very nearly 200,000, while the entire county of Allegheny, which should properly be included in an estimate of the population of Pittsburgh, would give a total population of over 263,000. The city is not, to one visiting it for the first time, a very attractive looking place. The dense volumes of black smoke pouring from the hundreds of furnaces, the copious showers of soot, the constant rumbling of ponderous machinery, the clatter of wagons laden with iron, are experiences that are not calculated to make a favorable impression at first. In a very brief time, however, the visitor learns that the black canopy is the 'pillar of cloud' to Pittsburghers, assuring them that the vast industries are still prospering. He learns, too, that the rugged-looking hills bounding the horizon are full of riches in the shape of bituminous coal. The mass of the inhabitants, if they do labor and toil, are educated, even refined, ever alive to the beautiful as well as to the useful. They are clever, sociable and generous. The public buildings, churches, halls, etc., compare favorably with any in the land, in spite of the awful smoke.

"Iron, steel, glass, coal and petroleum are the leading interests of this wonderful hive of industry. Here are 42 iron mills, consuming nearly 400,000 tons of metal annually, employing 15,000 hands, who receive over \$10,000,000 of wages per annum. One-fourth of all the pig metal made in the United States is consumed in Pittsburgh. The iron, sent to every part of the continent, is acknowledged of superior quality.

"For a number of years only the lower grades of steel were made here; but now the finest qualities are produced and for edge tools the competent judges of the New England manufactories declare it to be equal to the best English steel. There are seven large steel works, producing nearly 30,000 tons of steel annually, sent to 24 States.

"One-half of the glass made in the Union is produced at Pittsburgh, whose 60 glass manufactories employ 5,000 hands, receiving over \$3,000,000 of wages a year. The export tables show that 29 States, besides several Territories, and Canada, received their glass from this point.

"The coal trade is one of the principal sources of the wealth of the Smoky City. Over 200 collieries are now in operation, which shipped nearly 100,-

000,000 bushels. And the coke business is making tremendous strides, ranging its customers from Boston to Omaha. These two interests represent a business of more than \$15,000,000 per annum. There are 60 petroleum refineries located at Pittsburgh, with a capacity of 36,000 barrels per day.

"It would lead us too far to notice the rest of the 1,500 manufacturing establishments, embracing locomotive and copper works, gun foundries, chemical works, cotton mills, car and carriage works, plow factories, planing mills, etc. Suffice it to say, that all these, if placed side by side, would form a line of over 50 miles long.

"The free navigation of the Ohio river, affording cheap water communication with 19 States of the Union, embracing over 1,000,000 square miles, and measuring over 12,000 miles upon 30 different rivers, is of the greatest importance to the city. The tonnage of Pittsburgh, composed of steamers, barges and boats, exceeds that of New York; and the trade of the Ohio river, estimated by the government engineers at \$800,000,000, equals the entire foreign commerce of the United States.

"Pittsburgh, in conclusion, is not only working up the mineral treasures of its native soil, but draws supplies of ores, chemicals, etc., from all parts of the country from Lake Superior to Arkansas and Louisiana; nay, it is no exaggeration to say that nearly the whole world is laid under contribution to keep her immense and multifarious industries constantly supplied with the necessary material."

THE WORKSHOP OF THE WORLD.

APPENDED are excerpts from Percy F. Smith's "Glimpse of Pittsburgh," edition of 1918:

Joining of the coal fields of the Monongahela valley and the ore fields of Superior are the factors of an industrial sovereignty that will challenge the world to produce its equal.

"Clouds of smoke by day and pillars of fire by night."

"Fleeting monuments of Pittsburgh's greatness—the dark clouds of smoke."

It has made more coke, more plate glass, more tin plate, more crucible steel than all the rest of the United States combined.

Pittsburgh and West Virginia line will soon be continuous industrial line of human activity, without a rival in the national domain.

The industry hum of the Pittsburgh district has become a roar which cannot be drowned by the loudest wailing of calamity howlers.

A circle of 40 miles describes an area that for the extent, the variety and the value of its industries has no counterpart in the habitable globe.

Largest tonnage of any city in the world.

The greatest wage earning center in the world.

Occupies first place in the world's production of 21 of the greatest industries.

A magnificent monument to the tireless energy of the people, mainly Scotch-Irish.

Brain, brawn and capital are the component parts of a mighty machine of irresistible power working toward an assured end. The race is not the spurt of the desperate, but the courageous, long-continued struggle of the strong. That's Pittsburgh.

At the top of this pyramid of the world's industries—iron, steel, tin plate, iron and steel pipes, steel cars, air-brakes, electrical machinery, brass, coal and coke, fire-brick, plate glass, window glass, tumblers, tableware, petroleum, pickles, white lead and cork.

"The Unique City of the Republic."

"An inferno of overwhelming grandeur" is mild in comparison with Par-ton's night vision of Pittsburgh's "hell with the lid off."

Began boat building in 1777.

In 1810 the population of Pittsburgh was 4,740.

In 1760 coal was dug from Mt. Washington Coal Hill.

In the Carnegie Museum are some of the rarest pre-historic specimens that paleontologists of the world have discovered.

Produces enough steel rails to girdle the world.

Pedestrians pass over the Nile on bridges of steel from Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh's loyal workmen in steel and iron "cash in" more than \$200,-000,000 wages annually.

Pittsburgh mills extend over 40 miles along her three rivers—the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio.

Jones & Laughlin Steel Company is one of the greatest industrial organizations in the world.

Pittsburgh illuminated the various World's Fairs.

George Washington, 21 years old, located Pittsburgh as the "Gate of the West."

Was raised to the dignity of a city in 1816, at which time the county was 28 years old. In 1788 had a population of 500 people, which in 1810 had grown to 4,768, and in 1860 to almost 125,000.

Old Court House built in the time specified, for the agreed price, without extras—completed by the architect's wife, dedicated on the one hundredth anniversary of the county's organization.

The center of that contest between the greatest of the monarchies of Europe, France and England, for the possession of this continent in the early days of its history. The line of the French had its left at Quebec, its right at New Orleans, but the center was Fort Duquesne, Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh has been the scene of the evolution of the American glass industry. General James O'Hara and Isaac Craig established the first plant in 1797. Concerning operating difficulties General O'Hara wrote in a memorandum found after his death: "Today we made the first bottle at a cost of \$30,000."

First Presbyterian Church built in 1775.

Had a cotton mill as early as 1805, and made glass first in 1807.

First Baptist Church erected west of the Alleghenies standing at Library.

First Business College in America, founded by Peter Duff—must be added to the credit side of our greatness.

Manufactured paper in 1797.

Chamber of Commerce marks its thirty-eighth year.

Manufacture of iron and steel began after the close of the War of 1812.

The great Ferris Wheel—World's Fair wonder—was the invention of a Pittsburgh engineer and erected by Pittsburgh capital.

In 1843 Pittsburghers began mining copper in the Lake Superior district, and their two mills continue to ship to all parts of the country.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THERE is only one Pittsburgh.—*Age of Steel.*

City of labor, where there is paid in wages \$2,000,000 daily.

Pittsburgh is indeed a "Gigantic Crucible," in which are being formed citizenship and manhood as well as material wealth. It is a place that does things.

City of blazing furnaces, of busy factories, of miracle-working processes, of mechanical genius, of splendid creative ambition, of great business organization.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal.*

In Pittsburgh one comes into the actual physical presence of Machine Power—that new Power, the creation of the nineteenth century, which has already revolutionized the civilization of the world—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal.*

From an industrial standpoint, the record of 12 months in Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania, scarcely has an equal in the world's history of commerce and industry.—*Age of Steel.*

Pittsburgh has made possible the extension of railroads, the development of electricity, the transformation of cities, the growth of industries, the multiplication of the comforts of life.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal.*

New York is a banking and shipping office; Chicago a grain elevator and stock yard; St. Louis a store, and Washington a law office. Pittsburgh is the nation's forge and anvil, and the United States Steel Corporation its chief blacksmith.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal.*

Marvelously has Pittsburgh improved its natural advantages of position and overcome every physical obstacle. It has made the most of every opportunity, developed a matchless system of railroad terminals and established every facility of bank and corporation and association for the carrying on of a business on which the well-being of 100,000,000 of people depends.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal.*

Through its gateway passes a large proportion of all the railroad traffic of the United States.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal*.

City of capital, devoted to the best use to which capital can be put, the supply of a country's industrial needs.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal*.

The spectacle of the Homestead works is undoubtedly one of the most stupendous which can be seen in any country, for energy, system and organization.—Rt. Hon. John Morley.

It is timely that attention should be drawn to the greater side of Pittsburgh—the side that will maintain its fame as long as steam and electricity rule the world.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal*.

When we go back over a period of years, we find the growth of the Pittsburgh banks even more striking, as the strides made by that city in a banking sense are unsurpassed by any other in the country.—*Financier*, New York.

A city of stupendous producing power, whose cloud of smoke is its huge crown of industrial kingship.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal*.

The American who has never visited Pittsburgh does not yet know his own country; he does not yet comprehend its stupendous power and wealth.—Wall Street (N. Y.) *Journal*.

BANKS AND BANKERS.

HAS a remarkably commanding position in the banking world. Bank surplus exceeded only by two other cities. Deposits per capita, \$786.

Bank clearings reached a total of over \$4,000,000,000 during 1917—increase, \$600,000,000—a new high record.

Mellon National Bank holds more than one-fourth of the total deposits of Pittsburgh's 21 National Banks.

Since the World's War began Pittsburgh banks have expanded at a remarkable rate. In each particular they are larger and stronger than ever before. Deposits total \$761,000,000, an increase of \$169,000,000 in a year. Resources increased from \$765,000,000 to \$946,000,000 in a year.

1917 makes the highest record for bank deposits in Pittsburgh.

Banks are in a more prosperous condition than for many years and a bright future is promised.

Columbia National Bank building occupies site of old Lafayette Hall, where the Republican party had its birth February 22, 1856.

It is when the earning power of the banking institutions of a city are and note the liberal subscriptions to the Liberty Loan funds. Took columns in greater than that of the banks of any other city in the country.

Ahead of all the other cities of the country in earning power of its bank interests.

State banks and trust companies, with about \$330,000,000 on August 31, 1917, largest ever recorded and show gain of \$69,000,000 during the year.

Pittsburgh has contributed largely in swelling the nation's bank resources, the total having increased from \$603,062,645 in 1914 to \$946,362,546 in 1917, a new high record.

The city's largest trust company has resources of \$167,849,814 and deposits of \$129,216,419. The largest national bank has resources of \$145,417,025 and deposits of \$127,802,079.

Union Trust Company: Surplus greater in proportion to capital than that of any other trust company in the world.

Federal Reserve Bank is recognition on the part of the government of Pittsburgh's rightful place in the industrial world.

Mellon Bank: Growth in deposits from \$8,500,000 in 1902, to more than \$105,000,000 in 1917, and invested capital from \$2,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

The City of Banks, for in no other American city, in proportion to the population, are the banking institutions so numerous, so influential and so valuable a factor in the development and maintenance of local enterprises.

Call the roll of every national and state bank in the "State of Allegheny" and note the liberal subscriptions to the Liberty Loan fund. Took columns in the daily papers to tell the story—not sufficient room in this little compendium to note responses in detail. It is not a captain's victory—there is glory enough for all. It's a victory for American people behind the guns.

Leads all the other large cities in proportion of bank capital and surplus to gross receipts.

Dollar Savings Bank, incorporated 1855: Deposits December 1, 1855, \$7,580.83; total assets, \$7,627.28. Deposits June 1, 1917, \$36,341,377.93; total assets, \$38,292,016.66. One of the most remarkable banking institutions in the world. Bank does no advertising except that required by law.

RIVER COMMERCE.

THE largest inland harbor in the world.

Rivers upon whose bosom floats annually millions of wealth.

Record for a single day's shipment on the Ohio river, with navigable stage of water, about 400,000 tons.

Davis Island Dam insures a harbor business from Lock No. 1, on the Monongahela, to Herr's Island, on the Allegheny.

About 8,000 tons is allowed for an acre of thin vein coal. In each tow of the River Coal Company is transported seven acres of coal.

Government Report: "A moving tonnage on the Monongahela, that exceeds the sum of all like river improvements in the United States."

The tonnage capacity of steamboats, tugs, boats and barges belonging in Pittsburgh is greater than that of all the vessels registered at any seaport in the United States.

Make up a train of 1,120 of the largest steel hopper coal cars, holding 50 tons each, and you will have what one big towboat handles on a trip down our rivers.

A river dam which is out of sight—when not wanted—and filling our harbor when desired—beating the rainmakers. Over said dam at low ebb there flows 14,000,000 cubic feet of water per hour.

The Spanish Armada and Xerxes' fleets could not have held a tenth part of such a vast amount of freight as our rivers held when this book was compiled—a million tons. Where else in the world could such a thing occur?

World famed Monongahela Valley for river and rail tonnage.

Monongahela river produces greater tonnage than any waterway in the world.

Steamer will leave harbor with heavier cargo than that ever carried by the Celtic or any other Leviathan of the deep.

Twenty-six engines, large and small, comprise the "innards" of a big steamer of River Coal. The tow hitched in a string, in addition to the boat's own length, would spread out for 10,000 feet—almost two miles.

Six great trunk line railroads center here.

Railroad freight yards the largest in the world.

From Jaffa to Jerusalem in sacred Palestine, our puffing locomotives roll.

Track tools are in use on every railroad in the world, with Pittsburgh stamped thereon.

Switch and signal appliances, assuring safety to travelers, are made only in Pittsburgh.

In the four quarters of the globe, railroads find profit and service in Pittsburgh locomotives.

Fourteen great railroad lines enter the city.

Our electrical products and railway safety appliances are known the world over.

Our air-brakes check with absolute certainty trains in old Japan, as they speed over rails from Pittsburgh.

Railroads controlling their trains by air-brakes as this is penned draw on Pittsburgh for 80 per cent. of their needs.

The use of nut locks, made in Pittsburgh, hold together rails that insure the safe transit of rapidly moving trains the world over.

Not that railroads have less facilities—but that they have more freight—withstanding thousands of accessions of cars and locomotives.

Nearly 500 passenger trains in and out of Union Station daily—or a train every three minutes during 24 hours—a marvelous moving picture show.

Monongahela Inclined Plane, Carson street, end of Smithfield street bridge. Length, 640 feet; angle, 35 degrees; vertical height of 370 feet to Grandview avenue.

Pittsburgh steel cars have increased carrying capacity, securing economy to the shipper, and loving cup dividends to the stockholders of the transportation companies.

One hundred and sixty-two through passenger trains on our railroads bring thousands into our city daily. Genius is on these flyers, but "labor is the freight that brings the most goods to town," and it takes nearly 700 passenger trains to handle suburban traffic daily.

Transportation facilities, great as they are, inadequate to meet the demand.

It will require a shrewd detective to discover a car or locomotive whose steel springs are not made in Pittsburgh.

Passenger stations, models of convenience and monuments to the liberality of great railroads and their management.

Pittsburgh has been instrumental in creating the railroads—no other country in the world is so closely associated with their success.

Freight shipments reach Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, New York and Boston in three days.

Nearly all of the railways in the country use switches and signals made here by the Union Switch & Signal Company—one of the Westinghouse enterprises.

The eighth wonder—the P. & L. E. R. R. Built by Pittsburghers, paid for in cash, paid a dividend from the beginning, and does not contain a gill of watered stock. Pays phenomenal dividends.

Fact of one railroad company placing order for 15,000 freight car air-brakes and 300 locomotive equipments in a single year furnishes an idea of the volume of business of this great city in air-brakes alone.

A Pittsburgh man one day, dismounting from a train to look at an engine on an Asiatic railroad, was shown what the engineer called the "Westinghousen," a thing in which the engineer took unlimited pride. It was the Westinghouse air-brake.

Coal.

More coal than underlies all England.

The quality of Pittsburgh coal cannot be equaled in America.

Fifty-two thousand tons of coke are produced daily—equal to 1,040 cars, of 50 tons capacity.

No district in the world with the same area mines as much coal.

Cheapest and best fuel in the world guaranteed within 40 miles.

The center of 100,000 square miles of coal. Great Britain's supremacy is based on 18,000 square miles.

Glass.

Produces four-fifths of all the glass lamps and chimneys used in the United States.

Furnishes nine-tenths of the plate glass which adorns the stores and the buildings in America.

Plate glass equals best European make, and has been reduced in price more than 50 per cent. in 10 years.

Sheets of plate glass large enough to cover a whole railroad car—from seven of the 10 factories in America.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, largest jobbers and manufacturers in the world of mirrors, bent glass, leaded art glass, ornamental figured glass, polished and rough plate glass, window glass, wire glass, plate glass for desks, shelves and table tops, Carrara glass, more beautiful than white marble, and distributors of builders' glass and sundries.

The Municipality.

Carnegie Library covers four and one-half acres.

Low death rate and generally good health.

Property valuation in Pittsburgh is \$948,000,000.

Few cities have Pittsburgh's educational advantages.

Thousands of workmen own cozy homes in pleasant suburbs.

Perhaps you do not know Pittsburgh—except in a general way.

Pittsburgh proper has \$800,000,000 worth of taxable real estate.

Many miles of sewers and water mains and paved streets have been added during the year.

Highland reservoirs and parks, East End, are value at \$1,200,000.

Engines lifting millions of gallons of water daily a height of 369 feet—the highest direct lift in the world.

The gateway of the West—supplying directly food, clothing, etc., for between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 people.

One East End district requires street cars for 80,000 people, outbound, daily, as against 105,000 on all other lines.

Proposes tunnels through South Hills and downtown subway and a boulevard along the bluff overlooking the Monongahela river.

West Park, North Side, is 740 feet, and Greentree Hill, North Side, is 1,369 feet above sea level; Union Station is 743 feet above sea level.

Thirteen thousand people get on street cars, outbound, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Smithfield street daily—as many as 2,000 an hour between 5 and 6 p. m.

Pure water is flowing, children's playgrounds multiplying, unsanitary conditions in tenements and slums are being abolished, and the fight against disease made more effective in Pittsburgh.

Park lands of a value of \$23,000,000.

Annual revenue of the city about \$16,000,000.

Special attention given to welfare work in factories.

Offers employment in practically all lines of industry.

Wonderful record of progress and achievement industrially.

Greater Pittsburgh is crowded with immense "skyscraper" buildings.

Nearly \$35,000,000 of property changes is the record for 1917.

Pittsburgh Athletic Club's beautiful and costly building in Schenley Farms group.

Erected monument to Mrs. Schenley, who donated to the city its park bearing her name.

For work, for living and place to rear a family "way up front" among American cities.

Carnegie Tech Machinery Hall, in which young men are practically trained for the industries and building.

Twenty-four large industrial towns and cities embraced in the Pittsburgh district—in counties immediately adjoining Allegheny county.

Not a mere matter of wages any more in Pittsburgh—many of the biggest concerns taking out life insurance policies for employes, besides bonuses and profit sharing.

Between 4 and 5 p. m., rush hours, in business districts facilities are required on street cars for 55,000 outbound passengers, and the process is reversed in the rush hours in the morning.

Has many miles of well kept boulevards.

Schenley High School, an educational palace.

Business and industrial districts closely concentrated.

Ten thousand five hundred pupils in city high schools.

Up to date in safety and sanitary measures for working people.

Approximately 1,500 acres of ground in Pittsburgh Public Parks.

Government Bureau of Mines building adjoining the Carnegie Tech School.

Named for the most intelligent and most distinguished of all the English statesmen.

Population of 1,225,000 within a 10-mile radius and 4,000,000 within a 40-mile radius.

Forbes Field, named for General Forbes, scarcely equaled by any baseball grounds in the country.

Besides a splendid common high school system is the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Tech.

Public health safeguarded as never before—citizens supporting heartily every good move by department of health.

No need for the children of any Pittsburgh parent to go outside the municipal limits to enjoy the highest educational advantages.

Gave to the world Stephen C. Foster and his melodies and city has established memorial by purchase of old homestead, open at all times to the public and visitors from abroad.

Has made free all toll bridges in city and county.

You think of steel whenever Pittsburgh is mentioned.

Largest Art Institute and Museum in the United States.

An army of 6,000 employes to look after the interests of the city.

One ward—the 19th—on the “hill top,” with an assessed valuation of \$22,000,000.

One hundred and sixty-five thousand school children in city and county public schools.

Homes spread to suburbs for miles in all directions with fast and convenient car lines.

The second largest conservatory in the United States—Phipps Conservatory at Schenley Park.

Sand water filtration plant cost over \$6,000,000, unquestionably the most successful ever constructed.

About 500 miles of paved streets, 13 parks, containing 1,194 acres, of which 280 acres are in the Allegheny section.

Enjoying greatest prosperity in its history—greatest in the history of any industrial community in America or the world.

New Chamber of Commerce building among most recent enterprises of United States Senator George T. Oliver. Adds to metropolitan Pittsburgh.

The many points of interest in and about Pittsburgh, with which the public is not acquainted, most of them reached by street cars after a short journey.

Four hundred firms and 250,000 employes use the street cars daily. To which must be added the floating population and sightseers, swelling the army on the move to about 600,000 daily.

North Side and South Side have filtered water.

The world needs and uses the things that Pittsburgh produces

Old City Hall represents a value of \$1,500,000.

One hundred and twenty-four elementary and 10 high school buildings in the city.

Students in metallurgy in Carnegie Tech making steel by the electric furnace process.

Pitt University—formerly Western University—ranking with best in existence anywhere.

Greater Pittsburgh has an area of nearly 150 square miles, as against 44 square miles in old Pittsburgh.

Statistics show a large, steady increase in population, industrial products, financial and commercial interests.

One hundred and seventy-five thousand people board outbound cars in downtown district between 5 a. m. and 12:30 a. m.

Evidence of prosperity and a greater civic pride have been given in the material improvement in the city itself. Great buildings have reared their walls skyward in the business section, and handsome homes have been erected in the rapidly spreading residential districts.

Civic Attainments.

Pittsburgh will be more beautiful.

Riverview Park, on Perrysville avenue, Allegheny.

Has a well organized body known as the Civic Association.

Magnificent boulevards connect the old city with the East End parks.

The Sabbath is better observed than in other cities of equal size in America.

Prominent in the social, economic, educational and political history of our land.

More homes where peace, plenty and happiness abound than anywhere in the world.

Carnegie Art Gallery contains one of the finest collections of paintings in America.

First in the van of modern industrial advancement and yet a charming residence city.

Sunday baseball and Sunday theaters are not tolerated, and the saloons enjoy a vacation.

Schenley Park, the gift of Mrs. Mary E. Schenley, is valued at many millions of dollars.

View on Grandview avenue, Mt. Washington, equal to a bird's-eye view from a balloon 1,000 feet above the city.

A newsboys' home—the gift of Mrs. Schenley and our citizens.

Has not sacrificed its public improvements on the altars of industrial pre-eminence.

Schenley Park contains 430 acres and is close to the business center of the city.

Public improvements, parks, elegant homes, beautiful lawns—make it a delightful "home city."

Gigantic and stately public buildings increasing at a rapid rate, likewise business structures.

Highland Park contains 300 acres, and is the scene of two great artificial lakes of water—90,000,000 gallons each—the city's main water reservoirs.

The East End, almost wholly, and Sewickley Heights are the wealthy residence portions of the city. Few localities boast of more luxurious and palatial residences, and they represent millions of dollars.

Material progress, however, is not all of our splendid story. We have the men, the patriotism, the schools, institutions, libraries, parks, homes, churches and all the thousand and one other things that go to make an imperial city.

Central Young Women's Christian Association building, Chatham street, six stories high, white pressed brick, with terra cotta trimmings, cost \$425,000, and is considered one of the finest of its character in the country, with swimming pool, gymnasium, auditorium, kitchens, rest room, library, dining room, parlors and offices.

Philanthropies of Andrew Carnegie in this city known the world over.

Penal and reformatory institutions unequaled in England or America.

East End—a profusion of stately shade trees, broad avenues and palatial dwellings.

Has two of the most picturesque and handsomely laid out parks in the United States.

From a Commercial Standpoint.

Hotels that cannot be surpassed,

A commercial mart without a rival.

Center of a great consuming territory.

A warehouse with 23 acres of floor space.

Wholesale trade covers everything from a "needle to an anchor."

Has the greatest railway and river traffic of any city on the globe.

Every undertaking backed by brains, enterprise and unlimited capital.

In a single year in the Pittsburgh district alone \$50,000,000 spent for bread, crackers, biscuits, cakes, etc. Will increase to \$100,000,000.

One-third of its vast capital invested in wholesaling and jobbing covering every line of goods manufactured in the United States.

Union Arcade—Frick's latest monument—Fifth avenue and Grant street, Oliver avenue and William Penn way—contains 238 stores and 817 offices—a city in itself.

Great wholesaling and jobbing center.

The monarch of the commercial world.

The greatest wholesale market west of New York.

Originally the home of the big baking companies of America, one now capitalized at \$52,000,000—earning 22 per cent.

Newspapers.

Pittsburgh ranks among the first cities in the world for its newspapers. New methods, new facilities and thousands of dollars put into the plants and news gathering agencies, have made Pittsburgh papers what they are today.

Sun—Afternoon, daily. Democratic.

Press—Afternoon and Sunday. Republican

Leader—Afternoon and Sunday. Independent.

Post—Morning, Daily and Sunday. Democratic.

Eight great daily newspaper for 1,000,000 people.

The most enterprising newspapers in America.

Chronicle Telegraph—Afternoon, daily. Republican.

Dispatch—Morning, daily and Sunday. Independent.

Gazette Times—Morning, daily and Sunday. Republican.

Volksblatt-Freiheits Freund—Morning, daily and Sunday. Republican.

Over 1,000,000 newspapers read daily. People appreciate good newspapers.

In addition to the colossal industrial plants which have added to the fame of Pittsburgh, it is rapidly assuming a high place as a seat of learning, art, music and technical instruction.

Carnegie Institute, University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie "Tech" School approximate an investment of \$25,000,000; and the "Tech" bids fair to surpass any school of its character in the world.

England, France, Belgium, Japan, Russia and other great world powers send their brightest young men here to see and learn Pittsburgh's methods of manufacturing and doing business.

Pittsburgh citizens work hard and are quoted as being more interested in business than in art or literature. But this relates to the citizens of the past, the new generation more and more appreciating art and literature.

Charitable Institutions.

Nine hospitals.

Thirty-five charitable institutions.

Two hundred and thirty-six churches and places for religious worship.

Eighteen Homes for Orphans.

Fifty-eight benevolent institutions.

Pittsburgh Presbytery, Presbyterian Church, largest and most influential Presbytery in the world.

Leaders among Gideonite salesmen, who have placed 367,000 Bibles in hotel rooms in America and Canada.

New Homeopathic and West Penn Hospitals most modern in America, and with vast facilities for the care of the sick and injured.

Three hundred associations look after charities and benevolences, 18 of them Dispensaries, 17 Nursing Associations, 35 Hospitals and 43 for the care of children.

School for the education of the blind—without an equal—the gift of Mrs. Schenley, Miss Jane Holmes and others, at Bellefield, East End, valued at \$250,000.

School for education of deaf and dumb.

Manufacturing.

The largest tube mill in the world.

Figures daily in the transactions of Wall street, New York.

Pennsylvania Chocolate Works, largest chocolate and cocoa mills west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Greatest cork factory in the world—production, if arranged in life preservers, would form a pontoon bridge to almost span the Atlantic.

Largest structural steel plant in the world.

Largest works in the world for producing aluminum.

Produces 33 1/3% of the manufactured glass of the United States.

\$705,660,139 capital invested in manufacturing. Annual payroll over \$550,000,000.

The largest steel manufacturing district in the world—truly “the workshop of the world.”

Over 3,000,000 freight and passenger cars in the United States have been equipped with Westinghouse air-brakes.

McConway & Torley Company, whose couplers for passengers and freight cars and locomotives are in general use. A factor in bringing Pittsburgh into such world-wide notoriety.

The Westinghouse Companies have always been pioneers in the use of safety appliances for the protection of their employes and in the improvement of working conditions, spending for this purpose over \$500,000 annually.

New by-product works of the United States Steel Corporation at Clairton and Wilson will be one of the biggest mills of the corporation, and with the necessary railroad and a big gas main will have cost \$25,000,000. Seven hundred houses will be erected to accommodate workmen.

Can you grip the thought that one contract of the Pressed Steel Car Company for \$26,000,000 for shells is about equal to an order for 18,000 steel freight cars. Agreement provided for completion in five months, without hindrance to the regular business of the company. "Some contract, some company, some enterprise."

Largest air-brake manufacturing plant in the world.

The largest cork manufacturing establishment in the world.

Largest pickling and preserving plant in the world—employing 3,500 hands.

The greatest tonnage point in the world is at Port Perry—in the Pittsburgh district.

Three hundred and fifty thousand persons employed in manufacturing establishments.

Produces 40 per cent. of the entire steel output of the United States, and 71 per cent. of the State's production.

Pittsburgh Steel Company turns out daily 300 miles electric welded wire fencing, 200 tons barbed wire fencing and 6,000 kegs of wire nails.

The new 110-inch mill of the Homestead Steel Works, of the Carnegie Steel Company, has been christened "The Liberty Mill," the first in America—an imperishable title.

Westinghouse Air-Brake Company occupies 30 acres of space, daily capacity 1,000 sets of air-brake equipments, employs 5,000 people, pays out \$500,000 monthly, and ships 275 car loads every 30 days.

Union Switch & Signal Company occupies 57 acres, employs 3,700 people, pays \$300,000 in wages monthly, ships 75 cars monthly; is the world's leading manufacturer of signal apparatus for protection of steam and electric railroads.

Largest individual tin plate plant in the world—McKeesport Tin Plate Company—44 hot mills, 32 operated entirely by electricity. Employs 3,500; product 4,000,000 boxes annually. Each box contains 112 sheets 14x20, weighing 100 lbs., or 448,000,000 sheets. About \$4,000,000 invested in plant. Just as this plant has enlarged, so did its owners enlarge their subscription of \$1,500,000 of Liberty Bonds to \$3,000,000, third loan. ..

Three thousand six hundred manufacturing establishments.

Manufactures armor-plate for warships in all parts of the world.

Approximately 400,000 people, male and female, find employment in the offices and works of the Westinghouse Companies.

Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, largest manufacturers of plumbing goods in the world—six factories—has its home here.

National Casket Company sells over half of all burial robes, suits, dresses, linings and interiors used within 200 miles of Pittsburgh, and has 25 competitors. Great undertaking.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company occupies 100 acres of space, employs 30,000 people, ships 1,500 car loads monthly, and pays in wages approximately \$3,000,000 monthly.

"Stop, Look, Listen!"

Labor and capital in closer harmony than ever before, as both realize they need each other.

Sixty thousand consumers of electric light and power supplied by Duquesne Light Company, one customer alone using as much as the whole system 14 years ago.

In one department alone of a railroad corporation, 100 per cent. of the employes hold Liberty Bond souvenirs—rather gilt-edged investments.

"Pennsy" employes took \$9,000,000 of "Liberty Loan the second," and the company added \$10,000,000 more. Over 77,000 employes on the lines east secured nearly \$6,000,000, and 45,183 employes of the lines west "lined" their pockets with nearly \$3,500,000. Just like dreadnaughts directed against the Kaiser.

The Pittsburgh area, with its more than \$200,000,000 Liberty Bond subscriptions, is the topnotcher in the Fourth Federal Reserve district. The whole district subscribed for \$489,450,000.

Our 4,000,000 people consume 3,000,000 loaves of bread daily, at a cost of \$300,000 per day.

State of Allegheny County.

Taxables in county, 415,356.

Occupation taxes are paid on \$82,000,000 in county.

Five hundred and twenty-two miles of improved roads in county—cost nearly \$12,000,000.

Labor plays an important part in keeping the wheels of industry in motion as well as providing food for the nation.

A palace temple of justice for our county, the present Fifth avenue Court House, built without a breath of scandal—one of the most beautiful pyramids of granite in America.

Beautiful country of rivers and hills.

Twenty-three to twenty-five thousand children in parochial schools.

New City-County Hall will care for the needs of the county for 30 years.

Care of magnificent Masonic Temple requires an expenditure of \$52,000 per annum.

Carnegie Libraries in various wards and districts, besides the great main library in Schenley Park.

At wholesale market prices the income from the County Farm products reached \$48,000 in a single year. Good "war garden."

Over \$1,270,000,000 was the assessed valuation of Allegheny county for 1917, an increase of over \$20,000,000.

A 50-mile trolley ride without going out of the manufacturing district; soon to be extended to *one hundred and fifty miles*—or from Wheeling to Brownsville.

Syria Mosque building, in Schenley Farms, if not the largest, absolutely the most beautifully ornamented and decorated of any similar building in America. Ground cost \$1,000 a front foot. Nearly a million dollars invested.

Moose Temple unequaled in America.

Population of county January 1, 1917—1,150,000.

Over 500,000 acres of "war gardens" in the season of 1917.

There are 439,739 taxables in the county; an increase of 14,000.

Abraham Lincoln was pleased to call it "The State of Allegheny County."

Court House and Jail connected by a fac-simile of the Bridge of Sighs.

Masonic Temple, one of the finest in America, cost \$1,500,000.

It would require a checking account of over \$3,000,000 to buy the live stock in the county.

Just as an extra Christmas, 1917, offering 350,000 of our people enrolled as members of the Red Cross at \$1 per.

Pittsburgh made good in both patriotism and generosity when it put the "War Recreation Fund" of \$100,000 over the top.

Allegheny county, if made into a city, would have 757 square miles—more than half the size of the entire State of Rhode Island—larger than London.

New City Hall officials have 151,000 square feet of floor space, nearly twice as much as before.

Allegheny county people have \$340,000,000 at interest.

Eighty thousand school children enrolled at the September opening in 1917.

\$1,700,000 invested in the Home for County Poor. "A square deal for all."

Old Court House and new Court House and City Hall total in cost \$8,000,000.

Holds foremost position, industrially, in all nations—tyranny of capital and labor put to flight.

Allegheny county is a nugget of wealth, aggregating \$1,429,548,200; increase of \$23,000,000 in one year.

Wages disbursed to workmen for Christmas cheer reaches \$45,000,000 to \$50,000,000 and does not include about \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 of bonuses.

New Law Library quarters on ninth floor of City-County Hall has facilities for 100,000 volumes.

New City-County Hall is rectangularly built around a hollow court, 184 by 306 feet, nine stories and three mezzanine stories—total height 151 feet. Interior court 144 feet long and 80 feet wide.

County Workhouse—value \$500,000. The Morgue—\$325,000.

Law Library contains 39,690 volumes, valued at over \$112,000.

Its gigantic industries pour their products out to a world-wide market.

A teeming population of self-supporting, vigorous and energetic workers.

The valuation of Allegheny county is greater than that of each of 34 States.

Banquet Hall of Masonic Temple will seat 3,500, and that of Syria Mosque more than the notable Mosque of Chicago.

County owes \$27,000,000 and has \$1,250,000,000 of wealth to insure payment. Richest county of any commonwealth in America.

Property liable to personal taxation in Allegheny county is nearly \$341,000,000, an increase of nearly \$50,000,000.

New City-County building occupies the full square bounded by Grant and Ross streets and by Diamond street and and Fourth avenue. Its construction was begun in 1915.

Purse thrown wide open at nation's plea.

Allegheny county is Pittsburgh in everything but name.

Cost of operating business of county over \$8,000,000 annually.

Has shown her heels to every so-called municipal rival in America.

Industrial and Training School for boys of county—valued at \$700,000.

Property valuation of boroughs and townships is reckoned at \$400,000,000.

U. S. Weather Signal Station on roof of Oliver building one of the finest in America.

Three hundred and nineteen bridges in the county—valued at nearly \$3,000,000, and 16 freed bridges worth over \$4,000,000.

The county is very wealthy, notwithstanding \$249,000,000 is exempt from taxation; largely public utilities, but an enormous amount of church property.

An increase of \$8,000,000 in exempt property in the county. In fact 30 per cent. of new property is exempt. Rate greater than increase in taxable property.

Built of granite on steel frames, with terra cotta trimmings, Roman style of architecture, but wonderfully plain, the new City-County Hall is purely a "made in America" building. Main entrance on Grant street.

All the business of the 12 Common Pleas Courts is transacted on the seventh floor of the new City-County building, and on the eighth floor are the Orphans Court rooms, Supreme Court accommodations and Special Court rooms.

Value of real estate in county—\$1,165,142,200.

Sustains one of the greatest industrial armies in the world.

Has 12 Common Pleas, five County and three Orphans Court judges.

One hundred thousand boys of Scout age are in the county—10,000 now receiving Scout training.

A retail grocer, with 60 stores in various parts of Pittsburgh, whose sales aggregate \$3,000,000 annually.

Four hundred eighty thousand four hundred and eighty acres of land in the county—757 square miles. "The State of Allegheny County."—Lincoln.

The Prince of Wales visited Pittsburgh October 2d, 1860, accompanied by numerous attendants. The old Duquesne Grays escorted the party to the Monongahela House.

Fifty-five years ago the cashier of one of Pittsburgh's big banks "stated that from military information it was deemed expedient to remove the specie and treasures of the bank to a point out of danger of rebel raids." Those were strenuous times.

THE LAST WORD

ALLEGHENY COUNTY ranked well up towards the head of the procession in the Fourth Liberty Loan. The per capita quota for the grand old state of Allegheny County was the largest in the country outside of New York, but it, along with the quota of every call upon our resources since the World War began, was oversubscribed.

On the four loans, Allegheny County subscribed \$490,000,000, or more than \$100 for every inhabitant of the county. We have given the country 40,000 men, and behind each man \$12,000. If the whole country had done as well, the four Liberty loans would have approximated 40 billions.

The Women's Committee raised approximately one-third of the county's quota of \$165,000,000, which goes over perhaps ten millions, and the Boy Scouts doubled their quota of a million dollars.

The city compared with 1912 is today buying twice as much goods.

Within 450 miles of Pittsburgh are 43 million people, compared with New York which yields only 31, Boston 24, Detroit 31 and Chicago 29 millions.

Ten million dollars is placed in the pay envelopes of Pittsburghers every Saturday.

The innumerable mills of the whole State of Connecticut do not produce more than the mills of Pittsburgh.



